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THE WORKS OF MOLIERE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

BERWICK:
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THE

MAN-HATER.

A

COMEDY.

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The MAN-HATER, *a Comedy of Five Acts, acted at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, June 4th,* 1666.

THIS comedy is looked upon by the polite nations as the moſt perfect piece of all French comedy. If we examine the object of it, it is a univerſal criticiſm on mankind; and if we conſider the conduct of it, we ſhall find that the whole of it relates to the Man-Hater, whom we always have in view, and who is the centre from whence the rays of light flow which ſhed themſelves round the other characters and enlighten them. The indulgent Philintes, who, without either cenſuring or loving other men, bears with their faults only from the neceſſity he is under of living amongſt them, and from the impoſſibility of making them better, forms an happy contraſt to the rigid Alceſtes, who, unwilling to concur with the follies of men, deſpiſes and rails at them becauſe they are vicious. The plot is not very lively, but the author has united, with great verſimilitude, ſome characters which by their manners oppoſed to, or compared with that of Alceſtes, might more or leſs play off the love of vanity, coquettry, jealouſy, ſlander, and almoſt every folly which mankind are guilty of. One would think that Miſanthropy ſhould be incompatible with love; but here a Man-Hater, in love with a coquette, furniſhes the

author with new ſprings to unfold his character more perfectly. This is one of thoſe kind of ſtrokes which art alone, unleſs guided by good taſte, and inſpired by genius, is incapable of. Moliere in expoſing the whimſical humour of Alceſtes intended not to diſcredit that which was the ſource and principle of it, it was the roughneſs of a virtue not ſociable enough, nor complaiſant enough to human weakneſs which he ridiculed, and was the fault which he endeavoured to reform in the age.

These ſtrokes were too fine to ſtrike ſpectators who had been accuſtomed to ſtronger colours; they could not bring to a comedy that degree of attention which was neceſſary to diſcover the delicate paſſages that have been ſince admired in this piece; the noble comic humour which reigns in it was not perceived, and it met with but a cool reception, notwithſtanding the purity and elegance of the ſtile.

It is reported that an odd accident was the occaſion of this; the firſt time it was repreſented, after the reading of Orontes's ſong, the pit gave applauſe; but Alceſtes ſhewed afterwards in the ſame ſcene that the thoughts and verſe of that ſong were ſuch fooliſh ſtuff as good ſenſe would deſpiſe; upon which the public being confounded at having taken its part, were diguſted at the piece. This however did not diſcourage Moliere; he thought it proper to endeavour to bring back the ſpectators by ſome piece not ſo good, but more diverting, in hopes that the public might be inſenſibly brought to diſcover the beauties and know the value of the good one: whereupon he added the Mock-Doctor to the Man-Hater, and then Alceſtes paſſed under the name of Sganarel; but as ſoon as he found that the merit of the latter piece was known, he ſuppreſſed the for-

mer; and had it not been for this contrivance, the MAN-HATER would have fallen a victim to ignorance and injuſtice. The ſucceſs it then had was no diſgrace to the MOCK-DOCTOR, their different natures were only diſtinguiſhed, and the little piece ſtill affords infinite delight to the ſpectators.

ACTORS.

ALCESTES, in love with Celimene.
PHILINTES, friend to Alceſtes.
ORONTES, in love with Celimene.
CELIMENE, in love with Alceſtes.
ELIANTE, couſin to Celimene.
ARSINOE, friend to Celimene.
ACASTES. } Marquiſſes.
CLITANDER. }
BASQUE, Celimene's valet.
A GUARD of the court of the mareſchals of France.
DU BOIS, Alceſtes's valet.

SCENE, PARIS in Celimene's houſe.

THE

MAN-HATER.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

PHILINTES, ALCESTES.

PHILINTES.

PRAY what is the matter? What disturbs you?

Alceſtes ſitting.] I tell you, leave me.

Philintes. No; I will not till you tell me what unaccountable humour has taken you.

Alceſtes. Pray be gone.

Philintes. Certainly you might hear me without being angry.

Alceſtes. No; I chooſe to be angry, and will not hear you.

Philintes. Well, when you are in thoſe ſplenetic fits, you are beyond my comprehenſion; but as you are my friend, I ſhall not perſiſt——

Alceſtes riſing haſtily.] I your friend? Who told you ſo? Pray ſcratch that name out of your books. It is true I once thought that I might place a confidence in you, but I will have no ſhare in a falſe

heart; after what I have lately discovered, I disclaim the title.

Philintes. I perceive then you think me to blame.

Alcestes. What you have been guilty of is inexcusable; every honest man is scandalized at it, and you ought to be confounded with shame. Was I not a witness to your great professions of friendship? Did I not see you almost smother him with your caresses? Did not you promise him, with oaths, imprecations and protestations of friendship; and when I asked you who this man was who had so much merited your favour, you could scarce tell me his name, and no sooner was his back turned, than you began to reflect against him, and treated him with the utmost contempt? Surely such mean treacherous behaviour, such prostitution of honour, a professing such sentiments, is not to be pardoned. The wretch that can be guilty of so far wronging his own conscience, deserves to be hanged, or that he should hang himself, rather than endure the contempt that every man of honour must have for him.

Philintes. No; I will shew a little more affection to my own dear self, for I can see no such fault in it as to deserve hanging; notwithstanding the sentence you have passed on me, I design to live a little longer.

Alcestes. Your buffoonery is as scandalous as your flattery!

Philintes. But pray what would you have me to do? Talk seriously.

Alcestes. Why, say nothing but what comes from your heart: be sincere, and act as every man should do.

Philintes. It certainly cannot be wrong, in point of good manners, when a person makes great profes-

ſions for you, to return his civility in the ſame manner, even if he uſes oaths to make you believe he is ſincere.

Alceſtes. I abhor that abominable way, which your polite coxcombs make uſe of; nothing is ſo diſagreeable to me, as to obſerve the cant and grimace of theſe ſmiling, cringing, bragging puppies, who treat a man of merit and a blockhead alike, and are always ſurfeiting you with their aſſurance of friendſhip. Pray what advantage can you expect to receive from a man who can ſwear and make the utmoſt profeſſions of friendſhip for you, and no ſooner than you are gone, the very firſt coxcomb has an equal ſhare with you in his affections? I can think no other, than that the man who has an equal regard for every body, has not a ſincere regard for any body; and therefore if you are reſolved to be ſo complaiſant as to ſwear with the crowd, I muſt have no more friendſhip with you, and therefore I give you back again all your falſome compliments.

Philintes. But we muſt always have outward profeſſions of friendſhip and civility; cuſtom has made this neceſſary.

Alceſtes. No; I muſt abhor the infamous traffic of counterfeit friendſhip; a man's words ought to be the interpreters of his mind, and he ought to diſdain all empty and unneceſſary compliments.

Philintes. What you ſay would be ridiculous and unſufferable, and would betray all ſenſe of decency; I have no right to fall out with every perſon I do not like, and tell them my reaſons for doing ſo; and therefore I think it for the benefit of ſociety, that I diſſemble my ſentiments.

Alceſtes. You ſhould not diſſemble.

Philintes. Pray, would you tell that ſuperannu-

ated coquet Emilia, that her affected airs and painting are subjects of merriment to the whole town, and that to set up for a beauty at her time of life is highly ridiculous?

Alceſtes. Moſt certainly.

Philintes. Or to Dorilas, that he is an inſufferable, troubleſome coxcomb; and that the boaſts of his courage and pedigree having teized and ſtunned to death every ear in the drawing-room?

Alceſtes. Yes undoubtedly.

Philintes. You certainly jeſt.

Alceſtes. No, I am downright ſincere; I am filled with diſtaſte and averſion at the whole world; for both court and city abound with objects to provoke a ſenſible man; nothing but deceit, injuſtice, treachery, ſelfiſhneſs and flattery, prevail every where, ſo that I am reſolved to hate every body.

Philintes. Well, I cannot help laughing when I ſee you in this angry mood; your doctrine would make all men ſavages. I really think you and I reſemble the two brothers in Moliere's School for Huſbands.

Alceſtes. Pſhaw! away with your compariſons!

Philintes. Not ſo, but take my advice to leave off theſe conſtant wranglings; you certainly cannot be ſo vain as to think to reform the world by it? if you think ſo, you will find yourſelf much miſtaken; and as you have made ſo free with me, I muſt in return tell you, that this fooliſh peeviſh humour of yours ſerves only to make you look ridiculous in the eyes of all your friends, and to make all the world laugh at you.

Alceſtes. This gives me great pleaſure, to hear that the world laughs at me, for I have them all in

so much contempt, that it would give me great uneasiness to be thought wise by them.

Philintes. You are no friend to human nature.

Alceste. I must confess I am not; I have the utmost contempt and aversion for it.

Philintes. What, do you put in the whole human race? Is there nothing good nor nothing of real value in the age?

Alceste. No, nothing; for the whole human race are either fools or knaves, or such as flatter people of this character; they know nothing of the hatred which every honest heart bears to vice. For example, behold that villain with whom I am at law; he is easily discovered for what he is, notwithstanding his mask, and people give him the character he deserves, of a rogue and a cheat, yet he is well received even in the best companies, who laugh at his jests, and are not ashamed to keep him company. And where he is competitor for any place he is sure to carry it. This pricks me to the very soul, to see vice treated with complaisance. In short, a desert would be more agreeable than the society of mankind.

Philintes. Pray what reason have you or I to make ourselves uneasy about the manners of the age? Let us cast a vail over the frailties of mankind, and view them with an eye of compassion; let us be wise with temper, and avoid every extreme. This is true reason and wisdom, for the stiffness of Stoic virtue will not agree with the present age; he who sets up for a corrector of the world, ought to have a degree of perfection superior to mortal frailty; and therefore he is generally looked upon in a disagreeable and ridiculous light. I observe every day as well as you a hundred things that ought to be rectified, but

we muſt make ourſelves as content with mankind as we can.

Alceſtes. So by this means, according to your opinion, a man is never to be in a paſſion, ſuppoſe his friend betray him, or he is cheated out of his eſtate, or his character is aſperſed by a villain? And can any perſon ſuffer all this without having his paſſions raiſed?

Philintes. Indeed I can; for thoſe faults which put you into a paſſion, are only blemiſhes inſeparable from human nature; it does not ſurprize me more to ſee a man a betrayer of his truſt, a cheat, or a tyrant, than to ſee a wolf growl with rage and fierceneſs, a monkey do miſchief, or a vulture ravenous for prey.

Alceſtes. Ha! ha! this is merry indeed; it ſeems I am to ſee myſelf betrayed, and torn to pieces, and not——'Sdeath! well, I will make no reply, there is ſomething ſo impertinent in this way of reaſoning.

Philintes. Truly you do well to be ſilent; it would be proper for you to attend a little more diligently to your law-ſuit, and to give over railing at your adverſary.

Alceſtes. Not I indeed.

Philintes. Pray who would you have for your ſolicitor?

Alceſtes. Who? why reaſon, equity, and my juſt right.

Philintes. I ſuppoſe then you will not attend the judge.

Alceſtes. Pray, for what reaſon ſhould I attend the judge? is my cauſe doubtful or unjuſt?

Philintes. I do not affirm it is; but law-ſuits, you know, are precarious and———

Alceſtes. Once for all I tell you I will not ſtir one ſtep, whether my cauſe be right or wrong.

Philintes. Pray do not be too confident.

Alceſtes. I will not move.

Philintes. Conſider your antagoniſt is powerful, and by his intereſt may ſpin out———

Alceſtes. That will make no difference.

Philintes. I am afraid you will find you have been in the wrong.

Alceſtes. I will truſt to that.

Philintes. But—

Alceſtes. Pray, what if I chuſe to loſe my cauſe?

Philintes. Well, but after all——

Alceſtes. I am reſolved to ſee by the iſſue of this trial, whether it is poſſible for men to be ſo abominably wicked, as in the face of the whole world to do me injuſtice.

Philintes. You are a moſt unaccountable creature!

Alceſtes. I will put up with any loſs, let it be ever ſo great, that I may have the pleaſure and ſatisfaction to ſay that it was the goodneſs and juſtneſs of it that made me loſe it.

Philintes. But will not your talking thus make every body laugh at you?

Alceſtes. That will give me pleaſure, it will ſhew the folly of thoſe that laugh.

Philintes. I would aſk one queſtion of you; after your pleading for all this exactneſs and conſummate juſtice, does all this dwell with Celimene, the lady to whom you have given your heart? It is well known that her coquettiſh humour and malicious wit perfectly agree with the manners of the age; now when you hate thoſe qualifications in others, I ſuppoſe you do not ſee them faults in this charming

object? Both Eliante and Arsinoe have a sincere affection for you, and behold you with eyes of tenderness, but you despise them, and have placed your love entirely upon Celimene.

Alceste. I must confess the beauty of this young widow at present has overcome every consideration; not but that I see her faults, and condemn them; but she has the art of pleasing me, and I make no doubt but in time, my sincere love, with a proper management, will cure her of all these modish vices.

Philintes. I find you think she loves you; if so, I must confess if you can cure her of these vices, it will be a most noble act.

Alceste. If I was not persuaded of this I should not love her.

Philintes. But if she shews this affection for you, why does the approbation of a rival give you so much uneasiness?

Alceste. I come here for this very purpose, to tell her this fault, because a heart deeply in love claims the whole of his mistress's heart to himself.

Philintes. I must confess, was I in your situation, her cousin Eliante would have the whole of my esteem; she is generous and sincere, and is every way worthy of you; besides, her affection is sure to be placed on you.

Alceste. I see this every day, but love will not always be directed by reason.

Philintes. Well, I doubt much of the success of your passion, and it is possible that your flattering hopes may possibly—

SCENE II.

ORONTES, ALCESTES, PHILINTES.

ORONTES.

BEING informed that Eliante and Celimene were engaged in making the tour of the ſhops, and underſtanding that you were here, I came to make the moſt ſacred profeſſions of friendſhip to you: I have a long time ardently wiſhed to be ranked amongſt the number of your friends, from the exceſſive eſteem I have conceived for you: it is my ambition, Sir, to do juſtice to merit, and I hope you will not deſpiſe a zealous friend of my rank. [Alceſtes ſtands muſing all the time of this ſpeech, and ſeems not to hear it.] Sir, I am ſpeaking to you, if you pleaſe.

Alceſtes. Do you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Orontes. Yes, Sir, I hope there is no offence?

Aleſtes. Not in the leaſt, Sir, but it being an honour I did not expect, I muſt confeſs it ſurprizes me.

Orontes. Why, Sir, you may challenge this favour from the whole world, and therefore the expreſſions of my eſteem ought not to ſurprize you.

Alceſtes. Sir?

Orontes. Your mind, Sir, is far above any thing our nation can boaſt of.

Alceſtes. Good Sir!—

Orontes. I muſt, Sir, be allowed to give you the preference to every thing in it, let it be of what conſideration it will.

Alceſtes. But, Sir—

Orontes. Upon my word of honour, Sir, and e-

very thing that is facred, I fpeak my real fentiments; give me your hand, Sir, and permit me to embrace you with all fincerity of heart. I muft demand a fhare in your friendfhip; will you promife me it?

Alceftes. Sir—

Orontes. Surely you will not refufe me it.

Alceftes. Sir, friendfhip is a facred thing, and to make it too common would be to proftitute and profane it. It is poffible, Sir, our tempers may not agree, and we may afterwards repent: it requires judgment and a thorough acquaintance with each other, before we unite in the facred tie of friendfhip.

Orontes. Sir, you make me eſteem you more now than ever I did, you fpeak with fuch conſummate wifdom; from this time I will devote myſelf to your ſervice to ſtrengthen this union; and, Sir, as I have the honour of his majeſty's ear, who treats me with great familiarity, if you have any affairs at court, command me to ſerve you; and being now more thoroughly convinced of your ſtrong wit, and the depth of your underſtanding, may I beg your opinion in a friendly way of a ſonnet I have lately made, whether or no it deſerves the countenance of the public.

Alceſtes. I hope you will excuſe me, Sir, in this, as I am a very improper perſon to determine any thing of this kind.

Orontes. Why ſo, my good Sir, why excuſe you?

Alceſtes. Becauſe I am ſometimes more honeſt and open than ſuch a thing perhaps requires.

Orontes. Why this is the very thing I applied to you, as I expect you will not diſguiſe your real ſentiments, but let me know what you really think of it.

Alceſtes. If you put it upon that footing, I ſhall do all I can to oblige you.

Orontes. I am ſincerely obliged to you. Attend then, I beſeech you. [Reading.] The title is Hope; it is a ſonnet upon a certain lady, who had favoured my paſſion with ſome hopes. It is mild, tender, and languiſhing, like the ſubject, it does not conſiſt of your lofty pompous high ſounding verſes.

Alceſtes. We ſhall ſee, Sir, what it is.

Orontes. Whether you may think the ſtile altogether ſo eaſy and clear, or the words ſo fitly applied as they ought to be; but—

Alceſtes. After hearing it I ſhall be able to judge.

Orontes. But I muſt acquaint you, Sir, that I compoſed it in a quarter of an hour.

Alceſtes. The time, Sir, ſignifies little.

Orontes. [Reads.]

Hope, 'tis true, a-while may eaſe,
And lull our anxious cares to reſt;
But, Phillis, can a ſtate e'er pleaſe,
With no ſucceeding pleaſures bleſt?

Philintes. This little paſſage already charms me.

Alceſtes aſide to Philintes.] Is it poſſible you can have the aſſurance to like ſuch ſtuff?

Orontes. [Continues reading.]

You ſhew'd indeed great complaiſance,
Leſs had been better, take my word;
Why ſhould you be at that expence,
When hope was all you could afford?

Philintes. Ah! that thought is elegant indeed.

Alceſtes aſide to Philintes.] Your flattery is infamous, to commend ſuch doggrel.

Orontes. [Again.]

If doom'd eternally to wait,
My ardent zeal t'extremes will fly;

In vain you'll ſtrive to ſtop my fate,
To death for refuge I will fly.
For know, thou too-enchanting fair,
Eternal hope is deep deſpair.

Philintes. Well, the cloſe is amorous, agreeable, and infinitely pretty.

Alceſtes aſide. Pox take your cloſe!

Philintes. There never was any thing that pleaſed me ſo well.

Alceſtes aſide.] Oh, abominable!

Orontes. I am afraid you flatter me, Sir, and think, perhaps,—

Philintes. I beg you will pardon me, Sir, it is no flattery I aſſure you.

Alceſtes aſide to Philintes.] You ſycophant, what is it then?

Orontes to Alceſtes.] You remember, Sir, our agreement, you will pleaſe be ſincere in favouring me with your opinion.

Alceſtes. I know every one is fond of being flattered for their wit, which makes giving opinions on the work of another a very delicate affair; but I will acquaint you what I ſaid to a certain perſon, whoſe name ſhall be concealed: A fine gentleman ſhould never be fond of ſhewing himſelf in print, and ought to be very careful how he indulges an itch for writing; for by ſhewing his production to others, and paſſing for an author, makes himſelf look ridiculous.

Orontes. Do you think then, that I am to blame for wanting to publiſh—

Alceſtes. I do not ſay ſo, pardon me, Sir; I told him that the world was always cenſorious, and made the worſt of a man's productions, by only pointing out the blameable; and therefore writing ill and publiſhing it, was a piece of the greateſt weakneſs,

and would make him little in the opinion of the world.

Orontes. Then I perceive, Sir, you find faults in my ſonnet?

Alceſtes. You do not hear me ſay ſo, but this was the advice I gave him, to deter him from making himſelf as ridiculous as ſeveral other worthy perſons of the preſent age had done.

Orontes. Do I reſemble thoſe perſons, by writing ill?

Alceſtes. I do not ſay ſo—but I told him, that as neceſſity did not drive him to rhyming, he had better leave it to thoſe poor creatures, who are obliged to do it for bread: I endeavoured to make him comprehend, that it was better to keep the amuſements of his idle hours ſecret, than to forfeit the character of a gentleman for that of a wretched ſcribbler.

Orontes. Extreamly pretty, indeed! I begin to underſtand you, but I hope you will allow me the liberty to aſk you what there is in my ſonnet that—

Alceſtes. If I may make ſo free with you, I would adviſe you to lay it by in your cloſet, as ſome of your expreſſions are unnatural. I am afraid you have been miſled by copying after a bad model; for a figurative ſtile, which ſome people value themſelves upon, very often varies from truth and good taſte, as "Lull our anxious cares to reſt," and "Eternal "hope is deep deſpair." This is nothing like the language of nature, but only affectation and jingle; the conſequences of the ill taſte of the age in theſe matters, I muſt confeſs, are to be dreaded. Unrefined as our forefathers were, they gave proofs of a much better taſte; and if you will give me leave, I will let you hear an old ſong that is preferable to all the bombaſt of the age, in my opinion.

If king Henry had granted me
His Paris large and fair;
And I, for it, behoved to quit
The love of my true dear;
Thus would I say; my liege, I pray,
Take back your Paris fair;
Much more I love my own true dove;
Much more I love my dear.

I muſt allow, that the rhyme is but poor, and the ſtile old, but every body that underſtands poetry muſt perceive, that paſſion ſpeaks here unfettered by wit, and is vaſtly preferable to thoſe affected fooleries, which are an inſult upon good ſenſe.

If king Henry had granted me
His Paris large and fair;
And I, for it, behov'd to quit
The love of my true dear;
Thus would I say; my liege, I pray,
Take back your Paris fair;
Much more I love my own true dove;
Much more I love my dear.

The feelings of the heart you will find here as truly touched as expreſſed. Yes, my good merry Sir, [To Philintes.] and I muſt make free to tell you, that this is preferable to the falſe gliſter, pomp and bombaſt ſtuff, that is ſo much cried up by thoſe who call themſelves wits.

Orontes. It may be ſo, but notwithſtanding, I maintain that my verſes are good.

Alceſtes. No doubt you have your reaſon for thinking them ſo; but you muſt give me leave alſo

to think for myſelf, and not be wholly governed by your judgment.

Orontes. Others prize them, and that is ſufficient for me.

Alceſtes. I have not the art of diſſembling, perhaps they have.

Orontes. I ſee that you think you have a prodigious deal of wit.

Alceſtes. It is probable you would allow I had ſome if I had commended your verſes.

Orontes. Ah! as for that—I aſſure you I am ſatisfied, without your approbation.

Alceſtes. I aſſure you, you muſt be content without mine.

Orontes. As you are ſo grave a critic, I hope you will give us a ſpecimen of your abilities, by writing on the ſame ſubject.

Alceſtes. It is probable my evil genius might make me write as bad, but then my modeſty would not ſuffer me to expoſe it.

Orontes. I think you ſeem mighty poſitive, and your very great ſufficiency, let me tell you—

Alceſtes. Look for admirers ſome where elſe, and do not trouble me.

Orontes. Pray, my great Sir, do not carry it ſo haughtily.

Alceſtes. I aſſure you, my great Sir, I carry it as it ought be carried.

Philintes interpoſing.] For ſhame, gentlemen, you are now carrying things too far.

Orontes. I own I am to blame, I will therefore quit the place. Sir, your humble and obedient ſervant.

SCENE III.

PHILINTES, ALCESTES.

PHILINTES.

NOW you see the reward of your sincerity; you are like to have a fine piece of work upon your hands. I saw plainly that Orontes, for the pleasure of being flattered—

Alcestes. I will not be talked to.

Philintes. But—

Alcestes. I desire no more of your company.

Philintes. This is too—

Alcestes. Leave me.

Philintes. If I—

Alcestes. No more prating.

Philintes. Nay, but—

Alcestes. What, again?

Philintes. This is offering such an affront.

Alcestes. This is past bearing! Fire and furies! do not follow me.

Philintes. Positively I will. You surely cannot be in earnest?

ACT II. SCENE I.

ALCESTES, CELIMENE.

ALCESTES.

I MUST ſpeak freely to you, madam, for I am quite diſſatisfied with your behaviour. I cannot forbear ſhewing my reſentment, for if you perſiſt in the ſame way, we certainly muſt come to an open rupture; ſhould I ſay otherways, it would only be deceiving you.

Celimene. Well, I find then that the only reaſon of your ſeeing me home, is to have an opportunity of quarrelling with me.

Alceſtes. No, I have no intention of quarrelling with you, but my heart cannot bear, without diſcontent and reſentment, the ſight of ſo many lovers; you give free acceſs to every fool that offers.

Celimene. Pray, am I to blame for this? Can I help people's thinking me handſome? Would you have me take a ſtick and beat them out of doors, if they will come and pay their addreſſes?

Alceſtes. Madam, I know very well that you carry your beauty every where, and there is no occaſion for a ſtick, to chaſtiſe thoſe intruding lovers; a little more reſerve, and decent ſeverity on your ſide, would ſoon make you free of the impertinence of this crowd of flatterers. But in the name of wonder, how has Clitander gained your good graces? He certainly has no virtue nor merit to claim a place in your eſteem; has his red-heeled ſhoes, and full bottomed wig, with the profuſion of embroidery with which

he is covered, gained your esteem, as it has done that of the rest of the fashionable fools? Or perhaps it may be his squeaking voice and dimpled chin, that you approve of?

Celimene. Why, you are very well acquainted, that he has promised to engage all his friends to be on my side in my law suit, and he may be of singular service to me; therefore your jealousy of him is very unjust.

Alcestes. Madam, rather than entertain a rival who is disagreeable to me, you should nobly resolve to lose the cause.

Celimene. But there is not a living creature but what you are jealous of.

Alcestes. Because you give every living creature reception.

Celimene. If I shewed a regard to any particular person, you might have some reason to complain, but as I look upon them all in one light, you certainly can have none.

Alcestes. But as you are pleased to blame me for my jealousy, pray what privilege do I enjoy above all those vermin who constantly infect the house?

Celimene. Why, the satisfaction that you know that.

Alcestes. But what reason has my fond heart to believe this?

Celimene. Why, I think my telling you so, might be a sufficient reason.

Alcestes. But what proof have I, that you do not tell the same story to every other person?

Celimene. Well, certainly this is the height of gallantry for a lover, and shews the highest respect. But to make you quite easy on this head, and free you from all your apprehensions, and to make you

quite content, I here unſay all that I have ſaid, and nothing ſhall impoſe upon you for the future but yourſelf.

Alceſtes. Oh how bleſſed would be my condition, if I could but redeem my heart from your ſlavery! why am I fated thus to love you? Heaven has certainly ordained this as a puniſhment for my ſins, for I muſt confeſs that I uſe my utmoſt endeavours to wean my heart from you, but they all prove fruitleſs; in ſpite of myſelf, I muſt continue to love you.

Celimene. I muſt confeſs I never heard of a paſſion which is equal to that you profeſs for me.

Alceſtes. It is impoſſible there ſhould; my paſſion exceeds all deſcription; it is not in the power of the world to produce a more ardent lover.

Celimene. But you certainly have the ſtrangeſt way of expreſſing your love that ever mortal had; you vent your flame in the moſt ſurly mutinous manner: certainly Cupid never had ſuch another that followed your example.

Alceſtes. It is wholly in your power to remove every thing that occaſions my chagrine. Come, let us deal ingenuouſly with one another, this will end all diſputes, and put a ſtop to——

SCENE II.

CELIMENE, ALCESTES, BASQUE.

CELIMENE.

WHAT is the matter now?

Baſque. Acaſtes is below, madam,

Celimene. Pray then ſhew him up.

SCENE III.

CELIMENE, ALCESTES.

ALCESTES.

WELL, this is always the case; I can never have the pleasure of talking to you alone; you constantly admit of all visiters, and will never suffer yourself to be denied.

Celimene. You would not surely have me quarrel with the man?

Alcestes. I do not like that degree of caution you have.

Celimene. Why if I shewed the least unwillingness to receeive him, he is such a person as would never forgive me.

Alcestes. Can that be the only reason for punishing yourself with his impertinence?

Celimene. Why, I consider the great interest he has at court, that it is possible he may be of infinite use to me; and if that should not be the case, yet he may have it in his power to do me a great deal of injury, as those talking gentry sometimes do, and therefore I by no means slight his friendship.

Alcestes. I see to argue with you is vain, for you have always some pretext or other for admitting every one that comes.

SCENE IV.

ALCESTES, CELIMENE, BASQUE.

BASQUE.

THE marquis Clitander preſents his compliments, and is come to wait on you.

Alceſtes. So! [Going.]

Celimene. Where are you running to?

Alceſtes. I am going to leave you.

Celimene. Nay do not go away.

Alceſtes. For what?

Celimene. I deſire you will ſtay.

Alceſtes. Indeed I will not.

Celimene. But I inſiſt you ſhall.

Alceſtes. Your viſiting fools diſtreſs me to death; do you imagine that I can be plagued with ſuch converſation?

Celimene. But I am poſitive, I tell you, I will have you ſtay.

Alceſtes. I will not.

Celimene. Then you are at your liberty, do as you pleaſe.

SCENE V.

ELIANTE, PHILINTES, ACASTES, CLITANDER, ALCESTES, CELIMENE, BASQUE.

ELIANTE to Celimene entering.

THE Marquiſes are entering, pray had you any notice of this?

Celimene. Yes I had. Chairs here. Why you are not gone yet? [To Alceſtes aſide.]

Alceſtes. I am not, madam, for I am now come to a reſolution that you ſhall declare yourſelf in favour of one of us.

Celimene. For heaven's ſake be quiet, and hold your tongue.

Alceſtes. This very day.

Celimene. Pray are you mad?

Alceſtes. No, but I am determined you ſhall declare yourſelf.

Celimene. Why certainly you can never be in earneſt?

Alceſtes. I am determined you ſhall fix either upon one or the other.

Clitander. I am juſt come from the levee at court, ladies, where Cleontes has made himſelf ridiculous. It would be a peace of charity in ſome friend to tell him of his follies.

Celimene. That man expoſes himſelf at firſt converſation, and makes himſelf always diſagreeable in company; and he never grows better, but every day behaves more extravagantly than before.

Acaſtes. Nay, if you talk of extravagance, I am only juſt now returned from Damon, that eternal reaſoner; you all knew him. I do not know whether you will believe me or not, but he had the impudence to keep me a full hour out of my chariot in the ſun.

Celimene. What a ſtrange redundancy of words that creature has! he talks for an hour together, and ſays nothing that you can form any idea of.

Eliante to Philintes aſide.] A charming beginning! The company ſeem very charitably diſpoſed, nothing goes down but expoſing their acquaintance.

Clitander. There is another original, madam, I mean Timantes.

Celimene. Oh! he is always in a hurry about nothing, and the moſt ceremonious creature in the world. He never miſſes to interrupt the converſation, by whiſpering ſomething in your ear, of little or no conſequence, and every triffle is by him magnified into a miracle.

Acaſtes. You remember Gerald too, madam—

Celimene. What, that pompous tireſome ſtory-teller, who is conſtantly dunning your ear with his narrations of keeping no other company than quality, with whom he pretends to be very familiar, and will ſcarcely give them their proper titles? His brain ſeems quite turned, and his whole diſcourſe runs upon equipage, dogs, race-horſes and Flanders mares.

Clitander. It is reported that Belifa is prodigiouſly fond of him.

Celimene. One of the pooreſt low-witted creatures imaginable, and ſtrangely barren in all manner of converſation! The fine weather, rain, and cold are ſoon exhauſted, and you muſt keep your invention upon the rack, to find entertainment for her; ſhe can add nothing to the converſation, but keeps a profound ſilence, and makes her viſits of ſuch an intolerable length, that you are always obliged to ſuffer martyrdom in her company.

Acaſtes. What do you think of Adraſtes?

Celimene. A man puffed up with exceſſive pride of his own merit, always diſſatisfied with the court, whom it is his daily cuſtom to curſe, and exclaim againſt their partiality in giving away poſts, places, and preferments.

Clitander. But what ſay you of Cleon, where all the beſt company rendezvouſed to day?

Celimene. Why he is obliged to his cook for all his merit; it is his well-ſerved up entertainments that brings ſo much company to his houſe.

Eliante. No one keeps a better table.

Celimene. Why his own inſipid perſon ſpoils the whole of his entertainment, a fool being the ſtanding-diſh at it. I muſt acknowledge it would be very good if he would keep away from it himſelf.

Philintes. Pray what is your opinion of his uncle Damus? I think he is generally well received.

Celimene. Oh! he is one of my friends.

Philintes. He is a very worthy man.

Celimene. I muſt confeſs he is; but he is become ſo exceſſively nice ever ſince he became acquainted with the beau monde, that nothing can pleaſe him; and he is always laying out for a repartee, for which reaſon I am downright angry with him; he has got a notion that laughing belongs only to blockheads, and he is eternally criticiſing and condemning every production, from a cuſtom that no man of real wit will commend. He wants to be thought the Ariſtarchus of the age, and therefore he condemns every modern work by the lump, and common diſcourſe is too mean for him. When he is in company he folds his arms, and imagining that his wit is ſupreme, the ſuperciliouſneſs of his looks would make you believe that he had a ſovereign contempt for every thing that was ſaid to him.

Acaſtes. I muſt own this is his very picture, ha! ha! ha!

Clitander. Really your ladyſhip excells all that I ever heard in drawing characters to the life.

Alceſtes. Extreamly well! extreamly well! I obſerve you that frequent the court, and attend levees, ſpare no body; and notwithſtanding you ridicule e-

very one, yet you receive them with raptures into your open arms; you swear a thousand flattering oaths of being eternally devoted to their service, and press them to your breast with your fulsome caresses.

Clitander. Pray, Sir, address yourself to this lady, if there is any thing in our conversation that displeases you.

Alcestes. No, gentlemen, she would never indulge these censorious reflexions, were it not for your obsequious grinnings; by this means you seduce her wit, and encourage her satyrical vein; for the base incense of sycophants and flatterers are the occasion of half the vices which we censure mankind for.

Philintes. But how come you to be so zealous an advocate for the people, when you condemn their vices?

Celimene. Oh! the gentleman is peculiarly distinguished for contradicting and thwarting every common opinion; he is never pleased with any other person's judgment but his own, and thinks it looks vulgar to agree with any one in sentiments. Nay, if another espouses his judgment, he thinks he is bound in honour to oppose him, which makes him frequently at variance with himself.

Alcestes. Very well, madam, you may be as satyrical as you please, as you have the laughers on your side.

Philintes. Why, Alcestes, this is no more than the truth; you seem to pride yourself in indulging this morose temper; you cannot endure that any one should praise or find fault.

Alcestes. Most certainly there is very good reason for this, and for being perpetually out of humour,

for mankind are always ready either abſurdly to cenſure, or impertinent in their praiſes of others.

Celimene. Nay, but———

Alceſtes. Pray obſerve, madam, I muſt ſpeak my opinion of things, was I to ſuffer for it; for thoſe very people who now ſooth and encourage you in your attachment to ſuch amuſements, blame you behind your back for the practice of thoſe very faults.

Clitander. Pray what do you mean, Sir? May I die if ever I thought it was poſſible for the lady to have any faults.

Acaſtes. May I be annihilated if I can ſee ſo much as the ſhadow of one fault, but I ſee millions of charms and perfections in her.

Alceſtes. The greater our love is for an object, the leſs we ought to flatter it. You have been praiſing this lady, ſaying ſhe has no faults, but I am ſorry I ſee too many in her, and make it my daily buſineſs to tell her of them: a ſenſible woman will hate all theſe ſervile lovers, who out of a fooliſh complaiſance, would worſhip even her moſt extravagant follies.

Celimene. So then, as you eſteem it, a real lover baniſhes all expreſſions of tenderneſs from his miſtreſs's ears, and makes it his conſtant buſineſs to rail at her follies.

Eliante. But a modern lover is quite the reverſe of all this; he conſtantly is boaſting of the perfections of his miſtreſs, he ſees nothing amiſs in her, even her very faults are perfections in his eyes; if ſhe is ſilent, he ſays ſhe has a moderate reſerve; if ſhe talks eternally, why ſhe is moſt agreeable company; if ſhe is a fool, why then ſhe is all gentleneſs; a ſlattern with him is an elegant beauty, that does not need to ſet off her charms; and, in ſhort,

all her natural looks though the moſt diſagreeable to others, yet he is enamoured with every one of them.

Alceſtes. Perhaps it may be ſo, but if I do not make it appear——

Celimene. Pray let us take a turn in the gallery, and quit this converſation. Gentlemen, I hope you will not leave us?

Clitander and Acaſtes.] By no means, madam.

Alceſtes. Madam, you are very much afraid of loſing your company; but I ſhall ſtay till you are gone, gentlemen, let you ſtay as long as you pleaſe.

Acaſtes. To oblige the lady, I will ſtay here all day.

Clitander. And I too, for I have no buſineſs till night, to attend the king to his bed-chamber.

Celimene. Why ſurely you have a mind to make yourſelf merry.

Alceſtes. Not in the leaſt; I ſhall ſoon ſee whether my company is troubleſome, and you want to be free of it.

SCENE VI.

ALCESTES, CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ACASTES, PHILINTES, CLITANDER, BASQUE.

BASQUE to Alceſtes.

THERE is a man without who deſires to ſee you immediately; he ſays the buſineſs he is charged with will admit of no delay.

Alceſtes. Inform him I know of no ſuch urgent buſineſs.

Baſque. Sir, he is a very fine man, all bedawbed with gold lace.

Celimene to Alceſtes.] If you do not chuſe to go to ſpeak to him, pleaſe deſire him to walk in.

Alceſtes. Walk in, Sir.

SCENE VII.

ALCESTES, CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ACASTES, PHILINTES, CLITANDER, AN OFFICER.

ALCESTES going to the officer.

PRAY what is your buſineſs with me, Sir?

Officer. I deſire to ſpeak in private with you.

Alceſtes. I know of no ſecrets, and therefore you may ſpeak out.

Officer. Then, Sir, I have the honour to bear the commands of the mareſchals of France, and they order you to appear before them immediately.

Alceſtes. What, me, Sir? I——

Officer. Yes, you, Sir.

Alceſtes. Pray on what account?

Philintes. It is likely the fooliſh affair between Orontes and you.

Celimene. What affair?

Philintes. Why, madam, Orontes and he had a diſpute about ſome verſes, which our friend here did not approve of, and I imagine this is deſigned to end the diſpute, and compromiſe all matters.

Alceſtes. They ſhall never oblige me to make any mean conceſſions.

Philintes. But the ſummons muſt be obeyed, therefore prepare to——

Alceſtes. Very fine indeed! compromiſe! pray does he imagine that the ſentence of thoſe gentle-

men ſhall make me approve of thoſe verſes? they are ſtuff! moſt abominable ſtuff!

Philintes. But you ought not to have put yourſelf ſo much out of humour.

Alceſtes. I ſhall not bate an ace of it; it is moſt execrable ſtuff!

Philintes. It would have been better to have given your opinion with moderation; but pray will you go?

Alceſtes. Yes, but nothing ſhall make me retract what I ſaid; the verſes——

Philintes. Well, well, time will ſhew——

Alceſtes. Should the king ſend me an expreſs command to praiſe them, I muſt be obliged to do it; till then, I will affirm they are ſo bad that the author deſerves to be hanged. [To Clitander and Acaſtes, who laugh.] Death and furies! I did not think myſelf ſo diverting as to make you laugh.

Celimene. Well, begone, and make your appearance.

Alceſtes. I am going, but depend upon it, madam, I ſhall not be long in returning, and ending the diſpute.

ACT III. SCENE II.

CLITANDER, ACASTES.

CLITANDER.

WHAT a happy man are you, my dear marquis! every thing ſeems to pleaſe you; but have you really a ſufficient reaſon to be thus contented and merry?

Acaſtes. Why, after the moſt deliberate th ughts,

I cannot think I have the leaſt reaſon to be melancholy; for I am young, and deſcended from noble anceſtors, my fortune is handſome, and free of all incumbrances; my courage cannot be called in queſtion, for I have always come off with honour wherever I have been engaged; I have wit at command, and am always clear, free and ready, to judge of every thing without heſitation. This makes me ſhine in the ſide-box the firſt night of a play; I am always nobly backed there when I determine the fate of it, by Bravo! bravo! encore! encore! My perſon is genteel, and I have a good ſhape, and good teeth that can vie with any one. No body ſtands fairer for a place at court than myſelf; I dreſs as grand as any one, ſo that it is no wonder that I am the darling of the women, and the envy of the men. With all theſe qualifications, I cannot ſee that I have the leaſt reaſon to be melancholy.

Clitander. But why do you laviſh your ſighs away here, ſince you find it ſo eaſy to make conqueſts elſewhere?

Acaſtes. I? I beg your pardon, I am not of the make, nor humour to endure the indifference of a fine lady. It is enough for aukward people, for vulgar merit, to burn with conſtancy for your ſevere beauties; to languiſh at their feet, and be paſſive under their cruelty, to ſeek relief from ſighs and tears, and endeavour, by dancing a careful long attendance, to obtain what is denied to their merit. But people of my air, Marquis, are not made to give upon credit, and be at the whole expence. How extraordinary ſoever the merit of the fair ſex may be, I am of opinion, thank heaven, that we have our value as well as they, and that it is not reaſon ſufficient to be honoured with a heart like mine, that it coſts them nothing; and,

at leaſt, to place every thing in its juſt balance, it is fit advances ought to be made at the common expence.

Clitander. Then I imagine, Marquis, you reckon you ſtand fair here?

Acaſtes. I muſt confeſs I have ſome ground for thinking ſo.

Clitander. Why then you muſt be ſtark blind indeed; let me adviſe you to endeavour to get quit of that miſtake.

Acaſtes. Ha! ha! ha! then I muſt be blind indeed.

Clitander. But pray what reaſon have you to believe your ſucceſs compleat?

Acaſtes. Why, I flatter myſelf it is ſo.

Clitander. But is your faith well grounded?

Acaſtes. I am blind.

Clitander. Have you ſufficient reaſon to think ſo?

Acaſtes. I tell you, I am ſtark blind.

Clitander. Perhaps Celimene has made you ſome ſecret confeſſion, ha?

Acaſtes. No, I am treated with the utmoſt diſdain.

Clitander. Nay, but pray do anſwer me ſincerely.

Acaſtes. Why I am conſtantly repulſed.

Clitander. Pray give over your raillery, and let me know what hopes ſhe has given you.

Acaſtes. Why I am the forlorn wretch, and you the favoured ſwain. I ſhall certainly ſome of theſe days in deſpair hang myſelf, as ſhe ſeems to have the utmoſt averſion to my perſon.

Clitander. Nay, I could wiſh you would be ſerious, and agree to a propoſal I have to make to you, which is, that he that can produce the moſt undeniable mark

of affection ſhe has ſhewn him, ſhall be for ever free from his rival.

Acaſtes. I like the propoſal, and agree to it chearfully. But ſoft—

SCENE II.

CELIMENE, ACASTES, CLITANDER.

CELIMENE.

WHAT, gentlemen, are you ſtill here?

Clitander. Why, love has fixed us both to the ſpot, madam.

Acaſtes. There was a coach ſtopped at the door juſt now, pray do you know who it is?

Clitander. No, not I.

SCENE III.

CELIMENE, ACASTES, CLITANDER, BASQUE.

BASQUE.

ARSINOE is come to wait on your ladyſhip.

Celimene. What can the creature want with me?

Baſque. Madam, Eliante is with her.

Celimene. Shew her up; what buſineſs can ſhe have, I wonder? Who ſent for her?

Acaſtes. She paſſes every where for a perfect ſaint, and ſo ardent is her zeal——

Celimene. She is like the reſt of the world; I look upon that as grimace; her gloomy abandoned merit is continually beſtowing invectives on the blindneſs of the age, though ſhe is perpetually contriving

to gain a heart, yet without ſucceſs. She aſſumes a mighty degree of diſcretion, always endeavouring to make that a crime which ſhe has not the power to enjoy; yet I am thoroughly convinced that her ladyſhip's gravity would not be ſtartled at a lover. She is thoroughly affronted at me, as ſhe imagines I have ſtole the heart of Alceſtes; and in every company lets her jealous reſentment looſe againſt me, which makes her look very ridiculous. She is the quinteſſence of impertinence, folly and——

SCENE IV.

ARSINOE, CELIMENE, CLITANDER. ACASTES.

CELIMENE.

MY deareſt madam, what kind chance has brought you here? It has given me a good deal of uneaſineſs at being ſo long without the pleaſure of ſeeing you.

Arſinoe. I come as a friend to give you ſome advice.

Celimene. I am quite overjoyed to ſee you.

Clitander and Alceſtes. Ha! ha! ha!

[Exeunt laughing.

SCENE V.

ARSINOE, CELIMENE.

ARSINOE.

THOSE gentlemen have gone away at a very convenient time.

Celimene. Shall we ſit down?

Arſinoe. It does not ſignify. I look upon it, madam, that friendſhip conſiſts in giving ſuch proper intelligence and advice as nearly concerns us, in order that we may maintain a character of honour and decency in the world. I came on this errand, and I hope you will look upon it in a friendly manner. Yeſterday I chanced to fall in with ſome perſons highly diſtinguiſhed for virtue, and the converſation happened to turn upon your conduct, which at preſent makes ſome noiſe in the world, and it did not meet with their approbation; your gallantry and the crowd of viſitors you admit, without diſtinction, was very ſeverely handled. Your ladyſhip will do me the juſtice to believe that I ſtood up greatly for the honour and the innocency of your intentions, and was certain that your principles were good. However, I was obliged to allow that your manner of living was to be blamed a little; that by a little more prudent behaviour you would not be ſo much expoſed to the bitter attacks of malice; for you know we ought to guard againſt the leaſt appearance of a crime, though we are conſcious of our own innocence. I would not have made ſo free with you, but that I hope you will impute it to the great love and zeal I have for your intereſt.

Celimene. I am infinitely obliged to you for your wiſe and friendly advice, and to ſhew you that I take it very kindly, ſhall immediately return the favour; for it has frequently given me concern to hear your ladyſhip's character produced. Being upon a viſit the other day, in a company of diſtinguiſhed good ſenſe, who laid down a rule for all thoſe to walk by who would maintain the reputation of honour and virtue, ſeveral models were propoſed, but unluckily your ladyſhip's great preciſeneſs and affected zeal was

found great fault with: your exceſſive pride, your lectures on wiſdom and honour, the ſcorniful manner with which you treat every body, your exclaiming upon a doubtful expreſſion which may have the leaſt ſhadow of indecency, and the hard cenſures you paſs upon the moſt innocent things in the world, were very much laughed at. They ſaid that you beat your ſervants, and never paid them their wages, that you never miſſed prayers morning or evening; that you painted, and went to thoſe places of devotion merely to be thought handſome; that you really lived immodeſtly, though you could not endure ſo much as the picture of it. I ſtood up for your ladyſhip, and declared I believed it to be intirely ſcandal; but I was over-ruled, for they all agreed that you had better look after your own actions, and be leſs clear-ſighted with regard to the faults of others; to reform at home before you begin to criticiſe on your neighbours. I am perſuaded, madam, from your prudence and friendly diſpoſition, that you will take this advice no otherways than it is meant, as I always conſider your concerns as my own.

Arſinoe. I am not unacquainted that by reproving a friend we frequently expoſe ourſelves to their diſpleaſure, but am ſorry that my plain dealing has ſo much affected you; I did not expect ſo ſmart a reply.

Climene. I am not at all diſpleaſed with your freedom; I muſt needs ſay, I wiſh it were more generally practiſed. I hope we ſhall always be ſo friendly to each other; it will be an excellent means to wean us from that ſuperlative degree of conceit we have for ourſelves, and I hope we ſhall always impart to one another what the world ſays of us.

Arſinoe. Oh! dear madam! the world reflects intirely upon my conduct, they can lay nothing at all to your charge.

Celimene. Why, madam, every thing is liable to be cenſured; but there are different ſeaſons for every thing; youth is fond of gallantry, it ſuits beſt with their humour; and when youth is gone, it is undoubtedly ſuitable to put on an air of prudery and reſerve; it is no doubt good policy, as it is an excellent diſguiſe for want of powerful charms: but it would look ridiculous for a young girl of nineteen to put on the air of an old maid of fifty; therefore, the only method is to follow what is moſt agreeable to the different ages of life.

Arſinoe. Pray what, madam, has provoked you to inſult me in this manner? You make a mighty buſtle about youth, but I think that does not give you ſo much ſuperiority over me as you may imagine.

Celimene. Indeed, madam, I have been frequently puzzled to find out the reaſon of your falling upon my character in all companies. As you are fond of making conqueſts, I can aſſure you I ſhall not prevent you. Pray then, madam, do not hinder me from inſpiring love, and receiving addreſſes, though you cannot be ſo ſucceſsful.

Arſinoe. Do you imagine that the vaſt number of lovers you have can give me the leaſt uneaſineſs? Why, ſurely, they are eaſily to be got. The world will not think that all thoſe burn with an honourable flame; and thoſe lovers may eaſily be got by making ſuch advances, as thoſe who are formed to inſpire the moſt virtuous and tender ſentiments are above doing. There is no lover who is a ſlave to a

face only, but at leaſt muſt always pay dear for the incenſe that is offered to us; and would every one throw off that blooming reſtraint, they would find it no hard matter to have as many admirers perhaps as the moſt inſolent beauty.

Celimene. Then I expect to ſee you put this rare ſecret in practice; force yourſelf to pleaſe; and without——

Arſinoe. This converſation had beſt be broke off, as perhaps we may go too great lengths; and if I had not waited for my coach, I ſhould have left you before now.

Celimene. Nothing that has paſſed needs haſten you away, therefore ſtay as long as you pleaſe. But not to be ceremonious, I am glad to have it in my power to entertain you more to your ſatisfaction, as a gentleman below will ſupply my place.

SCENE VI.

ALCESTES, CELIMENE, ARSINOE.

CELIMENE.

YOUR ſervant, Sir, will you be ſo kind as to keep this lady company, whilſt I go and write a letter, which muſt be diſpatched immediately. [To Arſinoe,] My dear, I know you will be ſo good as pardon my rudeneſs.

SCENE VII.

ALCESTES, ARSINOE.

ARSINOE.

IT gives me great pleasure, Sir, to be so sensibly obliged as to have the pleasure of the agreeable conversation of a person of such sublime merit. I must confess, that my hand is engaged in all your interests, and am very angry that the court has not yet done justice to your merit.

Alcestes. Why, what service have I done to have any pretentions? I have no reason to complain, that the court does not think proper to take notice of me.

Arsinoe. There must always be an opportunity, as well as power, for frequently it is known that they partake of the favours of a court, who never merited them by services; but your shining merit alone ought——

Alcestes. Pray, madam, do not flatter me; I really cannot see any thing the court has to do with my merit; it would have work enough to do, was it always to seek after merit.

Arsinoe. Yours, Sir, requires no seeking after, for I can assure you that some of the people of the greatest consequence in my presence were pleased to bestow the highest encomiums on you.

Alcestes. Indeed, madam, the present age is remarkable for want of proper discernment, and it is no honour to be surfeited with encomiums; a small matter will purchase a large share, even in the gazette, where my valet de chambre had the honour to be not a week ago.

Arsinoe. Sir, I have it in my power at present to

be very ſerviceable to you, therefore if you will ſignify any inclination for what you would have, I will command my engines immediately to go to work in your behalf.

Alceſtes. Madam, the air of a court is not proper for me to breathe in; heaven has given me a ſoul above praiſing every lord's fooliſh poetry, or flattering every fine lady's lap-dog, for I am intirely a ſtranger to the art of whcedling and diſſimulation: though I have not the intereſt and title that the court can beſtow, yet I am free from the acting of ſuch fooliſh parts as courtiers are obliged often to do.

Arſinoe. Well then, if you are out of humour with the court, you may let it alone. However, I think you are much to blame with regard to your love-affairs; the lady upon whom you have placed your affections is very undeſerving of you, you certainly merit a much better match.

Alceſtes. You do not conſider, madam, that this lady you are talking of is your friend.

Arſinoe. She is ſo; but notwithſtanding this, I muſt inform you your paſſion is betrayed, which gives me a good deal of concern on your own account.

Alceſtes. I muſt own, madam, that ſuch an information muſt be very agreeable to a lover; and I acknowledge it ſhews your tender concern for me.

Arſinoe. I muſt inſiſt that ſhe is utterly unworthy of poſſeſſing the heart of a perſon of your merit, though ſhe be my friend.

Alceſtes. But certainly, madam, charity ought to teach you to take care how you endeavour to inſpire a heart like mine with ſuſpicion; it is very hard to judge of the ſecrets of the heart.

Arsinoe. Well, Sir, I say no more; I find you are not willing to be undeceived.

Alceste. When a thing cannot be made evidently appear plain, I cannot look upon myself obliged to any person who would fill me with distracting doubts and fears.

Arsinoe. Then, Sir, I desire you to believe nothing but what you have ocular demonstration of, for I can easily give you full proof of your mistress's infidelity, if you will accompany me home; where you may meet with some consolation, provided your heart can be fixed upon a more worthy object.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ELIANTE, PHILINTES.

PHILINTES.

INDEED the wisdom of those gentlemen were never so hard put to it before, to make up such a foolish affair, for he would not in the least retract from his former opinion. Pray, says he, how have I affronted him? I have not impeached his honour. I acknowledge he is a very fine gentleman, he is a man of quality, has a fine equipage, he rides, dances and fences well; but I will never be so much his obsequious servant as to praise his poetry. So that there could no more be got from him by way of submission, than that he should be glad if he could have liked his sonnet better. Therefore with shaking hands the prosecution was dropped.

Eliante. I can assure you he is a valuable friend,

he has an heroic ſincerity of ſoul, a virtue that is very ſcarce in this preſent age.

Philintes. This aſtoniſhes me the more, that ſuch a heart ſhould be ſuſceptible of love, and that it ſhould be fixed on ſuch a perſon as your couſin.

Eliante. Why this is a downright confutation, that love is always produced by a parity of diſpoſitions.

Philintes. But do you really think ſhe loves him?

Eliante. This is hard to judge, as ſhe herſelf ſcarcely knows the real ſentiments of her unſteady giddy heart.

Philintes. If your friend was of my way of thinking, he would certainly ſhew a juſt diſcernment, by turning his thoughts to ſome other more deſerving object, for I am afraid he will find more uneaſineſs in his preſent flame than he imagines.

Eliante. To ſpeak freely and ingenuouſly, I would not oppoſe his preſent purſuits, but out of love to him, as I think his preſent object will not be his deſire afterwards, and he might be more happy with ſome other. Without bluſhing, I muſt declare that I ſhould not like him the worſe if he ſhould make his addreſſes to me after he has been refuſed by another.

Philintes. I can aſſure you, madam, that I have not the leaſt objection to the preference you give him. If he pleaſes he can inform you of what I have frequently told him on this account; but if heaven has deſtined Celimene and him for each other, by which he would be excluded from your wiſhes, I ſhould think myſelf happy, and be ever aſſiduous in receiving your favours.

Eliante. You now, no doubt, are pleaſed to make yourſelf merry with me.

Philintes. No, madam, you have the real ſentiments of my heart, and I ſhall joyfully embrace the firſt opportunity of declaring myſelf more openly.

SCENE II.

ALCESTES, ELIANTE, PHILINTES.

ALCESTES.

AH! do me juſtice, madam, I beſeech you, for an offence that has triumphed over all my conſtancy.

Eliante. You ſurprize me, Alceſtes, pray what makes you in ſuch diſorder?

Alceſtes. I have met with what could never have entered into my thoughts; if the firmament had fallen upon my head, it could not have confounded me more than this diſcovery has done; it has confounded me ſo that I cannot ſpeak my love—my fond paſſion—but it is all over.

Eliante. Pray endeavour to compoſe and make yourſelf eaſy.

Alceſtes. Can it be poſſible that a heavenly form can cover ſo many deteſtable vices!

Eliante. But pray, what—

Alceſtes. Why, Celimene is falſe! I am ruined, undone, betrayed! Ah! Celimene has deceived me!

Eliante. But have you ſufficient grounds for ſuch a ſuppoſition?

Philintes. It may be it is only a jealous ſuppoſition, that has no foundation but in your own brain, and is only a chimera.

Alceſtes. Pray be quiet, Sir, do not concern yourſelf ſo much about my affairs. I have demon-

ſtration enough; I have got a letter ſhe has wrote to Orontes, for whom ſhe always profeſſed the greateſt averſion, which made his addreſſes give me no pain.

Philintes. I do not think a letter is a ſufficient ground to build your ſuſpicions on, it may ſometimes deceive you.

Alceſtes. I beg, Sir, you will mind your own buſineſs, and do not trouble yourſelf about me.

Eliante. But you ſhould ſubdue your paſſions, for their violence—

Alceſtes. I am come here, madam, for this purpoſe, that by your aſſiſtance I may be revenged on your ungrateful and perfidious couſin, who has abuſed my tender affection. My heart flies to you, to relieve it from that grief with which it is oppreſſed, and which is enough to ſtrike every one with horror.

Eliante. I revenge you, Sir? which way—

Alceſtes. By condeſcending to accept of my heart, which I now offer you. I am deſirous you ſhould concur with me in the puniſhment of this faithleſs woman, for from this moment I will make it my buſineſs to ſhew you the moſt profound devotion and reſpect.

Eliante. But is it not poſſible that by and-by you may alter your mind with regard to this deſire of revenge, if you ſhould perceive that you have not received ſo great an injury as you imagine? For the offender, who has a faſt hold of your heart, will find a warm advocate there, ſo that your anger may ſoon vaniſh; for it is common with a lover to form deſigns of revenge, but they are ſoon over.

Alceſtes. No, madam, I abandon her for ever! The affront is mortal, and I cannot ever think of loving her again! my reaſon entirely forbids that;

my rage redoubles at the very thoughts and ſight of her. There ſhe comes! I will ſtay to reproach her with her black guilt, after which my heart, entirely diſengaged from her perfidious charms, ſhall be preſented to you.

SCENE III.

CELIMENE, ALCESTES.

ALCESTES aſide.

KIND heaven! favour me with compoſure ſufficient to behave well in this encounter.

Celimene. Mercy on us! [Aſide.] Alceſtes, pray what am I to underſtand from thoſe deep ſighs and groans, and from that terrible look you caſt upon me?

Alceſtes. Why, madam, never incenſed heaven, nor hell ever produced a creature half ſo perfidious and wicked as yourſelf; the moſt terrible crimes that were ever committed in the world are innocent when compared with yours.

Celimene. I greatly admire this! it is mighty tender indeed!

Alceſtes. Abandoned woman! you ought rather to be confounded, and covered with bluſhes, when you are told that I have the moſt convincing proofs of your treachery. I find my ſuſpicions were not vain, my fears groundleſs, nor the effects of gloomy jealouſy. But reſt yourſelf aſſured, that I will revenge my affront and diſhonour. Had you declared your ſentiments of me openly at firſt without diſguiſe, and repulſed my paſſion, you had done right; but to approve of my paſſion, and then be guilty of ſuch perfidy, deſerves the utmoſt indignation; ſo

take care, madam, for I think no punishment can be great enough to equal this mortal rage which inflames my fond heart.

Celimene. Why you have lost your senses, surely. Pray what is it that makes you give yourself such tragic airs?

Alceste. Those treacherous charms of yours robbed me of them, when I was such a ridiculous fool as to believe sincerity was to be found under such a beautiful form.

Celimene. Pray what is the treachery you complain of?

Alceste. Patience, good heaven! how has that double heart of thine learned the art of dissembling? But look here; do you know your own vile writing? This letter admits of no reply;—let this overwhelm you with confusion.—

Celimene. And is this the whole that has so provoked you?

Alceste. Pray, can you see it and not be filled with confusion and blushing?

Celimene. Blush! I blush? pray for what?

Alceste. As the name is wanting, perhaps you will deny it. What, do you join audaciousness to deceit?

Celimene. Pray for what reason should I deny my own hand?

Alceste. Are not you confounded with the perfidy which it contains?

Celimene. Why you are surely the most extravagant creature in the world!

Alceste. Why! do you think I can hold out with any temper against such a convincing proof of your guilt? Pray observe the shameful manner in which you express your sentiments for Orontes.

Celimene. Pray who told you that letter was for Orontes?

Alceſtes. Why, the perſon that brought it: but if it was for any other, you are not the leſs culpable in regard to me.

Alceſtes. Why, this is really a fine evaſion indeed! This convinces me you are capable of any thing! You would certainly imagine that I am quite blind, if I was to believe ſuch warm expreſſions could be uſed to a woman. Pray what meaning can you put upon theſe words I ſhall now read to you?

Celimene. I ſhall explain none of them; and let me tell you, that you take a very unwarrantable liberty to aſſert ſuch a thing to my face; I muſt tell you, you are very impertinent.

Alceſtes. Pray do not be in a paſſion, madam, but in a cool manner explain your own writing.

Celimene. No, you may put what conſtruction upon them you pleaſe, for ſince you have got ſuch a length, I will give myſelf no trouble about them.

Alceſtes. But if you can ſhew me how this can be written to a woman, I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Celimene. No, I ſhall not; I deſire you may believe it is to Orontes. I beg you would not plague me with your jealouſy any more. I receive Orontes's paſſion with pleaſure, he is every thing to me, and I aſſure you I do not deſire to detain you; therefore take your meaſures accordingly.

Alceſtes aſide.] Was ever lover like me! my uneaſineſs and ſuſpicions are all made a matter of ſport and triumph, and yet my heart is ſo fooliſh and irreſolute as not to break its chain. Perfidious woman! you know my weakneſs too well, and take advantage of it; but I beg you would ſay ſomething to convince me that this letter is innocent; for if

you ſhew the leaſt grounds of your innocence and faithfulneſs, I will conſtrain myſelf to believe you.

Celimene. For ſhame! you are unworthy of my eſteem; ſuch jealouſy deſerves my utmoſt reſentment. Pray do you imagine that I could be guilty of ſuch meanneſs as to play the hypocrite for your ſake? you do not deſerve the eſteem that I have for you, I ought to fix it upon a more deſerving object.

Alceſtes. Ah! cunning woman! how well are you acquainted with my weakneſs! theſe tender expreſſions bind my ſoul cloſer to you: however, I will make a farther proof, to ſee whether your heart is loſt to all ſenſe of gratitude and honour.

Celimene. I am certain you do not beſtow that love upon me that I deſerve.

Alceſtes. Do I not? there was never any paſſion equal to mine. It would give me pleaſure to make a generous ſacrifice of my heart, was you reduced ſo as to have neither birth, dignity, nor wealth.

Celimene. I hope I ſhall have no occaſion for this; but I muſt confeſs that this is expreſſing a very wild kind of love for me.

SCENE IV.

CELIMENE, ALCESTES, DU BOIS.

ALCESTES.

WHAT means this equipage, and this frightful air? What is the matter with you?

Du Bois. Sir—

Alceſtes. Well.

Du Bois. Here is a ſtrange affair.

Alceſtes. What is it?

Du Bois. We are all in the wrong box, Sir.

Alceſtes. How?

Du Bois. Shall I ſpeak aloud?

Alceſtes. Yes, ſpeak quickly.

Du Bois. Is not there ſomebody here—

Alceſtes. Poh, what trifling is here! Will you ſpeak?

Du Bois. Sir, you muſt ſtep aſide.

Alceſtes. How?

Du Bois. We muſt decamp without beat of drum.

Alceſtes. And why?

Du Bois. I tell you we muſt quit this place.

Alceſtes. The cauſe?

Du Bois. We muſt depart, Sir, without taking leave.

Alceſtes. But for what reaſon all this ſtuff?

Du Bois. By reaſon, Sir, that we muſt pack and away.

Alceſtes. Plague! I ſhall infallibly crack your ſkull, raſcal, if you do not explain yourſelf in another manner.

Du Bois. Sir, a fellow with a black dreſs and phiz, came quite into the kitchen, to leave with us a paper ſcribbled after ſuch a manner, that a man had need to be more cunning than the devil to read it. I make no manner of doubt but it is about your lawſuit; but Belzebub himſelf, I believe, would be puzzled to decypher it.

Alceſtes. Well! how! what does this paper diſcover, traitor, with reſpect to our departure you ſpoke of juſt now?

Du Bois. I will tell you, Sir; an hour after came a man that I had often ſeen with you, and enquired after you with great earneſtneſs; and not find-

ing you, charged me ſoftly, knowing that I am a very faithful ſervant, to tell you---ſtay, what do you call him?

Alceſtes. No matter for his name, raſcal, tell me what he ſaid to thee?

Du Bois. In ſhort, it is one of your friends, and that is ſufficient. He told me that it is at your peril not to go hence, and that fortune threatens you here with being arreſted.

Alceſtes. But how? would he not ſpecify any thing to you?

Du Bois. No, he aſked me for a pen, ink, and paper; and writ a word or two, by which, I believe, you may come at the knowledge of the bottom of this myſtery.

Alceſtes. Give it me then.

Celimene. What can there be in this?

Alceſtes. I do not know, but I long to be fully let into it. Make haſte, thou impertinent villain!

Du Bois after having fumbled for it a long while.] Troth, Sir, I left it upon your table.

Alceſtes. I do not know what hinders me from—

Celimene. Do not put yourſelf in a paſſion, but go and unravel this perplexing buſineſs.

Alceſtes. It ſeems to me that fortune, in ſpite of all my endeavours, has ſworn to debar me of your converſation; but aſſiſt me, madam, to triumph over her malice, by giving me permiſſion to ſee you in the evening.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ALCESTES, PHILINTES.

ALCESTES.

I Declare my resolution is fixed.

Philintes. But let the blow be never so severe, ought it to—

Alceſtes. All that you can say will have no effect upon me, I am fully resolved. It is time for an honest man to sequester himself from the world, when the age is so perverse as to have no regard for honour, probity, or justice. The whole world, as well as myself, were fully convinced of the justice of my cause: and notwithstanding all this, to lose it, and one of so base a character to baffle the truth, and by his hypocritical air have weight enough to turn the scale of justice, to subvert property, and get his villainy rewarded by a decree, is scandalous.—But to add to all this, he has fathered a book upon me, such a piece of stuff as it would be unpardonable to read. Orontes too is his companion in propagating the lie about, and endeavours to vindicate it: not but that he is convinced that I have not justice done me, but out of malice and revenge, because through love and tenderness to him I found fault with his verses, which if he had published, would have made him look ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and therefore he is become my mortal enemy. You see here therefore a sample of the justice and honour that reigns among men; they are all traitors to one another; and therefore I am determined to sequester

myſelf from the world, as I ſuppoſe there is more honour and honeſty to be found amongſt a parcel of wolves and tygers.

Philintes. I think you are a little too raſh and haſty in judging; his credit is not ſo great as you imagine, and it is very probable he will pay ſeverely for it, as his falſe report has deſtroyed itſelf, and all the accuſations he could lay againſt you have not been able to bring you under an arreſt.

Alceſtes. No, you are miſtaken, for this will make him triumph; he is a licenſed villain, ſuch infamy has no effect upon him, nor will ever hurt his reputation.

Philintes. But you ſtill have it in your power to appeal from this unjuſt decree, and crave relief from—

Alceſtes. No, I will carry in no farther— It is true, indeed, that it will coſt me ſome hundreds, but then it will remain apparent to poſterity how villainous the preſent age has been, and I ſhall have a right to condemn the wickedneſs of human nature, and retain direct hatred in my breaſt againſt all the human race.

Philintes. But after all—

Alceſtes. Why you cannot have the aſſurance to excuſe this villainy, and therefore all your pains is thrown away; have you any thing more to ſay?

Philintes. No, I grant you all you deſire; treachery and diſſimulation every where prevail, and every thing is ruled by intereſt and faction. But the want of juſtice and probity in the world is no reaſon why we ſhould abandon it. Thoſe faults in others gives us a large field to exerciſe our philoſophy, and we ſhould have no uſe for our virtues if juſtice and honeſty ruled univerſally; but when we can with a

heart truly virtuous bear with temper a violation of our juſt rights, then—

Alceſtes. Well, but notwithſtanding I know you to be a good orator, yet all your rhetoric is loſt on me. If I have a mind to be happy, reaſon requires that I ſhould retire from a villainous world. My regard for truth may bring a thouſand more quarrels on my hand; therefore you will pleaſe leave me to wait here for Celimene; her conſent muſt be obtained, and I ſhall ſoon ſee whether ſhe really loves me.

Philintes. Then let us go and wait her coming at her own apartments.

Alceſtes. No, you may go, but I will indulge my melancholy in this private corner.

Philintes. This is leaving you in very bad company, but I will perſuade Eliante to come immediately to you.

SCENE II.

CELIMENE, ORONTES, ALCESTES.

ORONTES.

MADAM, no lover can endure to be held in ſuſpenſe, I muſt therefore know whether you will entirely make me yours; and as a proof, baniſh Alceſtes for ever from your preſence: therefore if the ardour of my flame has made any impreſſion on your heart, you ought not to diſſemble it.

Celimene. Why, I have heard you frequently ſpeak much in his favour; pray what quarrel have you with him now?

Orontes. That ſignifies nothing at preſent; the

buſineſs now is to let me know which of us you are determined to retain.

Alceſtes coming forward.] I am in the ſame way of thinking, madam; the gentleman is certainly in the right, for affairs of this kind admit of no delay nor equivocation, and it is high time you ſhould declare your ſentiments.

Orontes. Pray, dear Sir, do not let your good fortune be diſturbed by the importunity of my paſſion.

Alceſtes. Whether I be jealous or not, Sir, I will not ſhare this lady's affections with you.

Orontes. If ſhe thinks your love preferable to mine—

Alceſtes. If ſhe is capable of the leaſt inclination for you—

Orontes. I ſwear henceforward to make no pretenſions to her.

Alceſtes. I peremptorily ſwear never to ſet eyes on her more.

Orontes. Madam, you may ſpeak without conſtraint.

Alceſtes. Madam, you may explain yourſelf without fear.

Orontes. You have nothing to do, but tell us where your inclinations are fixed.

Alceſtes. You have nothing but to cut the matter ſhort, and chooſe which you will.

Orontes. What, do you ſeem to have any difficulty in ſuch a choice.

Alceſtes. What, do you heſitate and appear uncertain?

Celimene. Why, gentlemen, you ſuffer your paſſions to prevail too much, and are unſeaſonably importunate. There is no doubt but I am determined which of you to prefer, but I cannot be brought to

make this declaration before you both, as I do not chooſe to make any perſon uneaſy. My behaviour already may have given ſufficient proof who ſtands higheſt in my approbation. I hope you are contented with this declaration of my paſſion.

Orontes. No, madam, I deſire you will make a formal declaration, as I have nothing to apprehend from it.

Alceſtes. And ſo do I; it is now no longer time for diſſimulation and evaſion, I know you are fond of ſhewing countenance to all the world, and therefore you muſt explain yourſelf, or I ſhall eſteem your ſilence as a diſmiſſion.

Orontes. It gives me pleaſure to ſee you behave with ſo much ſpirit; I perfectly agree with every thing you have ſaid.

Celimene. Deliver me!—why this is the moſt unwarrantable whim!—ſuch unreaſonable demands!—I have already told you what keeps me from— But here comes Eliante, I will be judged by her.

SCENE III.

ELIANTE, PHILINTES, CELIMENE, ORONTES, ALCESTES.

CELIMENE.

HERE am I perſecuted, couſin, by people whoſe humours ſeem to me to be concerted. They both of them, with the ſame heat, will needs have me declare which of them my heart makes choice of; and that by a ſentence which I muſt pronounce to his face, I ſhould forbid one of the two all the application he can make. Tell me whether this is ever done?

Eliante. Do not consult me upon the subject: you may perhaps address yourself to a very wrong person. I am for the people who speak their thoughts.

Orontes. It is in vain, madam, for you to excuse yourself.

Alceſtes. All your evaſions will be but ill-ſeconded.

Orontes. You muſt ſpeak, and have done wavering.

Alceſtes. You need do no more than continue ſilent.

Orontes. I deſire but one word to end our debates.

Alceſtes. And I, for my ſhare, underſtand you, if you do not ſpeak at all.

SCENE IV.

ARSINOE, CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ALCESTES, PHILINTES, ACASTES, CLITANDER, ORONTES.

ACASTES.

MADAM, we two are, with your permiſſion, come, to clear up a myſtery.

Clitander to Orontes and Alceſtes.] You are here very a-propos, gentlemen, you are alſo concerned in this affair.

Arſinoe to Celimene.] I make no doubt, madam, but that you are ſurprized to ſee me here; but I came at the deſire of theſe two gentlemen, they having charged you with a thing that I am fully perſuaded you are entirely innocent of; therefore, madam, I have buried our little differences in oblivion, that I

might have you cleared from this criminal procedure which they have laid to your charge.

Acaſtes. Now, madam, pray let us ſee how you will acquit yourſelf of this letter which you wrote to Clitander.

Clitander. Acaſtes had the honour of receiving this tender epiſtle from your ladyſhip.

Acaſtes. I can aſſure you this is particularly worth reading; I dare ſay you will underſtand it perfectly, for there is no obſcurity nor equivocal expreſſions in it. You will not, I ſuppoſe, doubt the handwriting, as you have ſometimes correſponded with her. [Reads.

To Clitander,

" Clitander, you behave very ſtrangely, to re-
" proach me with levity, and that I am never ſo
" merry as when out of your company. I will
" never forgive you, without you come immedi-
" ately, and in the moſt humble manner, to aſk par-
" don for your offence; for I aſſure you I could ne-
" ver bear the company of our bloody Flemiſh vif-
" count, who is the ſubject of your firſt complaint,
" from his ridiculous behaviour, I was once wit-
" neſs to, of his employing his time for an hour and
" a half in ſpitting in the baſon of a fountain, to
" make circles in the water; this has given me an
" entire diſguſt at him. As for the little marquis,
" who yeſterday held me ſo long by the hand, his
" only merit conſiſts in a hat and feather, and there
" never was any thing ſo frippery as his whole per-
" ſon. As to the man in the green ribbands," [To Alceſtes.] This I ſuppoſe is you, Sir; " he is the
" moſt troubleſome of all living creatures, though
" he ſometimes amuſes me with his bluntneſs and

" humourſome chagrin; and as for the ſonnetteer," [To Orontes.] This, I believe, relates to you, Sir, " I can aſſure you his proſe is as diſagreeable to me " as his verſe; though he affects to be thought a " wit and an author, yet nature never deſigned him " for either. I have hardly patience to liſten to " what he ſays, therefore you have reaſon to believe " that I am not always ſo well pleaſed as you ima- " gine. I have perhaps ſaid more to you than I " ought to have done, when I confeſs that love gives " a double reliſh to all our pleaſures, when we are " engaged in the company of thoſe we love."

Clitander. Now comes my turn, gentlemen.

[Reads.

To Acaſtes.

" I can aſſure you, Sir, that Clitander, who af- " fects ſo much the gentle ſwain, and whom you " complain of, is the laſt man I ſhould have a kind- " neſs for. He is extravagant in perſuading him- " ſelf one loves him; and you are ſo in believing " one does not love you. To be reaſonable there- " fore, change ſentiments with him; and ſee me as " often as you can, to help me by your preſence to " bear the trouble of being beſieged by him."

This, I think, is the model of a very fine character, madam, and you know what name properly belongs to it. It is enough, we ſhall both of us ſhew this glorious portrait of your heart in all places.

Acaſtes. Here is ample ſubject for me to expatiate on; but I do not hold you worthy of my anger; and I could let you ſee, that the little marquiſſes, as you call them, for their conſolation, have hearts of a much higher price.

SCENE V.

CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ARSINOE, ALCESTES, ORONTES, PHILINTES.

ORONTES.

WHAT! am I thus pulled to pieces after all you have said and written to me? Has your heart beneath the deceitful mask of pretended tenderness made a practice of engaging itself by turns to all mankind? Go, I was too much a dupe, and shall be so no longer: you do me a favour by thus displaying yourself in your true colours, and have restored me thereby an heart which finds its revenge fully satisfied in taking it from you for ever. [To Alcestes.] Sir, I do not know any obstacle there is now to your passion, and you may conclude matters with this lady as soon as you choose.

SCENE VI.

CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ARSINOE, ALCESTES, PHILINTES.

ARSINOE to Celimene.

THIS is undoubtedly one of the basest actions in the world, I can be no longer silent, I am shocked at it. Were there ever any proceeding like yours, madam? I do not concern myself so much about the treatment the others have received; [Pointing to Alcestes.] but this gentleman, who might have fixed your happiness, a man of merit and honour as he is, and who doats on you to idolatry, should he have been——

Alceſtes. Pray, madam, leave me to manage my own affairs, and do not take upon you this needleſs trouble. Your intereſting yourſelf ſo warmly in my quarrel will not have the deſired effect; my heart is not in a condition to requite you for this great zeal; and you are not the perſon I ſhould think of, ſhould I ſtrive to revenge myſelf by another choice.

Arſinoe. Pray, Sir, do you imagine I have any ſuch thought, and that I ſhould be in ſuch a violent hurry to have you? You have a great deal of vanity, I think, in your temper, if you can flatter yourſelf with ſuch a belief: This lady's leavings have nothing ſo mighty tempting in them, I aſſure you; therefore let me intreat your important mightineſs to undeceive yourſelf, and learn to carry it leſs haughtily; people of my condition are not for ſuch as you. You will do well to ſigh for her ſtill, and I long to ſee ſuch a fine match.

SCENE VII.

CELIMENE, ELIANTE, ALCESTES, PHILINTES.

ALCESTES to Celimene.

WELL, in ſpite of all I ſee, I have hitherto been ſilent, and have let all the world ſpeak before me. Have I governed myſelf long enough? and may I now———

Celimene. Yes, you may ſay every thing; you have juſt cauſe to complain, and to load me with reproaches. I am to blame, I confeſs it, and my confuſed mind does not ſeek to put you off with any frivolous excuſe: I deſpiſed the fury of the reſt here, but I own my crime in reſpect to you; certainly your reſentment is juſt, I know how criminal I muſt

appear to you. I know that every thing ſpeaks me falſe and ungrateful, and that in ſhort you have reaſon to hate me. Do ſo, I conſent to it.

Alceſtes. But can I do it, traitreſs, can I thus triumph over my fondneſs? And though I ſhould moſt ardently wiſh to hate you, ſhall I find a heart diſpoſed to obey me? [To Eliante and Philintes.] You ſee what an unworthy fondneſs can do, and I make you both witneſſes of my weakneſs. But to confeſs the truth to you, this is not all yet, you ſhall ſee this infatuation carried to its utmoſt length, and I am about to convince you with how little reaſon we are called wiſe; and that in the nobleſt hearts there is ſtill too much of man. [To Celimene.] Yes, perfidious creature, I am willing to forget your crimes, and can find in my heart to excuſe all your tricks, and cover them with the name of weakneſs, into which the vicioufneſs of the times has betrayed your youth; provided you will heartily conſent to join with me in a deſign I have formed, to abandon all mankind, and accompany me to that ſolitude in which I have made a vow to ſpend the remainder of my days. This is the only way you can, in every one's opinion, repair the miſchief of your late proceedings, and by which, after this diſcovery, which a noble mind muſt abhor, I may be allowed ſtill to love you.

Celimene. Good God! would you have me renounce the whole world in the bloom of my youth, and bury myſelf in a deſert?

Alceſtes. If your flame is anſwerable to mine, what ſhould all the reſt of the world ſignify to you? Are not your deſires ſatisfied with me?

Celimene. Solitude is frightful to a perſon of twenty. I am afraid I have not a ſoul ſufficiently heroic to form ſuch a reſolution. If giving you my

hand can satisfy your wishes, I may resolve to tie the knot, and Hymen——

Alceſtes. No, now my heart deteſts you, and this refusal does more to my cure than all the reſt. Since your heart is not ſo united to mine as to find your all in me, as I do in you, go, I diſcard you, and this ſenſible affront has for ever freed me from your tyranny.

SCENE THE LAST.

ELIANTE, ALCESTES, PHILINTES.

ALCESTES to Eliante.

NUmberleſs are the virtues, madam, which adorn your beauty; and in you alone, I have found ſincerity: I have had for this long time an extream value for you; but allow me ever to eſteem you in the ſame way: and excuſe my heart in the variety of its troubles, if it waves the honour of wearing your chains; I am ſenſible that I am unworthy of them, and begin to find that heaven has not formed me to be bleſt in ſo happy an union; and that the homage of a man, like me, would be only an affront to your merit. That an heart, the outcaſt of another——

Eliante. You may purſue your thought, my hand is under no difficulty where to beſtow itſelf: and here is your friend, who without giving myſelf too much uneaſineſs, might poſſibly accept it, ſhould I deſire it of him.

Philintes. Ah, madam! that honour is the ſum of all my ambition; and I ſhould think my life too poor a ſacrifice to merit ſo glorious a diſtinction.

Alceſtes. That you may taſte true contentment,

may you ever retain these sentiments each for the other. Betrayed on all sides, oppressed with injustice, I am going to escape a gulph where vice reigns triumphant; and to search out some remote corner of the earth where I may have the liberty of acting honestly and honourably.

PHILINTES.

Come, come, dear madam, let's exhaust our arts,
To break this savage purpose of his heart.

THE END.

THE

MOCK-DOCTOR.

A

COMEDY.

ACTORS.

GERONTE, father to Lucinda.
LUCINDA.
LEANDER, in love with Lucinda.
SGANAREL, husband to Martina, a domestic of Geronte.
MARTINA.
Mr. ROBERT, neighbour to Sganarel.
VALERE, servant of Geronte.
LUCAS, husband to Jacqueline.
JACQUELINE, nurse at Geronte's, and wife to Lucas.
THIBAUT, father to Perrin. } Peasants.
PERRIN, son of Thibaut. }

SCENE the Country.

THE MOCK-DOCTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SGANAREL, MARTINA.

SGANAREL.

I Will not consent to it, I tell thee, I am master, therefore I will do what I please.

Martina. You shall live as I chuse; I did not marry you to endure all your humours.

Sganarel. What greater plague can there be than a wife! Aristotle was very right when he declared that a woman is worse than the devil.

Martina. Only observe the learned man, with his blockhead of an Aristotle!

Sganarel. Yes gipsey; where will you find a faggot-binder that will reason upon things like me? who when he was a boy had all his Accidence by heart, and who has served a famous physician for six years?

Martina. Hold your peace, you puppy.

Sganarel. Begone, you slut.

Martina. May that day when I said yes, be for ever curſed!

Sganarel. Curſed be the whoreſon of a prieſt who joined us together!

Martina. You have great reaſon indeed to complain of this affair! you ought to be conſtantly returning thanks to heaven that thou haſt ſuch a wife as I am!

Sganarel. You undoubtedly did me an infinite deal of honour, and I had great reaſon to be ſatisfied the firſt night of our nuptials. 'Sdeath! be ſilent, or I ſhall ſay ſomething that———

Martina. Out with it: what have you to ſay?

Sganarel. Enough; let us leave this chapter, it ſufficeth that I know what I know, and that you were very lucky in lighting on me.

Martina. What does the fellow mean? Very lucky, truly, in lighting on a worthleſs drunken raſcal, who reduces me to beggary, and eats up every thing I have!

Sganarel. You lye, I drink part of it.

Martina. Who ſells, piece by piece, all the furniture in the houſe.

Sganarel. That is living upon one's means.

Martina. Who has taken my very bed from under me.

Sganarel. You will riſe earlier in the morning.

Martina. Who, in ſhort, has ſtripped my houſe to the bare walls.

Sganarel. We may move the eaſier.

Martina. And who is gaming and guzzling from morning to night.

Sganarel. That is to keep myſelf from the vapours.

Martina. And what do you think I am to do with my family?

Sganarel. Whatever you pleaſe.

Martina. With four poor children upon my hands!

Sganarel. You may lay them on the ground when you are tired with carrying them.

Martina. Who are continually crying for bread!

Sganarel. Give them the rod. When my belly is full, I will have every one satisfied in my house.

Martina. And do you mean, sot, that things shall always go in this manner?

Sganarel. Soft and fair, good wife.

Martina. That I shall always endure your insolence and debaucheries?

Sganarel. Do not let us put ourselves in a passion, wife.

Martina. Shall I never bring you to your duty?

Sganarel. You know, wife, that I have not a very passive spirit of my own, and that my arm is none of the lightest.

Martina. Your threats fright not me.

Sganarel. My pretty little wife, my hony, your hide itches according to custom.

Martina. I care not a pin for you.

Sganarel. My dear rib, you have a desire to force something from me.

Martina. Shall your words frighten me, do you think?

Sganarel. My dear sweet angel, I shall cuff your ears.

Martina. You are a fool!

Sganarel. I shall bang you.

Martina. Beer-barrel!

Sganarel. I shall belabour you.

Martina. Scoundrel!

Sganarel. I shall curry you.

Martina. Rascal, impudence, knave, coward, vil-

lain, hang-dog, mumper, rogue, pickpocket, varlet, thief———

Sganarel. Nay, then, I muſt.

[Sganarel taking a cudgel and beating her. Martina crying.] Oh! oh! murder!

Sganarel. This is the only method to cure a ſcold.

SCENE II.

MR. ROBERT, SGANAREL, MARTINA.

MR. ROBERT.

HOLD! hold! fy, what is here to do? What, is the man mad, to beat his wife in this manner? Martina to Mr. Robert] If it be my pleaſure that he ſhould beat me, what is that to any one?

Mr. Robert. Nay then I agree to it with all my heart.

Martina. What have you to do with it?

Mr. Robert. I own I was in the wrong.

Martina. Is it your buſineſs?

Mr. Robert. You ſay right.

Martina. What have you to do to interfere with a man beating his own wife?

Mr. Robert. I am very ſorry I intermeddled in it.

Martina. What have you to do to pry into it?

Mr. Robert. Nothing.

Martina. Does it belong to you to run your noſe into it?

Mr. Robert. No.

Martina. You had better mind your own buſineſs.

Mr. Robert. I had ſo.

Martina. Perhaps I have a mind to be thraſhed.

Mr. Robert. It may be ſo.

Martina. It is not at your expence.

Mr. Robert. True.

Martina. Then you are an impertinent fellow for interfering in other people's affairs. [Gives him a blow.

Mr. Robert to Sganarel.] Neighbour, I aſk your pardon with all my heart. Go on, thraſh, bang your wife as much as ſhe deſerves; I will help you if you will.

Sganarel. I do not chuſe it.

Mr. Robert. Nay, that is another thing.

Sganarel. I will beat her if I pleaſe, and if I do not pleaſe, I will not beat her.

Mr. Robert. Mighty well.

Sganarel. She is my wife, and not yours.

Mr. Robert. Undoubtedly.

Sganarel. You have no right to command me.

Mr. Robert. Indeed I have not.

Sganarel. I have nothing to do with your help.

Mr. Robert. With all my heart.

Sganarel. And you are a meddling fellow to intrude into other people's concerns. Learn what Cicero ſays, that between the tree and the finger you muſt not thurſt in the bark. [Beats Mr. Robert, and drives him off.

SCENE III.

SGANAREL, MARTINA.

SGANAREL.

COME, wife, ſhake hands, and let us agree.

Martina. What, after you have beat me in this manner?

Sganarel. That is a trifle. Shake hands.

Martina. I will not.

Sganarel. Hey!

Martina. No.

Sganarel. Good angel.

Martina. No.

Sganarel. Come, I tell thee.

Martina. I will not do it.

Sganarel. Come, come, come.

Martina. No, I am determined to be angry.

Sganarel. Fy, it is a trifle. Come, come.

Martina. Let me alone.

Sganarel. Shake hands, I ſay.

Martina. You have uſed me too ill.

Sganarel. Well, I aſk your pardon, let's ſee thy hand.

Martina. I forgive thee. [Aſide.] but it is only till I can find an opportunity of being revenged.

Sganarel. You are a fool to regard ſuch trifles as theſe, which are often neceſſary in friendſhip, and five or ſix ſtrokes of a cudgel amongſt people who love one another, only ſerve to whet the affection. Well, I will go to the wood, and will bring you home an hundred faggots before night.

SCENE IV.

MARTINA alone.

THE devil go with thee, thou ſot! I ſhall not forget this beating ſoon, however I may pretend to overlook it. And hang me if I will not be revenged for all the ſtrokes you have given me. I know well enough that a woman has always about her wherewith to be revenged of a huſband. But that revenge would be loſt upon my hang-dog. I want a revenge that he would feel a little better; for this is not ſufficient for the injury I have received.

SCENE V.

VALERE, LUCAS, MARTINA.

Lucas to Valere, not perceiving Martina.

WE are come upon a very silly errand indeed; and for my part, I see nothing that we could gain by it.

Valere to Lucas, not perceiving Martina.] Why, what is the matter Lucas? We are servants, and must be obedient to our masters, you know; besides, we have both of us an interest in the health of our mistress his daughter; for her marriage, which is delayed by her disease, would certainly be something in our way. Horatio, who is a generous man, has the best pretension to her person; and though she has discovered a kindness for one Leander, you know well enough that her father would never consent to receive him for his son-in-law.

Martina musing aside, thinking she is alone.] Is there no way to be found by which I can be revenged on him?

Lucas to Valere.] But what the duce could put it in his head to send us here, when all the doctors we have had already, are puzzled how to cure her?

Valere to Lucas.] One sometimes finds by dint of searching what could not be found at first; and frequently in places we never thought of——

Martina not seeing any body.] Yes, I must be revenged at any rate whatever; these strokes stick in my stomach, I cannot digest them, and—[running against Valere and Lucas.] Oh! Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, I did not see you, for I was puzzling my brains for something that disturbs me.

Valere. Every one have their cares in this world. We too are ſearching for ſomething we cannot find.

Martina. Is it any thing I can help you to?

Valere. Perhaps it may: we want to meet with ſome able man, ſome particular doctor, who might give ſome relief to our maſter's daughter, that is ſeized with a diſtemper which has deprived her of the uſe of her ſpeech. A great many phyſicians have already ſpent all their art upon her; but one ſometimes finds folks with wonderful ſecrets, certain peculiar remedies, which very often do what the others could not do, and it is this we are in ſearch of.

Martina aſide.] Ha! My ſtars have inſpired me with an admirable invention to be revenged on my cuckoldly raſcal! [to them.] You could never have applied yourſelves better to meet with what you want; for we have a man, the moſt marvellous man in all the world, for curing all incurable diſorders.

Valere. Indeed! Pray where can we find him.

Martina. You will find him this moment towards that little place there, he diverts himſelf with cutting of wood.

Lucas. A phyſician cut wood!

Valere. I ſuppoſe you mean cutting ſimples?

Martina. No. It is an odd kind of a man who takes delight in it, a fantaſtical, fanciful, humourſome mortal, and one that you would never take for what he is; he goes dreſſed in an extravagant manner, affects ſometimes to appear ignorant, keeping his learning within him; and it is his particular paſſion not to be taken for a phyſician, or exert thoſe ſurprizing talents which heaven has beſtowed upon him.

Valere. It is a wonderful thing, that all your great men have ſtill ſomething of caprice, ſome ſmall grain of folly mixed with their learning.

Martina. But this man's folly exceeds every thing that can be imagined; for it fometimes goes to fuch a length, that he muft be heartily beat before he will own his capacity: and I give you notice that you will never gain your end, that he will never own he is a doctor, if the whim is on him, unlefs you each take a cudgel, and bring him by ftrength of blows to confefs at laft what at firft he will conceal from you. This is the way we are obliged to ferve him, when we have occafion to conful him.

Valere. Strange folly!

Martina. It is true: But after that you will find he will work miracles.

Valere. What is his name?

Martina. His name is Sganarel; but he is eafily known; he is a fhort man with a black beard; wears a ruff, and a yellow and green coat.

Lucas. A yellow and green coat! Then he is more like a merry-andrew than a phyfician.

Valere. But is it very true that he is fo fkilful as you fay?

Martina. He works miracles, I tell you. Six months ago a woman was given over by all the other phyficians: They thought her dead for fix hours, and prepared to bury her, when they brought the man we are fpeaking of, by force. Having feen her, he put a little drop of fomething into her mouth, and that very inftant, fhe jumped upon her legs, and walked about the room as if nothing had ailed her.

Lucas. Hah!

Valere. This muft have been fome drop of drinkable gold.

Martina. Really I do not know what it was. It is not three weeks ago, that a young lad of twelve years old tumbled down from the top of a tower and

broke his ſkull, arms and legs, on the pavement. This man was immediately applied to, in the proper manner; and as ſoon as he came he rubbed him all over with a certain ointment, which he makes, and the youth immediately got up, and ran to play at chuck.

Lucas. Surpriſing!

Valere. This ſame man muſt have the univerſal medicine.

Martina. Who doubts of it?

Lucas. Ods-bobs, this is the very man we are in ſearch of. Let us go quickly and ſearch him out.

Valere. We are obliged to you for the favour you have done us.

Martina. But remember well however, the caution I have given you, and do not ſpare a beating.

Lucas. Hey! Zooks, let us alone: If he wants nothing but beating, he ſhall have enough of it.

Valere to Lucas.] We were mighty lucky in meeting with this woman; I conceive the greateſt hopes from it imaginable.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, VALERE, LUCAS.

SGANAREL comes on the ſtage, with a bottle in his hand, not perceiving Valere or Lucas.

TOl, lol de rol lol.

Valere. I hear ſomebody ſinging and cutting of wood.

Sganarel. Tol, lol, dol—Come let us take the other ſup, and reſt a little. [He drinks.] This ſame wood is deviliſh ſalt, it always makes me thirſty. [Sings.

What pleaſure's ſo great, as the bottle can give,
What muſic ſo ſweet, as thy little gull, gull!
My fate might be envy'd by all men that live,
Were my dear jolly bottle, but conſtantly full.
Say why, my ſweet bottle, I pr'ythee, ſay why,
Since, when full ſo delightful, you will ever be dry?
It is fooliſh to let melancholy grow upon one.

Valere low to Lucas.] There is the very man.

Lucas low to Valere.] I think you ſay true, he anſwers the deſcription to a hair.

Valere. Let us ſee him nearer.

Sganarel hugging his bottle.] Ah! my little rogue, how I do love thee, my little corkſy! [ſeeing Valere and Lucas looking at him, he lowers his voice.] My fate—might—be envy'd—by all men that live—What the devil do theſe two fellows want?

Valere. It is he, moſt certainly.

Lucas to Valere.] He is as like him that was deſcribed to us, as if he had been ſpitten out of his mouth.

Sganarel ſets down the bottle cloſe by his ſide, and Valere bowing to ſalute him, he thinking it is with a deſign to take it away, puts it on the other ſide: Upon which Lucas doing the ſame thing, he takes it up again, and holds it cloſe to his breaſt, with divers geſtures, which make an excellent dumb ſhow.

Sganarel aſide.] They conſult together, and look earneſtly at me. They have ſome bad deſign in their heads.

Valere. Is not your name Sganarel, Sir?

Sganarel. Hey! what?

Valere. I aſk you, if your name is not Sganarel?

Sganarel turning towards Valere, and then to-

wards Lucas.] Yes, and no, according to what you would have with him.

Valere. Nothing, but to do him all the civilities we could.

Sganarel. In that caſe, I am Sganarel.

Valere. Sir, we are extremely happy to have met with you. We were recommended to you for your advice and aſſiſtance, of which we ſtand in great need, and humbly beſeech you to grant it us.

Sganarel. If it is any thing, gentlemen, that depends upon my little employment, I am very ready to ſerve you.

Valere. Sir, we are mightily obliged to you: but be covered, pray, Sir, the ſun may incommode you.

Lucas. Cover your ſkull, zir.

Sganarel aſide.] Theſe people are mighty full of ceremony. [Puts on his hat.

Valere. Sir, you muſt not think ſtrange that we come to you: ſkilful people are always ſought for, and we have been informed of your great capacity.

Sganarel. It is true, Sirs, that I am the firſt man in the world for making of fagots.

Valere. Ah! Sir———

Sganarel. I ſpare no pains. I turn them out of my hands in ſuch a manner, that it is impoſſible for any one to find fault with them.

Valere. Sir, that is not the thing in queſtion.

Sganarel. I ſell them for nine and two-pence a hundred.

Valere. Pray do not let us talk of that.

Sganarel. Indeed I cannot afford them under.

Valere. Sir, we know how things ſtand.

Sganarel. Why, if you know how things ſtand, you muſt know, that is the very loweſt I can ſell them for.

Valere. Sir, this is jesting, but———

Sganarel. I do not jest, I cannot bate a farthing of it.

Valere. Let us talk after another manner, pray now.

Sganarel. Some people perhaps may let you have them for less; there are fagots and fagots: but for those that I make——

Valere. Pray Sir, let us leave this discourse.

Sganarel. I swear to you, that you shall not have them, if you fall short a farthing of it.

Valere. Oh! fy.

Sganarel. Upon my conscience I must have that for them. I am not a man that would exact upon them.

Valere. Should such a person as you, Sir, amuse himself with these gross dissimulations, demean himself by talking in this manner; a man so learned, such a famous physician as you are, be willing to disguise himself from the eyes of the world, and bury himself under the shew of so mean and base an occupation?

Sganarel aside.] The fellow is a fool.

Valere. Pray, Sir, do not dissemble with us.

Sganarel. What?

Lucas. All this shim-sham signifies nought; I know what I do know.

Sganarel. Well then, what would you say? Who do you take me for?

Valere. For what you are, for a great physician.

Sganarel. Physician! I a physician? I am no physician, nor ever was, I assure you.

Valere aside.] This is the folly that possesses him: [aloud.] Sir, let me entreat you not to deny things any longer; and let us not come, pray, to troublesome extremities.

Sganarel. To what?]

Valere. To certain things which we ſhould be ſorry for.

Sganarel. 'Sdeath! come to what you pleaſe; I am not a phyſician, and do not underſtand what you would be at.

Valere aſide.] I ſee plainly that we muſt make uſe of the remedy. [aloud.] Sir, once more I muſt entreat you to confeſs what you really are.

Lucas. Ads'bobs, do not bam us any longer, but confeſs vrankly that you be a doctor.

Sganarel aſide.] I am mad———

Valere. Where is the good of denying what all the world knows?

Lucas. Wherefore all theſe whimſies? what ſervice will this do you?

Sganarel. Gentlemen, in one word, as well as in two thouſand, I tell you that I am no doctor, nor phyſician.

Valere. You are not a doctor, you ſay?

Sganarel. No.

Lucas. Nor a phyſician?

Sganarel. No, I tell you.

Valere. Since you will have it, we muſt betake ourſelves to it then. [they take each of them a cudgel and thraſh him.

Sganarel. Hold, hold, hold, gentlemen, I am whatever you would have me to be.

Valere. Why, Sir, did you oblige us to this violence?

Lucas. Ay; why would you give us the trouble of beating you in this manner?

Valere. I aſſure you that I did it with all the regret in the world.

Lucas. By my foith and vronkly, I did it with zorrow.

Sganarel. Why, what in the name of wonder is the meaning of this? Pray, is it out of joke, or are you both diſtracted, that you will have me to be a doctor?

Valere. What, will not you yield yet, and do you deny that you are a phyſician?

Sganarel. The devil take me if I am one.

Lucas. You know nothing of phyſic?

Sganarel. No, plague choke me if I do. [They begin to beat him again.] Hold, hold; well gentlemen, yes, ſince you will have it ſo, I am a doctor, I am a doctor; an apothecary too, if you think good. I rather chooſe to agree to every thing than ſuffer myſelf to be thus beat.

Valere. Now, Sir, this is talking as you ſhould do; and I am overjoyed to find that you have recovered your reaſon.

Lucas. You give me a heart full of joy to zee you talk in this monner.

Valere. I aſk your pardon with all my ſoul.

Lucas. I'ſe demand excuſe for the liberty I have taken.

Sganarel aſide.] Whu, I am ſomething more than I thought I was! Ho! friend Sganarel! thou art a learned man, and never knew the leaſt of it!

Valere. You ſhall not repent, Sir, diſcovering to us what you are; and you will certainly ſee that you will be ſatisfied for it.

Sganarel. Stay, gentlemen; one word; only one word, if you pleaſe. Are you ſeriouſly perſuaded that I am a phyſician?

Lucas. Yes, by my foith.

Sganarel. In good earneſt?

Valere. Undoubtedly.

Sganarel. The devil take me if I knew it.

Valere. How! You are the moſt ſkilful phyſician in the world.

Sganarel. Ay! Ay!

Lucas. A doctor, that has cured the Lord knows how many diſorders.

Sganarel. O dear!

Valere. A woman was taken for dead ſix hours, ſhe was juſt ready to be buried, when with one drop of a certain thing you brought her to life again, and made her walk immediately about the room.

Sganarel. The plague I did!

Lucas. A little lad of a dozen year old, fell from the top of a tower, and killed himſelf upon the ſpot; and you, with I know not what nointment, made 'en ſoon ſcramble up on his feet, and ſcour away to play at chuck.

Sganarel. The devil!

Valere. In ſhort, Sir, you ſhall be well paid; you ſhall have what you pleaſe to aſk, if you will only go with us.

Sganarel. What money I pleaſe?

Valere. Yes.

Sganarel. Oh! I am a doctor without diſpute: I had forgot it, but I remember it now. What is the affair? where muſt I tranſport myſelf to?

Valere. We will conduct you. The affair is to go ſee a young lady who has loſt her ſpeech.

Sganarel. Faith I have not found it.

Valere to Lucas.] He loves to joke. [To Sganarel.] Come, Sir, we will ſhew you the way.

Sganarel. But I cannot go without my phyſician's dreſs.

Valere. We will procure you one.

Sganarel offering his bottle to Valere.] Do you hold that: That is where I put my julep. [then turns

towards Lucas and ſpits.] Put your foot upon that; I order you to do it as a phyſician.

Lucas. By the maſs this is a doctor that pleaſes me; he is ſo merry, that I dare ſay he will ſucceed.

ACT II. SCENE I.

GERONTE, VALERE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

VALERE.

I DARE ſay you will now be ſatisfied; we have brought you the greateſt phyſician that ever was, or ever will be.

Lucas. Adzooks, none can be better; all the others be not worthy to clean his ſhoes for'n.

Valere. He has performed ſurpriſing cures.

Lucas. He has healed folk that were dead.

Valere. He is a little whimſical, as I told you; and in faith there are times when his ſenſes give him the ſlip, and you would not take him for what he is.

Lucas. Yes, he loves to crack his joke, as a body may ſay: beſides, I dare ſay he has had a knock in the cradle.

Valere. But he is all ſkill at the bottom; and he often ſays things extremely ſublime.

Lucas. When he gives his mind to it, he talks as if he was reading in a book.

Valere. His reputation is already ſpread round here, and every one comes to conſult him.

Geronte. I have a vaſt deſire to ſee him; Valere run and fetch him quickly.

Valere. I will go look for him.

SCENE II.

GERONTE, JACQUELINE, LUCAS.

JACQUELINE.

BY my trath, zir, this man will do juſt as much good as the others have done. I'ſe believe that he will be ſo good ſo bad; and the beſt phyſicianer you can get for young madam, according to my notion, is a good handſome huſband for whom ſhe has a kindneſs.

Geronte. Good-lack, my ſweet nurſe, you meddle with many things.

Lucas. Hold your peace, our huſwife Jacqueline; you have no buſineſs to thruſt in your noſe there.

Jacqueline. I tell you both again, that all theſe phyſicianers will do her no more good than a glaſs of fair water; that your daughter wants none of their ſubſcriptions; and that a huſband is a plaiſter which cures all the ailments of young women.

Geronte. But is ſhe in a condition for one with this infirmity upon her? And when I had a deſign of marrying her, did ſhe not oppoſe my intentions?

Jacqueline. I believe ſo truly, you would have given her a mon ſhe did not like. Wherefore did you not offer her this ſame Mr. Liander, who has gotten her heart? She had been mighty obedient, and I will wager that he would not refuſe her as ſhe is, if you would but give her to him.

Geronte. Yes, but he is not a proper match for her; the other has a much better eſtate.

Jacqueline. Why, the other has an old rich uncle, that is to leave him all he is worth.

Geronte. All theſe riches to come, appear to me

as mere ſongs. There is nothing like what people are in poſſeſſion of; a bird in hand is worth two in a buſh; and we run a great riſque of being cozened when we reckon up riches which are kept for us by others. Death is not ſo complaiſant to come at a young heir's calling.

Jacqueline. In ſhort, I have often heard ſay, that in marriage, as in other affairs, contentment is better than riches. Vathers and mothers have the curſed cuſtom of aſking alway, what han he, and what han ſhe? And gaffer Piarre has married his girl Simounetta to fat Tummas, becauſe forſooth he had a ſcrap of a vineyard more than young Robin, whom the laſs had a mind to; and there the poor creature is gone as yallow as a quince, and has gotten nothing all the whoile. This is a foin example for you, zir; lord help us, what is all this world's riches, without one has what one likes! And I ſhould rather chooſe to gee my girl a good huſband, that was agreeable to her, than all the incomes of the country.

Geronte. Plague! Mrs. Nurſe, how you prate! hold your peace pray; I wiſh you would not put yourſelf into ſuch a heat.

Lucas ſtriking Geronte on the ſhoulders at the end of every ſentence.] S'bobs, hold your tongue, you are an impertinent huſwife. Are you to direct maiſter what he mun do? Mind to gee your child the breaſt, without being ſo much upon the reaſonous. Maiſter is his daughter's vather, an he's a good mon, and a woiſe one, and knows what is fitteſt for her.

Geronte. Oh! ſoftly.

Lucas ſtriking Geronte on the ſhoulders again.] Sir, I will mortify her a bit, and learn her how to behave to her betters.

Geronte. Well, well, but you ſhould not be over-haſty.

SCENE III.

VALERE, SGANAREL, GERONTE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

VALERE.

SIR, prepare yourſelf, this is your doctor, that is coming in.

Geronte to Sganarel.] Sir, I am tranſported to ſee you. There is a patient, Sir, in this houſe, who ſtands in great need of your advice.

Sganarel in a phyſician's gown, with a high crowned hat.] Hypocrates ſays,—let us both be covered.

Geronte. Does Hypocrates ſay ſo?

Sganarel. Yes.

Geronte. Pray, in what chapter?

Sganarel. In his chapter——upon hats.

Geronte. Since Hypocrates ſays ſo, it muſt be done.

Sganarel. Mr. Doctor, having heard of the wonderful cures you have performed——

Geronte. Who do you ſpeak to, pray?

Sganarel. To you.

Geronte. I am not a doctor.

Sganarel. You are not a doctor!

Geronte. No indeed.

Sganarel. Seriouſly?

Geronte. Seriouſly. [Sganarel takes a cudgel and beats Geronte.] Oh! oh! oh!

Sganarel. Now you are a doctor then; this is the only degrees I ever took.

Geronte to Valere.] What devil of a fellow have you brought me here?

Valere. I told you juſtly that he was a little whimſical.

Geronte. Yes; but I ſhall ſend him a going with his whims.

Lucas. Do not mind this, maiſter, he is only in jeſt.

Geronte. But I hate ſuch jeſting.

Sganarel. Sir, I aſk pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Geronte. Sir, your ſervant.

Sganarel. I am ſorry———

Geronte. There is no harm done.

Sganarel. For the ſtrokes of the cudgel——

Geronte. Never mind them.

Sganarel. Which I have had the honour to give you.

Geronte. Let us talk no more of that. I have a daughter, Sir, who has been ſuddenly taken with a ſtrange diſeaſe.

Sganarel. I am rejoiced, Sir, that your daughter has need of me; and I wiſh with all my heart that you had the ſame occaſion likewiſe, you and all your family, that I might manifeſt the deſire I have of ſerving you.

Geronte. I am obliged to you for your good wiſhes.

Sganarel. I aſſure you it is from the bottom of my ſoul that I ſpeak it.

Geronte. It is too great an honour you do me—

Sganarel. What is the name of the young lady?

Geronte. Lucinda.

Sganarel. Lucinda! O! a charming name to practiſe upon! Lucinda!

Geronte. I will go and ſee for her.

Sganarel. Who is that jolly dame there?

Geronte. She is nurſe to a young child of mine.

SCENE IV.

SGANAREL, JACQUELINE, LUCAS.

SGANAREL aſide.

A VERY pretty piece of houſhold ſtuff! Nurſe! Charming nurſe, my doctorſhip is the very humble ſlave of your nurſeſhip, and I heartily wiſh I were the happy bantling that ſucks the milk of your good graces. [Putting his hand on her boſom.] All my medicines, all my art and knowledge is at your ſervice, and———

Lucas. With your leave, Mr. Doctor, pray now let alone my wife.

Sganarel. What, is ſhe your wife?

Lucas. Yes.

Sganarel. Hah! I did not know it truly, but am rejoiced at it out of love to you both. [Pretending to embrace Lucas, embraces the nurſe.]

Lucas drawing Sganarel away, and ſtepping between him and his wife.] Softly, an you pleaſe.

Sganarel. I do aſſure you that I am overjoyed at your being joined together. I congratulate her on having ſuch a huſband as you; and you on having ſo handſome a wife, one ſo diſcreet and ſo well ſhaped as ſhe is. [He makes again as if he would embrace Lucas, and ſlipping under his arm, embraces the nurſe.]

Lucas drawing him away again.] 'Sbobs not ſo many complamants, I beſeech ye!

Sganarel. Would not you have me rejoice with you for ſo happy a conjunction?

Lucas. With me as much as you pleaſe; but forbear ſarimony with my wife.

Sganarel. I take an equal part in both your good fortunes; I embrace you to teſtify my gladneſs to you, and I embrace her to witneſs the ſame to her.

[Continuing the ſame action.

Lucas drawing him away the third time.] 'Sbodakins, Mr. Doctor, what vagaries are here!

SCENE V.

GERONTE, SGANAREL, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

GERONTE.

SIR, my daughter will be with you immediately.

Sganarel. I attend her, Sir, with all the power of medicine.

Geronte. Where is it?

Sganarel touching his forehead.] Within here.

Geronte. Mighty well.

Sganarel. But as I am concerned for all your family, I muſt inſpect your nurſe's breaſt, and try if her milk is good.

Lucas drawing him away, and whiſking him round.] Nayh, nayh, I doant want that to be done.

Sganarel. It is the office of a doctor to inſpect into the nipples of nurſes.

Lucas. Office or no office, you ſhall not handle my wife ſo, I tell you.

Sganarel. Haſt thou really the impudence to contradict a phyſician? Begone immediately, or—

Lucas. I'ſe laugh at that.

Sganarel looking askew at him.] I will give thee a fever.

Jacqueline taking Lucas by the arm, and whisking him round.] Get thee gone you great lubberly ass; do you think that I am not able enough to take care of myself, if he does any thing to me that he should not do?

Lucas. I will not have him meddle with thee.

Sganarel. Fy on the rascal, he is jealous of his wife.

Geronte. Sir, here comes my daughter.

SCENE VI.

LUCINDA, GERONTE, SGANAREL, VALERE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

SGANAREL.

IS this the lady who is to be my patient?

Geronte. Yes, I have no daughter but she, and I am vastly uneasy about her.

Sganarel. Oh! She durst not die without the physician's permission.

Geronte. A chair here.

Sganarel sits between Geronte and Lucinda.] This is a patient who is not so very distasteful, and I hold that a man in good health might put up with her.

Geronte. You have made her laugh, Sir.

Sganarel. So much the better, when the doctor makes the patient laugh, it is the best symptom in the world. [to Lucinda.] Well, what is the case? what ails you? where is your complaint?

Lucinda putting her hand to her mouth, head, and under her chin.] Han, hi, hon, han.

Sganarel. Hey! what do you ſay?

Lucinda continuing the ſame motions.] Han, hi, hon, han, han, hi, hon.

Sganarel. What?

Lucinda. Han, hi, hon.

Sganarel. Han, hi, hon. I do not underſtand you. What the duce of a language is this?

Geronte. Why, Sir, my daughter is dumb.—That is the diſorder I ſent for you to remove; it came upon her ſuddenly, nobody can tell the cauſe; which accident has occaſioned her marriage to be retarded.

Sganarel. Why ſo?

Geronte. He whom ſhe was to marry, would wait till ſhe was cured, before he would bring things to a concluſion.

Sganarel. And who is this fool, who would not have his wife dumb? Heaven ſend mine were ſo, I ſhould not cure her in haſte.

Geronte. In ſhort, Sir, we muſt entreat you to employ your utmoſt ſkill to recover her.

Sganarel. O! do not put yourſelf in pain about it. But tell me, is ſhe greatly afflicted with this diſtemper?

Geronte. Yes, Sir.

Sganarel. So much the better. Does ſhe feel any great pains?

Geronte. Very great.

Sganarel. That is mighty well. Does ſhe go you know where?

Geronte. Yes.

Sganarel. Plentifully?

Geronte. I know nothing of that.

Sganarel. Is the diſcharge laudable?

Geronte. I am not ſkilled in thoſe things.

Sganarel to Lucinda.] Give me your arm. [to Geronte.] This pulſe, do you ſee——Hum! This pulſe ſhews that——your daughter is dumb.

Geronte. Why truly, Sir, that is her diſeaſe, you have found it out all at the firſt touch.

Sganarel. Ay, ay!

Jacqueline. Do but zee how he has divoined her ailment.

Sganarel. We great doctors know things at the firſt obſervation. An ignorant fellow would have been puzzled, and would have told you it is this, and it is that; but for my part, I come to the point directly—I tell you your daughter is dumb.

Geronte. Yes; but I ſhould be glad that you could tell from whence that came.

Sganarel. There is nothing more eaſy. It came from hence, that ſhe has loſt her ſpeech.

Geronte. Very good: but pray what occaſioned this loſs of ſpeech? what cauſe does it proceed from?

Sganarel. All our beſt authors will inform you, that it is an impediment in the action of her tongue.

Geronte. But what is your opinion upon this impediment?

Sganarel. Ariſtotle ſays upon it——mighty fine things.

Geronte. I believe it.

Sganarel. Ah! that ſame was a great man.

Geronte. I have heard as much.

Sganarel. A mighty great man: a man that was greater [holding out his arm from his elbow.] than me by all this. But to return to our reaſoning: I hold, that this impediment in the action of her tongue is cauſed by certain humours, which our learned men

peccant humours; peccant, that is to say—peccant humours; so that the vapours formed by the exhalations of influences which rise in the region of diseases, coming—as we may say—to—Do you understand Latin?

Geronte. Not in the least.

Sganarel getting up hastily.] Not understand Latin!

Geronte. No.

Sganarel, making divers diverting postures.] *Cabricias arci thuram, catalamas, singulariter, nominativo, haec musa*, the muse, *bonus, bona, bonum, Deus sanctus est, ne oratio latinas? etiam*, Yes. *Quare*, wherefore? *quia substantivo, & adjectivum, concordat in generi, numerum, & casus.*

Geronte. Ah! wherefore did not I study in my youth!

Jacqueline. What a learned man is this!

Lucas. Yes, this is so vine, that I doan't understond a fillable of it.

Sganarel. Then those vapours of which I was speaking to you, passing from the left side, which is the seat of the heart, meets with the lungs, which in Latin we call *armyan*, which having communication with the brain, which in Greek we name *nasmus*, by means of the hollow vein, which in Hebrew we call *cubile*, meets in its way the said vapours, which fill the ventricles of the omoplate; and because the said vapours——pray attend to this reasoning—and because the said vapours have a certain malignity—now pray listen, for the whole is dependent on—

Geronte. Yes, Sir, I do.

Sganarel. Have a certain malignity which is caused—pray be attentive.

Geronte. I am so.

Sganarel. Which is caused by the acrimony of the humours engendered in the concavity of the *diaphragm*, it so happens, that these vapours—*Offabandus, nequeis, nequer potarium, quipsa milus.* That is exactly the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Jacqueline. Ah! that is foinly zaid, oor mon!

Lucas. Why have not I a tongue so well hanged?

Geronte. Nothing can be better argued, doctor; there was only, as I thought, one little mistake; which was when you placed the liver and heart in contrary places: now I always thought that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Sganarel. Yes, it was formerly so; but we have altered all that, and we now practise medicine after quite a new manner.

Geronte. I really did not know so much, therefore I ask your pardon for my ignorance.

Sganarel. There is no harm; you are not obliged to be as learned as Us.

Geronte. True: but, Sir, what think you must be done with this disease?

Sganarel. What do I think must be done?

Geronte. Yes.

Sganarel. Why I would have you put the young woman to bed, and give her some bread soaked in wine.

Geronte. Wherefore that, Sir?

Sganarel. Because, that in bread and wine mixed together there is a sympathetic virtue, which occasions talking. Do not you know that they always give it to parrots, and that by eating this they learn to talk?

Geronte. That is true. Well! what a wonderful man he is! run immediately and bring some wine and bread.

Sganarel. I will return in the evening, to ſee what condition my patient ſhall be in.

SCENE VII.

GERONTE, SGANAREL, JACQUELINE.

SGANAREL to Jacqueline.

SOFTLY, you. [to Geronte.] Sir, here is a nurſe, for whom I muſt make up ſome few remedies.

Jacqueline. For me? I was never better in all my life than I am at preſent.

Sganarel. So much the worſe, nurſe, ſo much the worſe: too much health is a very dangerous thing. I think it would not be amiſs to break a vein, and give her a warm injection.

Geronte. But, Sir, this is a method which I do not comprehend. Why let her blood, when ſhe has no illneſs?

Sganarel. No matter, the method is ſalutary; and as one drinks for thirſt to come, one muſt likewiſe bleed for illneſs to come.

Jacqueline going.] Trath, I laugh at that; I will not make a poticary's ſhop o' my carcaſs.

Sganarel. Well, well, I ſhall take another time to make you hearken to reaſon, and receive that which I know is good for you.

SCENE VIII.

GERONTE, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL.

SIR, your obedient servant.

Geronte. Stay a little, if you pleaſe.

Sganarel. What would you do?

Geronte. Give you a fee, Sir.

Sganarel reaching out his hand behind him, while Geronte opens his purſe.] I will not take it, Sir.

Geronte. Sir.

Sganarel. No.

Geronte. Stay one moment.

Sganarel. By no means.

Geronte. Pray now.

Sganarel. You miſtake.

Geronte. It is done preſently.

Sganarel. I will not do it.

Geronte. Hey!

Sganarel. It is not for money I practiſe.

Geronte. I believe it.

Sganarel after having taken the money.] Is this weight?

Geronte. Yes, Sir.

Sganarel. I am not a mercenary phyſician.

Geronte. I know it well.

Sganarel. Intereſt does not govern me.

Geronte. I never entertained that thought.

Sganarel alone, looking on the money he had received.] In faith this does not go ill, and if——

SCENE IX.

LEANDER, SGANAREL.

LEANDER.

I Have waited for you a long time, Sir, and am come to beg your assistance.

Sganarel feeling his pulse.] A very bad pulse this.

Leander. I am not ill, Sir; nor is it for that I come to you.

Sganarel. Not ill? why the duce did not you tell me so then?

Leander. To be short; my name is Leander, I am deeply in love with Lucinda, the young lady whom you come here to visit. But as all manner of access to her is blocked up from me by the ill temper of her father, I run the hazard of entreating you to endeavour to serve me in my amour, and to give me an opportunity of executing a stratagem I have invented, to be able to speak a word or two with her, on which the whole happiness of my future life depends.

Sganarel. Who do you take me for? What? Dare you apply to me to serve you in your amour, and to debase the dignity of a physician by employments of this kind?

Leander. Pray, Sir, do not speak so loud.

Sganarel making him retreat.] I will do it; you are an impertinent fellow.

Leander. Oh! Sir, softly.

Sganarel. A foolish puppy.

Leander. Pray now.

Sganarel. I will let you see that I am not the pe-

ſon you take me for; that it is an extreme piece of inſolence——

Leander taking out a purſe.] Sir.

Sganarel taking the purſe.] To think of employing me——I do not ſpeak as to you, for you are an honeſt man, and I ſhould rejoice to do you ſervice. But there are a ſet of impertinent creatures in the world, who take people for what they are not; and this, I muſt own to you, puts me in a paſſion.

Leander. I aſk your pardon, Sir, for the liberty that——

Sganarel. Oh, dear Sir! no apologies;—— what can I do to ſerve you?

Leander. Know then, Sir, that this diſeaſe which you would cure, is a feigned diſeaſe. The doctors have reaſoned upon it as they ſhould do, and have not failed to ſay that it proceeds, one from the brain, one from the inteſtines, one from the ſpleen, one from the liver; but it is certain that love is the true cauſe of it, and that Lucinda counterfeited this diſeaſe only to deliver herſelf from a match which ſhe had been importuned to. But leſt any one ſhould come and ſurprize us together in this place, we will retire, if you pleaſe; and as we go along, I will tell you all I deſire you to do for me.

Sganarel. Come, Sir, you have given me an inconceivable ſenſibility for your love, and I will ſpend all my phyſic in the affair, but the patient ſhall either die or be your's.

ACT III. SCENE I.

LEANDER, SGANAREL.

LEANDER, disguised like an apothecary.

THIS dress, I think, will do very well, and I may pass for an apothecary before her father, who has scarce ever seen me; so that this change of habit, and long wig, will secure me well enough from his knowledge.

Sganarel. It will do very well.

Leander. All I could wish, would be to know five or six strong physical terms, to adorn my discourse, and give me the air of a learned man.

Sganarel. Come, come, all that is not necessary; the dress is sufficient; I know no more of the matter than you.

Leander. What!

Sganarel. The duce take me, if I understand any thing of physic. You are a gentleman, and I will repose a confidence in you, as you have in me.

Leander. What, you are not actually——

Sganarel. No, I tell you, they made me a doctor in spite of my teeth. I never aimed at so much learning, not I; my studies lasted only 'till I was six years old. I know not by what means this notion is come to them: but when I found they would make me a doctor by violence, I resolved to put the best face on the matter, though it might be at my patient's expence. Nevertheless, you cannot imagine how the error is spread about, and in what manner every one is possessed to believe me a learned man-

They come to ſeek me from all parts; and if things go on always the ſame, I intend to continue a phyſician as long as I live. I find it is the beſt trade of all; for whether we cure or kill we are always ſure of our fee. The bad work never falls upon our back, and we cut out as we pleaſe the ſtuff we work upon. A ſhoe-maker cannot ſpoil a ſcrap of leather in making a pair of ſhoes, but he is obliged to pay ſauce for it, when here we may ſpoil a man without coſting one any thing. The fault is never ours, but the patient's, who dies. In ſhort, the good of this profeſſion is, that amongſt the dead there is an honeſty, a diſcretion the greateſt in the world; you never find them complain of the phyſician that killed them.

Leander. The dead are indeed a very good ſort of people for that.

Sganarel obſerving men coming to him.] But here are ſome people, who ſeem as if they were coming to conſult me. [To Leander.] Go and wait for me near your miſtreſs's houſe.

SCENE II.

THIBAUT, PERRIN, SGANAREL.

THIBAUT.

ZON Perrin and I are come to ſearch for you, Zir.

Sganarel. Well, what do you want with me?

Thibaut. Hiz poor mother Parette has been this zix months in a zick bed.

Sganarel holding out his hand as to receive money.] And what am I to do in this affair?

Thibaut. We would have you, Zir, gi' us ſome little druggery ware to heal her withal.

Sganarel. What is her diſtemper?

Thibaut. An hypocriſy, Zir.

Sganarel. An hypocriſy?

Thibaut. Ay, that is to zay, ſhe is bloated up all over, and folk do zay that it is a deal of zerioſities that ſhe have in her body, and that her liver, her belly, or her ſplean as you would call it, in place of making blood make nothing but water. She ha' one day out of two, the quotiguian fever, with laſſitudes and pains in the muſles of her legs. One hears fleams in her throat that are e'en ready to choke her. Zometimes ſhe's ta'en with ſincops and converſions, which make her lie as if dead. We have in our pariſh a poticary, with reverence be it ſpoken, who has given her I know not how many hiſtorics, and 't'have coſt me more than a douzen of good crawns in clyſters, may't pleaſe you, in apoſtumes which they made her take, in hyacinth infactions, and cordial portions. But all this, as they zay, was nothing but a nointment of fiddle-faddle. He'd a gi'n her ſome of a certain drug, which they call hell-fire wine; but I'ſe was under down-right fear, that 'twould ſend her to her fore-fathers, for they zay, that theſe great doctors kill the Loard knows how many people with that zame invantion.

Sganarel holding his hand out all the while.] But to the point, friend, to the point.

Thibaut. The point is, Zir, that we are come to inzult your doctorſhip about what we mun do.

Sganarel. I do not underſtand you in the leaſt.

Perrin. Why, Zir, poor mother's zick; and here be a piece which we ha' brought 'ye to gee us ſome cure.

Sganarel. Oh! I underſtand you. There's a lad that ſpeaks clearly, and explains himſelf as he ſhould

do. You ſay that your mother is ſick of a dropſy, that ſhe is ſwelled all over the body, that ſhe has a fever, with pains in her legs, and that ſhe is taken by turns, with ſincopes and convulſions, that is to ſay, with fainting fits.

Perrin. Yes, an't pleaſe you, Zir, that is juſt her diſorder.

Sganarel. Oh! I ſoon underſtood you. You have a father who does not know what he ſays. You want me to preſcribe ſomething for your mother.

Perrin. Ay, Zir?

Sganarel. A remedy to cure her.

Perrin. Ay, Zir, that is what we want.

Sganarel. Take this, there is a piece of cheeſe, which you muſt make her take.

Perrin. Cheeſe, Zir.

Sganarel. Yes, it is prepared cheeſe, in which there is mixed gold, coral, pearls, and many other coſtly and valuable ingredients.

Perrin. Zir, we're mainly obliged t'ye, and mother ſhall take it as zoon as ever we get hoam.

Sganarel. Go. But hold, I thought I had ſomething elſe to ſay to you;—if ſhe dies, be ſure to bury her as decently as you can.

SCENE III.

JACQUELINE, SGANAREL, LUCAS at the farther end of the ſtage.

SGANAREL.

BUT here comes the jolly nurſe. Ah! Nurſe of my heart, I am tranſported to meet you thus fortunately; the ſight of you is rhubarb, caſſia,

and ſena, which purge away all melancholy from my mind.

Jacqueline. By my trath, Mr. Doctor, that's too foinly ſaid for me, I'ſe doant underſtand your Lattan at all.

Sganarel. Fall ſick, nurſe; do, dear nurſe, fall ſick for my ſake, that I may have the pleaſure to cure you.

Jacqueline. Your zarvant, Zir, I'd much rather chooſe not to be cured.

Sganarel. I pity you, fair nurſe, for being plagued with ſuch a jealous-pated fool of a huſband.

Jacqueline. What would you ha' me do, Zir, 'tis a penance for my offences, and where the go..t's tied, there ſhe muſt brouze.

Sganarel. What? ſuch a ruſtic as that? A fellow that watches you continually, and will not ſuffer any body to ſpeak to you?

Jacqueline. Alack, you've not ſeen any thing of'n yet, this is nothing but a ſmall zample of his ill-nature.

Sganarel. Is it poſſible a man can have ſo baſe a ſoul, as to ill-treat ſuch a wife as you? Ah! there are ſome, ſweet nurſe, that I know, and who are not far from hence, that would think themſelves happy but to kiſs the little tops of your toes! Why ſhould one ſo well-made, fall into ſuch hands? A mere animal, a brute, a fool, a ſot——Pardon me, ſweet nurſe, for ſpeaking in this manner of your huſband.

Jacqueline. Ah! Sir, he very well deſerves all thoſe names.

Sganarel. Ay, undoubtedly, nurſe, he does deſerve them, and he deſerves farther that you ſhould plant ſomething on his head, to puniſh him for his fooliſh jealouſy.

Jacqueline. It is very true, that if I'fe had nothing in ſight but his intereſt, it might drive me to do ſome ſtrange thing.

Sganarel. Faith, nurſe, it would be no bad deed to revenge yourſelf. He is a man, I tell you, who richly deſerves it, and if I were fortunate enough, fair nurſe, to be the perſon you ſhould pitch upon for——[Whilſt Sganarel reaches out his arm to embrace Jacqueline, Lucas thurſts his head under his arm, and ſteps between them; Sganarel and Jacqueline look at Lucas, and go off on different ſides.

SCENE IV.

GERONTE, LUCAS.

GERONTE.

HO, Lucas, haſt thou not ſeen our phyſician here?

Lucas. Yes, the duce had 'en, I'fe ha' zeen him, and my jade of a wife too.

Geronte. Where can he be?

Lucas. I do not know; but I wiſh he were at the devil.

Geronte. Go, and enquire how my daughter does.

SCENE V.

SGANAREL, LEANDER, GERONTE.

GERONTE.

AH, Sir, I have been enquiring where you was.

Sganarel. I was amuſing myſelf in your court, to carry off the ſuperfluity of drink. How does the patient do?

Geronte. Why, I think she is rather worse since she took your prescription.

Sganarel. So much the better. 'Tis a sign it operates.

Gerontes. Yes; but I fear it will kill her in the operating.

Sganarel. Do not be in pain about that; I have medicines which despise all distempers, and I should be glad to see her at the last gasp.

Geronte. Who is this stranger you have brought with you?

Sganarel making signs with his hand, that it is an apothecary.] He is—

Geronte, What?

Sganarel. Why, a—

Geronte. Hey!

Sganarel. Who—

Geronte. I understand you.

Sganarel. Your daughter will have occasion for him.

SCENE VI.

LUCINDA, GERONTE, LEANDER, JACQUELINE, SGANAREL.

JACQUELINE.

HERE, Sir, is your daughter, she desires to walk a little.

Sganarel. By all means. [To Leander.] Go to her, Mr. Apothecary, and feel her pulse, that I may consult with you by and bye about her distemper. [Here he takes Geronte to one end of the stage, and putting one arm over his shoulder, puts his hand under his chin, to prevent him from turning his head towards Leander and Lucinda.] Sir, it is a great and

ſubtle queſtion amongſt the faculty, whether women are more eaſy to cure than men. I beg you will liſten to this. Some ſay no, others ſay yes; but I ſay both yes and no. Foraſmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours which meet in the natural modification of women, being the cauſe that the brutal part will always predominate over the ſenſitive, we ſee that the inequality of their opinion depends on the oblique motion of the circle of the moon, and as the ſun which darts its rays on the concavity of the earth finds—

Lucinda to Leander.] No, I will never alter my determination.

Geronte. My daughter ſpeaks! O the great power of medicine! O wonderful phyſician! How much am I obliged to you, Sir, for this marvellous cure? How can I ſufficiently reward you for ſuch a ſervice?

Sganarel walking about the ſtage, and fanning himſelf with his hat.] This diſtemper has put me to a vaſt deal of pains.

Lucinda. Yes, father, I have recovered my ſpeech: but it is to declare to you, that I will never accept of any huſband but Leander, and that you will, in vain, oblige me to give my hand to Horatio.

Geronte. But—

Lucinda. Nothing is capable of ſhaking the reſolution I have taken.

Geronte. What!

Lucinda. All arguments will be uſeleſs.

Geronte. If—

Lucinda. All you ſpeak will ſignify nothing.

Geronte. I—

Lucinda. It is a thing I am determined on.

Geronte. But—

Lucinda. Not all the force of parental authority ſhall oblige me to marry againſt my will.

Geronte. I have——

Lucinda. You may lay aſide all endeavours—

Geronte. It—

Lucinda. My heart cannot ſubmit to this tyranny.

Geronte. There—

Lucinda. And I will rather caſt myſelf into a convent than marry a man I do not like.

Geronte. But———

Lucinda. No! it is all in vain!—you loſe your time!--- I will not conſent!----I am reſolved!

Geronte. Oh! what an impetuoſity of ſpeech! There is no way of reſiſting it. [To Sganarel.] Sir, I deſire you will make her dumb again.

Sganarel. That is impoſſible, Sir. I will tell you what I can do, if you pleaſe; I can make you deaf.

Geronte. I thank you. [To Lucinda.] Think then——

Lucinda. No, all your reaſons will gain nothing on my mind.

Geronte. Thou ſhalt marry Horatio this night.

Lucinda. I will marry my grave ſooner.

Sganarel to Geronte.] Good, now hold a little, let me preſcribe in this affair. It is a diſeaſe that affects her, and I know what remedy muſt be applied to it.

Geronte. Is it poſſible, Sir, that you can likewiſe cure diſorders of the mind?

Sganarel. Yes, let me alone, I have remedies for every thing; and our apothecary here ſhall adminiſter it. [To Leander.] One word. You ſee that the affection ſhe has for this Leander, is altogether contrary to her father's will, and that there is no time to loſe, that the humours are very acrimonious, and that

it is neceſſary to find out ſpeedily a remedy for this illneſs, which otherwiſe may, by delay, grow too powerful for our art. For my part, I know of but one medicine that we can hope for ſucceſs from; and that is for her to take a doſe of purgative ſlight, corrected with two drams of matrimonium, and made up into pills. Perhaps ſhe may make ſome ſcruple to take this remedy; but as you are very ſkilful in your buſineſs, you muſt endeavour to bring her to it, and to make her ſwallow the thing as well as you can. Go and make her take a little turn in the garden, in order to prepare the humours, whilſt I ſtay and diſcourſe with her father: but remember no time is to be loſt. Quick, quick, apply the remedy.

SCENE VI.

GERONTE, SGANAREL.

GERONTE.

WHAT drugs, Sir, are thoſe you have juſt now preſcribed for my daughter? I think that I never heard them named before.

Sganarel. They are drugs which we make uſe of upon urgent occaſions.

Geronte. Did you ever ſee any thing ſo inſolent as this baggage?

Sganarel. Girls are ſometimes a little headſtrong.

Geronte. You cannot conceive how bewitched ſhe is to this Leander.

Sganarel. The heat of the blood occaſions this in young minds.

Geronte. As ſoon as I diſcovered this idle love of her's I took ſpecial care to keep her locked up.

Sganarel. You have done wisely.

Geronte. And I effectually prevented their having any communication together.

Sganarel. Mighty well.

Geronte. They would have committed some extravagance or other, if I had suffered them to see each other.

Sganarel. Undoubtedly.

Geronte. And I believe the girl would have run away with him.

Sganarel. It is well reasoned.

Geronte. I was informed he used many endeavours to get to the speech of her.

Sganarel. Ridiculous creature!

Geronte. But he will lose his time.

Sganarel. Ay, ay.

Geronte. For I will effectually prevent him from seeing her.

Sganarel. He has no fool to deal with, I can see that: and you know as many tricks as he can shew you. He is no blockhead who is sharper than you.

SCENE VIII.

LUCAS, GERONTE, SGANAREL.

LUCAS.

AH! master, master! here is a fine piece of work! Lucinda is run off with Liander! That was he in the poticary's dress; and master doctor there has made this vine operation.

Geronte. How! am I tricked, abused, and robbed of my daughter in this manner? Run immediately for a commissary, and lock all my doors, so that no one get out.-----Ah! rogue of a doctor! this is your

doing, is it? If there is law or juſtice to be had you ſhall not eſcape unpuniſhed.

Lucas. Ah! i'foith, meaſter doctor, you ſhall be hanged; only budge not from hence.

SCENE IX.

MARTINA, SGANAREL, LUCAS.

MARTINA to Lucas.

PRAY tell me ſome news of the doctor I gave you; I am quite tired with ſeeking out this houſe.

Lucas. There he is; he will ſoon be hanged.

Martina. How? my huſband hanged! What can he have done to deſerve it?

Lucas. He has aſſiſted a young ſpark in carrying off our meaſter's daughter.

Martina. Alas! my dear huſband, is it really true that they are going to hang thee?

Sganarel. Thou ſee'ſt. Ah!

Martina. And muſt you be made a ſpectacle to the world?

Sganarel. What wouldſt thou have me do in it?

Martina. If you had but made up our winter's ſtack of faggots, I would not mind it ſo much.

Sganarel. Be gone from hence; you break my heart.

Martina. No; I will ſtay to encourage thee to die; I will not leave thee till I have ſeen thee hanged. Oh! my poor dear huſband!

Sganarel. Oh! oh! oh!

SCENE X.

GERONTE, SGANAREL, MARTINA.

GERONTE to Sganarel.

THE commiſſary will come preſently, and then, Mr. Doctor, you ſhall be put into a place of ecurity.

Sganarel kneeling.] Ah! good Sir! might not I ome off for a few ſtrokes of a cudgel?

Geronte. No, no, juſtice ſhall take its courſe. But what do I ſee?

SCENE THE LAST.

GERONTE, LEANDER, LUCINDA, SGANAREL, MARTINA, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

LEANDER.

I AM come, Sir, to preſent Leander to your eyes, and put Lucinda into your hands again. We had both of us a deſign to go off together, and be married; but this enterprize has given place to a more honourable proceeding. I do not deſign to rob you of your daughter, and it is from your hand alone that I will receive her. I am now to acquaint you, Sir, that I have juſt received letters which inform me that my uncle is dead, and has left me heir to his whole eſtate.

Geronte. Sir, your virtue is to me of ſufficient value, and I give you my daughter with the greateſt pleaſure imaginable.

Sganarel aſide.] Fear nothing, doctor, thou haſt made a wonderful eſcape.

Martina. Since you will not be hanged, thank me for making you a doctor; for it was I that procured thee that honour.

Sganarel. Yes, it was you too that procured me a handsome drubbing.

Leander to Sganarel.] As the affair has turned out so well, you should lay aside all thoughts of resentment.

Sganarel. Be it so. [To Martina.] I forgive thee those blows, in consideration of the dignity thou hast raised me to: but prepare thyself from henceforth to behave thyself with all due respect to a man of my consequence, and consider that the wrath of a physician is not so little to be feared as you think.

THE END.

DON JOHN,

OR

The FEAST of the STATUE.

A

COMEDY.

DON JOHN, *or the* FEAST *of the* STATUE, *a Comedy of Five Acts, acted at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, February 15th,* 1665.

MOLIERE wrote not upon the ſubject of DON JOHN, or the FEAST of the STATUE, after his own inclination: The Italians, who borrowed it from the Spaniſh ſtage, had introduced it upon their's in France with prodigious ſucceſs. As the vulgar are always pleaſed with wonders, therefore the ſilly miracle of a moving and ſpeaking ſtatue, the ſight of a villain odious for his crimes and hypocriſy, and the extravagant ſcene of hell did not diſguſt them.

IT was performed in verſe, by one Villiers, a comedian of the Hotel de Bourgogne, and Moliere acted it in proſe in 1665. The little ſucceſs it met with ſufficiently puniſhed his company, who ſet him upon it, for their bad choice: This was occaſioned either by the prejudice which then reigned againſt comedies of five acts wrote in proſe, being ſtronger than the ſpirit of whim, which had drawn the public in crowds to the Italians, and to the Hotel de Bourgogne; or elſe by their being offended with ſome hazardous paſſages in it, which the author ſuppreſſed the ſecond time of its being acted.

IN 1677, Moliere's FEAST of the STATUE was turned into verſe by Thomas Corneille, at the Hotel of Guenegaud, and was performed by a company formed out of that of Maraiſe and that of the Palace-Royal, which were both broken; it drew a vaſt number of ſpectators under this form, and it is that alone which is played at preſent.

ACTORS.

DON JOHN, ſon to Don Lewis.
ELVIRA, wife to Don John.
GUSMAN, gentleman-uſher to Elvira.
DON CARLOS, DON ALONZO, } Brothers to Elvira.
DON LEWIS, father to Don John.
FRANISCO, a poor man.
CHARLOTTA, MATHURINA, } Country-girls.
PIERROT, a country-fellow.
The STATUE of the governor.
SGANAREL, VIOLETTE, RAGOTIN, } Footmen to Don John.
Mr. DIMANCHE, a tradeſman.
RAMEE, a bully.
GHOST.

SCENE, SICILY.

DON JOHN,

OR,

The FEAST of the STATUE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

SGANAREL, GUSMAN.

SGANAREL, with a tobacco-box in his hand.

ARISTOTLE and the reſt of his fraternity may ſay what they pleaſe, but nothing is comparable to tobacco. It is the reigning paſſion of our better ſort of people, and he is unworthy of living who lives without tobacco; it not only exhilarates and purges human brains, but it alſo trains the mind to virtue, which conſequently makes one well-bred. Do not you plainly ſee, from the time one takes it, in what an obliging manner one uſes it with every body, and how it pleaſes one to give it to right and left whereever one comes? one even prevents people's wiſhes, by giving it to them before they aſk for it: ſo true it is, that all are inſpired with honourable ſentiments

who take it. But let us resume our discourse, and lay aside the praises of tobacco. You say, dear Gusman, that Donna Elvira your mistress, being surprized at our departure, has followed us; and that her heart, which has been touched a little too home by my master, cannot subsist, without coming here in search of him: But, believe me, I fear her love will be ill-requited, and that she had just as well have staid at home as come here after him.

Gusman. Pray tell me, Sganarel, what makes thee think so. Has thy master told thee his sentiments upon that head? and did he tell thee his coldness to us had obliged him to depart?

Sganarel. Indeed he has not; but upon view of the premises, I have a pretty good guess of the course of things; and I dare almost lay a wager, that it is that way the matter tends. Perhaps I may be mistaken, but I have had great experience in the like affairs.

Gusman. What! is it possible that Don John could be so treacherous to the chaste love of Elvira?

Sganarel. No, no, he is too young yet, and has not the heart to——

Gusman. Can a man of his quality be guilty of so villainous an action?

Sganarel. His quality! an admirable reason indeed! on that account he would forbear to——

Gusman. But he engaged by the sacred ties of wedlock.

Sganarel. Thou knowest not yet, dear Gusman, what sort of a man my master Don John is.

Gusman. Why really if he has been guilty of so much treachery towards us, he must be a base villain; and I cannot comprehend how he could have the heart to fail of his word, after such pressing ho-

mage, vows, ſighs and tears, ſo much love, ſo many paſſionate letters, ſuch ardent proteſtations and tranſports, and, in ſhort, ſo far as even to break into a convent, to be in poſſeſſion of Donna Elvira.

Sganarel. I really believe all this, and if you knew him you would do the ſame. As I am not quite certain of his having changed his ſentiments for Elvira, I ſhall ſay nothing upon that head: you know that by his order I ſet out before him, and he has had no diſcourſe with me ſince his arrival: but let me tell you, between ourſelves, that there is not a greater villain under the ſun than Don John my maſter; he is a perfect devil, a beaſt, an atheiſt, and a mad man; he paſſes his life like an Epicurean hog, a true Sardanapalus, who ſhuts his ears againſt every remonſtrance that is made him, and treats our belief like an old wife's tale. He has married your miſtreſs you ſay; but believe me, he would have done more for his paſſion, and with her would have married even thee, his cat, or his dog. He is at no expence in contracting a marriage, it is his conſtant ſnare to ruin the fair ſex; he marries all that come in his way, whether city-lady or country wench; and ſhould I name to you all thoſe he has married in different places, I ſhould not be done at midnight. This diſcourſe ſurprizes you, I think; but this is only a ſketch of the man: the wrath of Heaven will, I dare ſay, ſome day overtake him; and indeed I heartily wiſh it would, for I had much better be with the devil than with him, he makes me witneſs of ſuch terrible things: but a great lord, a wicked man is a terrible thing; I muſt be faithful to him in ſpight of me; I am frequently obliged to commend what I abhor, and bridle my ſentiments; fear in me does the office of zeal. But let us part, for I ſee him

coming to take a turn in the palace. I have been rather too free to you with respect to him; but should any thing of it come to his ears, I will declare that you told falshoods.

SCENE II.

DON JOHN, SGANAREL.

D. JOHN.

WHO was that talking to you? I think he is something like honest Gusman, who belongs to Elvira.

Sganarel. It is he.

D. John. And how long has he been in this city?

Sganarel. Since last night.

D. John. And what is the reason of his coming here?

Sganarel. I imagine you have a pretty good guess.

D. John. Our departure, without doubt.

Sganarel. The honest man is greatly disturbed, and asked me the reason of it.

D. John. And what answer did you make him?

Sganarel. That you had never told me any thing about it.

D. John. Pray tell me what is your opinion of this affair.

Sganarel. Why I imagine you have some new amour in your head.

D. John. Do you really think so?

Sganarel. Yes.

D. John. Faith thou art not mistaken, and I must own to thee, that another object has chased Elvira from my thoughts.

Sganarel. Why I think I have Don John at finger's

ends, and know your heart to be the greateſt ram bler in the world; it is pleaſed to run from chains to chains, and never loves to reſt in one place.

D John. Do you think I am in the right to deal with it in this manner?

Sganarel. Oh! Sir—

D. John. What? ſpeak.

Sganarel. You are undoubtedly in the right, if you have a mind to it. There is no ſaying againſt it; but had you not a mind to it, it might perhaps be another affair.

D. John. Well, I give thee liberty to ſpeak, and to tell me thy ſentiments.

Sganarel. In this caſe, Sir, I ſhall frankly tell you, I do not approve of your method; and that I think it a baſe thing to fall in love on all hands, as you do.

D. John. What? would you have one tie one's ſelf down to the firſt object that takes us; renounce the world for that, and be blind to every one elſe? A pretty thing to pique one's ſelf upon the falſe ho nour of being faithful, of being buried for ever in one amour, and being dead from our youth to all o-ther beauties that may ſtrike us! No, no, conſtancy is only fit for fools; every beautiful woman has a right to charm us; and the advantage of being firſt met with, ought not to rob others of the juſt pre-tenſions they all have to our hearts. For my part, beauty raviſhes me wherever I find it, and I readily yield to that ſweet violence with which it draws us; that I am engaged ſignifies nothing, the love I have for one fair, does not engage my heart to do injuſtice to others; I have eyes to ſee the merit of them all, and to pay every one the homage and tribute that we are obliged to by nature. However it is, I cannot

refuse my heart to any lovely creature I see, and as soon as a pretty face demands it, had I a thousand hearts I would give them all. The rising inclinations, after all, have inexplicable charms in them, and all the pleasure of love consists in the variety. One tastes an extreme delight in reducing, by a thousand submissions, the heart of a young beauty; to see the little progress one makes in it from day to day; to combat with transports, tears and sighs, the innocent modesty of a mind which can hardly prevail upon itself to surrender; to force, inch by inch, through all the little obstacles she throws in our way, to subdue the scruples upon which she values herself, and lead her gently whither we have a mind to bring her. But when one is once master of it, there is nothing more to wish; all the beauty of the passion is at an end, and we sleep in the tranquillity of such an amour, if some new object does not awake our desires, and present to us the attractive charms of a conquest still to make. In short, nothing pleases one more than triumphing over the resistance of a beauty. I am as ambitious as conquerors, in this case, who fly perpetually from victory to victory, and never can resolve to set bounds to their desires. There is nothing can resist the impetuosity of my wishes; I find I have a heart to be in love with all the world, and, like Alexander, I could wish there were other worlds, that I might carry my amorous conquests thither.

Sganarel. Od's my life, how you rattle! It seems as if you had this by heart, and you talk just as if it were in print.

D. John. Hast thou any thing to say to this?

Sganarel. Troth, I have to say——I do know what to say; you turn things in such a manner that you seem to be in the right, and yet it is certain you are not. I had the finest thoughts imaginable, and your

discourse has driven them all out of my head; let me alone; another time I will commit all my reasons to writing, to dispute with you.

D. John. You will do right.

Sganarel. But, Sir, may it be within the permission you have given me, if I should tell you that I am quite ashamed at your manner of living?

D. John. Why, is it not a very good one?

Sganarel. I do not approve of your taking a fresh wife every month.

D. John. Can there be any thing more delightful?

Sganarel. It is indeed very pleasing and diverting, and I should like it well enough, were there no harm in it; but, Sir, to trifle in this manner with marriage, which———

D. John. Go, go, it is an affair I shall easily rid myself of, without thy giving thyself the least uneasiness about it.

Sganarel. Troth, Sir, this is scurvy jesting of yours.

D. John. Soho! Pray remember what I told you formerly, that I hate all remonstrance-makers.

Sganarel. Therefore I do not speak to you, heaven forbid it: You know what you do; and if you are a libertine, you have your reasons; but there are certain little impertinent gentlemen in the world, who are so, without knowing why or wherefore, who set up for free-thinkers, because they think it becomes them; and had I a master of this kind, I would tell him flatly to his face, does it become you, little earth-worm, little shrimp as you are, (I speak to the aforesaid master) does it become you, to make a jest of that which all mankind revere? Think you, because you are a man of quality, because you have a fair well-curled peruke, a feather in your hat, a well-

laced coat and flame-coloured ribbons, (it is not you I speak to, it is to the other) think you I say, that you are the wiser man for this, that you should be allowed all liberties, and no-body should dare to give you your own for it? Learn from me, who am your footman, that libertines never come to a good end, and that——

D. John. Hold your tongue.

Sganarel. Why, what is the matter?

D. John. The matter is to tell thee that a certain beauty has got my heart, and that captivated by her beauty, I followed her to this city.

Sganarel. And are you under no apprehensions, Sir, about the death of the governor you murdered six months ago?

D. John. Why need I be under the least apprehensions? Did not I kill him fairly?

Sganarel. To be sure you did, and he would be in the wrong to complain.

D. John. I was freely pardoned for this affair.

Sganarel. Yes, but this pardon does not perhaps stifle the resentments of relations and friends, and—

D. John. Poh! let us always think of what can give us pleasure, but never of the ill that may happen to us. The person I speak to you of, is a young creature promised in marriage, the most agreeable I ever saw, who was brought hither by the man she is to marry; and I fortunately fell in with this pair of lovers in my way, three or four days before they set out on their journey. I never saw people so satisfied with each other, and discover so much love. The visible tenderness of their mutual passion gave me emotion; I was struck to the heart, and my love begun by jealousy. Yes, I could not at first view endure to see them so happy together, resentment kind-

led desire in me; and I conceived it an extreme pleasure to disturb their good agreement, and break that union, the delicacy of which so offended my mind; but hitherto all my attempts have been fruitless, and I have recourse to the last remedy; this intended spouse is to regale his mistress to-day, with the diversion of going upon the water. Without telling you the least about it, every thing is prepared to gratify my passion, and I have a small vessel, and men, by whom I can easily carry off the fair.

Sganarel. Ah! Sir——

D. John. What?

Sganarel. You have done very right, and you take things in the right sense. There is nothing in this world like making one's self easy.

D. John. Prepare therefore to go along with me, and do you yourself take care to bring all my arms, that—[Sees Donna Elvira.] Oh! most unfortunate meeting! Why didst thou not tell me, villain, that she was here in person.

Sganarel. Sir, you did not so much as ask me.

D. John. Is she mad not to have changed her dress, and to come here in her riding habit?

SCENE III.

D. ELVIRA, D. JOHN, SGANAREL.

D. ELVIRA.

WILL you do me the favour, Don John, to please to know me, and may I hope at least, you will vouchsafe to turn your eyes towards me?

D. John. I am surprised, madam, I must own, and did not expect you here.

D. Elvira. Yes, I see very well you did not ex-

pect me here, and that you are in truth surprized, but in a quite different way from what I expected, and the manner in which you appear so, fully persuades me of what I would not give credit to. I admire at my simplicity, and the weakness of my heart, in doubting of that treachery, which so many appearances might have confirmed me in. I was harmless enough, I confess, or rather foolish enough, to be willing to deceive myself, and to take pains to belye my eyes and my judgment. I sought for reasons to excuse to my passion that abatement of love I discovered in you; and I purposely forged a hundred just occasions for so hasty a departure, to justify the crime my reason accused you of. All that my just suspicions could daily say to me was vain, I rejected their voice which represented you to me as a criminal, and I hearkened with pleasure to a thousand ridiculous chimeras, which painted you to my heart as innocent: but in short, this meeting undeceives me, and the look you received me with, informs me of much more than I would ever have desired to have known. I shall be glad, nevertheless, to hear from your own mouth the reasons for your departure. Pray, speak, Don John, let us see with what an air you can justify yourself.

D. John. Madam, here is Sganarel knows why I came away.

Sganarel whispering Don John.] I, Sir! with submission, I am quite ignorant of it.

D. Elvira. Well, Sganarel, speak. No matter from whose mouth I hear his reasons.

D. John making signs to Sganarel to come near him.] Come tell the lady then.

Sganarel whispering Don John.] What would you have me say?

D. Elvira. Come hither, since he will have it so, and tell me what was the reason of his sudden departure.

D. John. Will not you answer?

Sganarel whispering Don John.] I have nothing to answer. You joke with your humble servant.

D. John. Will you answer, I say?

Sganarel. Madam——

D. Elvira. What?

Sganarel turning towards his master.] Sir—

D. John threatning him.] If——

Sganarel. Madam, the conquerors, Alexander and the other worlds, are the cause of our departure; that is all I can say, Sir.

D. Elvira. Pray, Don John, clear up these pretty mysteries.

D. John. Madam, to say the truth——

D. Elvira. Fy! How poorly do you go about to defend yourself for a man who is a courtier, and who should be acquainted with these sort of things! I really pity you, to see you in that confusion; why do not you arm your front with a noble impudence? Why do not you swear that you still entertain the same sentiments for me, that you love me eternally with an unparalleled affection, and that it is impossible for any thing but death to rend me from you? Why do not you tell me that affairs of the utmost consequence obliged you to set out, without giving me notice of it, that, much against your will, you must stay here for some time, and that I need only to return from whence I came, assured that you will follow me as soon as possible? That it is certain you are impatient to be with me again, and that, separated from me, you suffer what the body does when separated

from the ſoul? You ſhould defend yourſelf in this manner, and not be ſo abaſhed as you now are.

D. John. I own to you, madam, I have not the talent of diſſimulation, and that my heart is ſincere. I will not tell you that I have ſtill the ſame ſentiments for you, and that I am impatient to rejoin you, ſince it is certain, in reality, that I only came away to avoid you; not for the reaſons that you may imagine, but through a pure motive of conſcience, and becauſe I could not think I could live any longer with you without ſin. I have had ſome ſcruples, madam, and opened the eyes of my mind upon what I was doing. I reflected that to marry you, I forced you from the cloiſter of a convent, that you have broken your vows which engaged you another way, and that heaven is very jealous of thoſe kind of things. I was ſeized with repentance, and feared the wrath of heaven. I thought our marriage was only adultery in diſguiſe, and that it would bring down ſome calamity upon us from above, and that, in ſhort, I ought to endeavour to lay all thoughts of you aſide, and to give you the opportunity of returning to your former bonds. Would you madam, oppoſe ſo holy a reſolution, and have me by retaining you, expoſe myſelf to the vengeance of heaven? That by——

D. Elvira. Oh! baſe wretch! now do I know thee thoroughly, and to my misfortune I know thee when it is too late, and when this knowlege can only ſerve to render me deſperate; but know, thy crime will not remain unpuniſhed: and that that heaven thou dareſt to mock, will revenge thy wickedneſs.

D. John. Madam——

D. Elvira. All you can now ſay will be to no purpoſe, and I even accuſe myſelf for having heard too much already. It is a meanneſs too far to explain

what tends to our disgrace, and upon such subjects a noble spirit should fix its resolution at the first word. Expect not that I will exclaim against thee in reproaches and opprobrious language; no, no, I have no fury to spend in vain words, but all my heat is reserved for vengeance. I tell thee again, that heaven will punish thee, perfidious man, for the injury thou dost me; and if thou fearest nothing that heaven can do, at least be afraid of what an injured woman can do in her wrath.

SCENE V.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL aside.

IF ever remorse could seize him——

D. John after some pause.] Come along, let us think of the execution of our amorous enterprize.

Sganarel alone.] Oh! what a devil of a master am I obliged to serve!

ACT II. SCENE I.

CHARLOTTA, PIERROT.

CHARLOTTA.

YAU weer theer, Pierrot, in the vera nick of time.

Pierrot. S'bobs, they were vera near being drawnded, both of 'um.

Charlotta. Was it the greit storm o' waind this morn, that o'orset 'um in the seea?

Pierrot. Eye, marry, Charlotta, I'fe tell the aut-right haw it feli aut; for, as the zaying iz, I zaw 'um ferſt, ferſt I zaw 'um. Soa in ſhort, I was o' th' feea ſide, I and fat Lucas, and we were a pleying the roague together, wi' clods o' yearth, that we threw at won another's heids, for yaw vara weel known, fat Lucas loves to pley the roague, and I ſumtimes pley the roague too. Soa as we were pleying the roague, ſens we muſt e'en pley the roague, I parceaved a greit diſtance off, ſumthing that ſterred in the weter, and it came bobbing tawards us. I looked ſteedfaſtly at it, and belive au' of a ſudden I ſaa that I ſaa noathing moor. Whew! Lucas, ſays I, I think thear are two men a ſwimming dawn thear. Pooa, ſays he, yaw eyn are not fellows, yaw eyn are dazzled. By the meſs, ſays I, my eyn are not dazzled, they are men. Noa, noa, ſays he to me, you are pur-blind. I hou'd a wager, ſays I, that I be not pur-blind, ſays I, and that they are two men, ſays I, that are ſwimming ſtreight hither, ſays I. By my trath, ſays he, I hould a wager they are not. Weell, cum on, ſays I, will yau hould ten-pence on it? Indeed will I, ſays he, and to ſhow thee, thear's the muny dawn o' the nail, ſays he. I was neather fool, nar fool-hardy, dawn comes I bouldly upo' the graund, with fowr ſilver pennys, and ſix pen'orth o' ha'penee, as freely, by'r lady, as if I had drank a mug o' beer: for I am vara venterſome, and go on helter-ſkelter. I knew what I dud, hawſomever, for au' my boudneſs. Soa we had but e'en juſt leayed the wager, but we ſaa the two men vara pleanly, who made ſigns to us to cum and feteh 'um, and I ſnateches up the ſteaks. Cum, Lucas, ſays I, yaw ſeen pleanly that they cawe us; let us goa off hand and ſeave 'um. Noa, ſays he, they made me loaſe. Then had we ſuch a to-doo,

that at laſt, to meak ſhort on it, I preiched ſoa much to him, that we gat into a booat, and then I meade ſoa much wark, that I gat 'um aut o' weter, and then I carried 'um hoame to the fire, and then they ſtripped 'umſells ſtark neaked to dry 'umſells, and ſoa then thear comes two moor o' the ſeame cumpany, who weer ſeaved boath togither quite alone, and ſoa then comes Mathurina, and one of 'um had a ſheeps-eye tawards her. Soa I have toald you how every thing happened.

Charlotta. Dad not yaw ſay, Pierrot, that one of 'um was a great deal handſomer than t'others?

Pierrot. Eye, he is the maſter, he maun be ſome greit, greit mon to be ſeur, for he'as gould on his cloas, from top to bottom, and his ſarvants are gentlefokes 'umſells, and for aw his bein a greit mon, i' fakes he had bin drawned, if I had not bin theer.

Charlotta. Say you ſoa?

Pierrot. Oh! by our Lakin, if it had not been for us, he—

Charlotta. Is he ſtill at yaur hauſe ſtark neaked, Pierrot?

Pierrot. Noa, noa, they aw put on their cloas a-gean befoor us. Marcy on me, I never ſaw any o' theſe folks dreſs 'umſells before; what a parcel o' fiddle-faddle things theſe courtiers wear! I ſhould loſe my ſel in 'um, for my part, and I was ameazed to ſee 'um. Marry, Charlotta, they had heare which does not ſtick to their heads, and they putt it on like a heuge cap of unſpun flax. They had ſarks with ſleeves that thau and I might get into. Inſtead of breeches, they had a wardrobe as large as a ſack. Inſtead of doublets they had little tiny waiſtcoats that do nat reach to their breech; and inſtead o' bands, a greit neck-hankerchi', wi' four large tufts o' linnen hanging dawn o' their breaſts. They had bands about their wriſts too, and

great raunds o' leace about their legs, and amung aw this so mony ribbons, so mony ribbons, that its borning shame. There is nought about 'um, e'en so much as their shoon, but what is stuffed wi' um fro' one end to the other, and they are made after such a fashion I should break my neck in 'um.

Charlotta. I' fakins, Pierrot, I think I mun go see 'um.

Pierrot. Oh! hark thee, Charlotta, stay a little ferst, I have something elz to tell thee.

Charlotta. Weel, tell me, what is it?

Pierrot. Dost see, Charlotta, I mon, as the sawing is, break my mind to thee. I am in love wi' ye, yaw known it vara weel, I am for us being married togither, but s'boddikins, I am nat pleased wi' ye.

Charlotta. Haw? what is the matter then?

Pierrot. The matter is yau vexn my vara heart, in good deed.

Charlotta. Haw soa?

Pierrot. Feath yaw do not love me.

Charlotta. Hoh! hoh! Is that aw?

Pierrot. Eye, that is aw, and enough too, o' my conscience.

Charlotta. Lawd, Pierrot, yaw awlas sayn the seam thing to me.

Pierrot. I awlas say the seam thing because it awlas is the seam thing; an if it were not awlas the seam thing, I would not always say the seam thing.

Charlotta. But what mun I doo, what would yaw ha?

Pierrot. Buddakins, I would ha' ye love me.

Charlotta. Whya, doan't I love thee?

Pierrot. Noa, yaw doan't love me, and for aw that I doo aw I con to meake ye. Noa offence, I buy ribbons for yaw of aw the pedlars that cum about; I

am like to break my neck in climbing birds-neſts for ye, I meak the oud fidler play for yaw when your borthday cums; and aw this is noa moor than if I run my head agean the wall: It is neather fear, nor honeſt, do ye ſee, nat to love foulk that loven us.

Charlotta. Whya, weell-a-day, I love thee tew.

Pierrot. Eye, i'fakes, yaw loven me heugely.

Charlotta. Haw would yaw ha' one doo?

Pierrot. I would ha' ye doo as foulk doo, when foulk are in love to ſum porpoſe.

Charlotta. Whya, doan't I love thee to ſum porpoſe?

Pierrot. Noa, when that is the ceaſe, it is ſeen, and one dos a thauſand little apiſh tricks to foulk when one loves 'um in good earneſt. Do but ſee fat Thomaſine, haw hoo's in love like bewitched with young Robin; hoo's awlas about him to pleague him, and hoo newer lets him aloane, hoo's awlas a playing him ſum unlucky prank, or hits him a rap as hoo goas by him; an t'uther day as he was ſitting on a jointſtool, hoo cums and whips it fro' under him, and dawn faws he at's foo length, upo'th' graund. S'fleſh, foulk don thus when they are in love: but thau newer ſaiſt a word to me, for thy part; thau'rt awlas for aw the warld like a log of wood, and I mu'd goa by thee twenty times, and thau newer ſturr to gi' me the leaſt thump, or ſay the leaſt thing to me. Zooks, it is nat weell dun, after aw, and yaw are too could for foulk.

Charlotta. What wu'n yaw ha' me doo? It is my yumar, and I connot new mak it my ſel.

Pierrot. Yumar me noa yumar, when won loves foulk, won awlas gi's ſum ſmaw inkling on't.

Charlotta. In a word, I love thee as weell as I

con, and if that diz ne pleaſe yau, thau maun e'en love ſumbody elz.

Pierrot. Why thear naw, did not I ſay ſoa? i' ſakes, if yau loved me, yau would not ſay that.

Charlotta. Why dun yaw pleague one ſo?

Pierrot. Ookers, what harm doo I doo ye? no' but aſk a little love o' ye.

Charlotta. Weell, let won aloan then, and do not teaz me ſoa, happen it may cum aw at wonce, withaut thinking on't.

Pierrot. Shake honds then, Charlotta.

Charlotta. Weell, thear. [Gives him her hand.]

Pierrot. Promiſe me then, that yau'll ſtrive to love me moor.

Charlotta. I will doo aw I con, but that mun cum of it ſel. Pierrot, is that the gentlemon?

Pierrot. Yai, that is he.

Charlotta. Oh! lock-a-day, haw fine he is, and what pity't had bin, if he'd bin drawn'd!

Pierrot. I'ſe cum agean belive, I'ſe goa drink a mug to reaſe my ſpirits a little after my fatigue.

SCENE II.

DON JOHN, SGANAREL, CHARLOTTA at the farther part of the ſtage.

D. JOHN.

OUR enterprize has turned very badly out, Sganarel, and this ſudden ſquawl has overſet both our ſhip and proſpect at once; but to ſay the truth, the country-wench I have juſt parted with, repairs this misfortune, and I ſaw ſuch charms in her, as have baniſhed the vexation the ill ſucceſs of our enterprize had given me. This heart muſt not eſcape

me, and I have already made such a disposition that I shall not sigh long in vain.

Sganarel. Indeed, Sir, you very much surprize me. We have scarce escaped the danger of death, and instead of thanking heaven, for the compassion it has vouchsafed to have of us, you take pains afresh to draw down its wrath by your usual whims, and your amours—[Seeing Don John look angry.] Peace, rascal as you are, you do not know what you talk of, and my master knows very well what he does. Come.

D. John spying Charlotta.] Hah! whence comes this other country-girl? Did you ever see any thing prettier, and tell me, dost thou not think this as handsome as the other?

Sganarel. Indeed she is. [Aside.] Another new piece.

D. John to Charlotta.] How much I am delighted, my pretty lass, to meet you here! What, do people as handsome as you live in these rural places, among rocks and trees?

Charlotta. Yes, Sir.

D. John. Do you belong to this village?

Charlotta. Yes, Sir.

D. John. And do you live there?

Charlotta. Yes, Sir.

D. John. What is your name!

Charlotta. Charlotta, Sir, at your service.

D. John. What a beautiful person is there! What piercing eyes are those!

Charlotta. You make me blush, Sir.

D. John. Oh! do not be ashamed to hear what is true. What say you, Sganarel? Can any thing be more beautiful? Turn about a little, pray. What a fine shape! Hold up your head a little, pray; what a pretty face is this! Open your eyes quite. How lovely they are! Pray, let me see your teeth. Oh!

how pretty they are! What inviting lips! For my part, I am charmed, I never saw so beautiful a person.

Charlotta. Sir, you are pleased to say so, and I doant know whether you doant banter me.

D. John. I banter you? heaven forbid, I love you too much for that, and I speak from the bottom of my heart.

Charlotta. I am greatly obliged to you, if it is so.

D. John. You are not in the least obliged to me for any thing I say, you are indebted only to your own beauty for it.

Charlotta. Sir, this all too finely said for me, and I have not wit enough to answer you.

D. John. Do but observe her hands, Sganarel.

Charlotta. O! dear Sir, they are as dirty as I doant know what.

D. John. Oh! why do you say so? Pray allow me to kiss them, for they are the prettiest I ever saw.

Charlotta. You do me too much honour, Sir, and if I had known it just now, I would have washed them.

D. John. Pray tell me, beautiful Charlotta, are you married, or no?

Charlotta. Noa, Sir, but I am to be ere long, to Pierrot, our neighbour Simonetta's son.

D. John. Sure so beautiful a creature as you will never take a simple country-clown! No, no, it is profaning so much beauty, and you are not born to live in a village; you are worthy of a grander state; heaven, which very well knows this, has conducted me hither on purpose to prevent this match, and do justice to your charms: for in short, pretty Charlotta, I love you with all my heart, and it shall be entirely your own fault if I do not carry you off from this solitary place, and put you in the condition you deserve. This passion is indeed very sudden; but what then, it is your beauty is the cause of it, and

one loves you as much in a quarter of an hour, as another in half a year.

Charlotta. Sir, I doant know haw to behave when you talk. I am very well pleaſed with what you ſay, and am really very willing to believe you; but I have awlas been tould, that we muſt never believe the gentlemen, and that your courtiers are wheedlers, who mind nothing but to make fools of young women.

D. John. I am none of thoſe people.

Sganarel aſide.] He ſcorns it.

Charlotta. Look ye, Sir, there is noa pleaſure in being impoſed upon, I am a poor country wench, but I eſteem nothing ſo much as honour; ſooner would I die, than be robbed of my honour.

D. John. Dear Charlotta, I am too conſcientious for that, and would rather ſuffer the ſevereſt puniſhment than injure ſo ſweet a girl as you are. I love you, Charlotta, in good earneſt, and with honour: and to let you ſee I ſpeak truth, aſſure yourſelf I have no other deſign but to marry you. Would you have a greater proof of it? Here am I ready, whenever you pleaſe, and I call this man to be witneſs of the promiſe I make you.

Sganarel. No, no, fear nothing: He will marry you as much as you pleaſe.

D. John. Ah! Charlotta, I plainly ſee you do not as yet know me; you do me wrong to judge of me by others; and if there are cheats in the world, people who mind nothing ſo much as deceiving young women, you ought to take me out of the number, and never doubt the ſincerity of my paſſion; and beſides, your beauty is a ſecurity for every thing. Perſons ſo handſome as you need fear nothing; and for my part, I proteſt I would ſtab myſelf a thouſand

times to the heart, had I the leaſt thought of proving unfaithful to you.

Charlotta. Marry, I know not whether you ſpeak truth or no; but you make one believe you.

D. John. You only do me juſtice when you believe me, and I repeat to you again the promiſe I have made you. Do not you accept it? Are not you willing to marry me?

Charlotta. If my aunt agree to it, you are certain of my conſent.

D. John. Give me your hand then upon it, Charlotta, ſince you are pleaſed to agree on your part.

Charlotta. But however, Sir, pray doant deceive me, it would be a ſin; and you ſee I engage here, very faithfully.

D. John. How! are you ſtill dubious of my ſincerity? Would you have me ſwear the moſt execrable oaths? may heaven——

Charlotta. I believe you, therefore do not ſwear.

D. John. Give me one little kiſs then, as a pledge of your promiſe.

Charlotta. Nay, Sir, ſtay till I am your wife, and then I will kiſs you as much as you chuſe.

D. John. Well, juſt what you pleaſe, beautiful Charlotta, only give me your hand, and let me, by a thouſand kiſſes, ſhew you how much I love you.

SCENE III.

DON JOHN, SGANAREL, PIERROT, CHARLOTTA.

PIERROT puſhing away Don John as he is kiſſing Charlotta's hand.

STOP a little, Sir, an yau pleaſe, yau're too hot, yau mayn get a puriſy.

D. John puſhing Pierrot again very hard.] What does this impertinent raſcal mean, by coming here?

Pierrot placing himſelf between D. John and Charlotta.] I ſay yau mon hou'd, and yau monnat kiſs our wives that are to be.

D. John ſtill puſhing him. [Duce take the clown!

Pierrot. S'blews, yau monnat puſh foulk ſoa.

Charlotta catching Pierrot by the arm.] Let him aloan, Pierrot.

Pierrot. Haw, let him aloan? I will nat let him aloan.

D. John. Hah!

Pierrot. Fleſh, becauſe yau're a gentilmon, yau cum heer to kiſs our wives under aur noazes, goa and kiſs yaur own wife.

D. John. Softly.

Pierrot. And ſoa, ſoa, agein. [Don John gives him a box o' the ear.] Ookers, doan't ſtraike me. [another.] Ats fiſh! [another.] S'bud and guts, it iſn't fair to beat foulk; is this the way you reward me for ſaving yau from being drawned?

Charlotta. Doan't be angry, Pierrot.

Pierrot. I will be angry, and thau'rt a mean ſlut to let him wheedle thee.

Charlotta. Oh! Pierrot, it isn't as yau thinkn. This gentilmon will marry me, and yau ſhould nat be in a paſſion.

Pierrot. Haw? I'trath thaur't promiſed to me.

Charlotta. That makes noa matter, Pierrot, if yau lovn me, ſhould ye nat be glad that I am made a lady?

Pierrot. Wauns, noa; I'ſe as ſoon ſee thee hanged, as ſee thee gi'n to anuther.

Charlotta. Goa, goa, Pierrot, doant be uneaſy; if

I'm made a lady, I'se gi' thee sumthing, and thau shault serve aur house wi' butter and cheese.

Pierrot. 'Sblews, ise newer sarve ye wi' any thing an yau would pay me twice as much. What, don yau mind what he says then? Mess, an I'd known that just naw, ise ha' ta'en greit ceare haw I had ta'en him aut o' th' weter, and I'd ha' g'in him a good rap o' th' heid wi' my oar.

D. John coming up to Pierrot, to strike him.] What do you say?

Pierrot getting behind Charlotta.] Wawns, I fear noa mon.

D. John coming towards him.] Let me come up with you.

Pierrot steps o' t'other side o' Charlotta. [I doan't care what yau doo.

D. John running after Pierrot.] We shall try that.

Pierrot saving himself still behind Charlotta.] I'a seen mony a mon as good as yau.

D. John. Hey! hey!

Sganarel. It is a pity to meddle with the poor fellow, pray do not touch him, Sir. [placing himself between him and Don John] [to Pierrot.] Harkee, my honest lad, move off, and do not talk to him.

Pierrot passing before Sganarel, and looking fierce at Don John.] I will talk to him.

D. John lifts up his hand to give Pierrot a blow, who ducks down his head, and Sganarel receives it.] Aye, I shall teach you.

Sganarel looking at Pierrot.] Duce take the puppy.

D. John to Sganarel.] That is a recompence for thy being so charitable to him.

Pierrot. 'Igeorge, ise goa tell her aunt aw theas fine dooings.

SCENE IV.

DON JOHN, CHARLOTTA, SGANAREL.

D. JOHN to Charlotta.

WHEN I am poſſeſſed of you, I ſhall be the happieſt of men, and I would not change my ſtate for the world. We ſhall—

SCENE V.

DON JOHN, MATHURINA, CHARLOTTA, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL perceiving Mathurina.

SO ſo.

Mathurina to Don John.] Ser, what are yau dooing thear wi' Charlotta, are yau coorting her too?

D. John aſide to Mathurina.] I courting her! no, on the contrary, ſhe wants to marry me, and I told her I was engaged to you.

Charlotta to Don John.] What does Mathurina want wi' ye?

D. John aſide to Charlotta.] She is jealous at my talking with you, and wants me to marry her; but I tell her, that I will not have her, but you.

Mathurina. What, Charlotta——

D. John aſide to Mathurina.] Every thing you can ſay to her is to no purpoſe, ſhe has took this into her head.

Charlotta. What then, Mathurina——

D. John aſide to Charlotta. It is needleſs to talk to her, you will never get this whim out of her head.

Mathurina. Would yau——

D. John aſide to Mathurina.] It is impoſſible to bring her to reaſon.

Charlotta. I ſhould be—

D. John aſide to Charlotta.] She is the moſt obſtinate creature I ever ſaw.

Mathurina, Truly—

D. John aſide to Mathurina.] Do not talk to her, ſhe is a fool.

Charlotta. I think—

D. John aſide to Charlotta.] Let her alone, ſhe is a ſilly huſſey.

Mathurina. No, no, I muſt talk to her.

Charlotta. I will know ſome of her reaſons.

Mathurina. What—

D. John aſide to Mathurina.] I hold you a wager ſhe will tell you that I have promiſed to marry her.

Charlotta. I—

D. John aſide to Charlotta.] A wager with you that ſhe ſtands to it, that I have promiſed her marriage.

Mathurina. Hark'ee Charlotta, its nat right to meddle with other foulks bargains.

Charlotta, It isn't honeſt, Mathurina, to be jealous becauſe the gentilmon talks to me.

Mathurina. The gentlemon ſaw me ferſt.

Charlotta. If he ſaw thee ferſt, he ſaw me ſecond, and has promiſed to marry me.

D. John aſide to Mathurina.] You ſee I have not been deceived.

Mathurina to Charlotta.] Yer humble ſervant, it was me, and not yau he promiſed to marry.

D. John aſide to Charlotta.] That is juſt what I told you.

Charlotta. Put your ſhams upon others, pray, not upon me, it was me he promiſed to marry, I tell you.

Mathurina. Yau joke with foulk; it was me, I ſay.

Charlotta. Here is the perſon can tell you, whether I am in the right.

Mathurina. Here is the perſon can give me the lie, if I doan't ſay true.

Charlotta. Did yau really promiſe to take her for your wife, Ser?

D. John aſide to Charlotta.] You jeſt, ſure.

Mathurina. Is it true, Ser, that yau've promiſed to marry her?

D. John aſide to Mathurina.] How can you think ſo?

Charlotta. Yau ſee ſhe affirms it.

D. John aſide to Charlotta.] Never mind her.

Mathurina. Yau are witneſs haw ſhe avers it.

D. John aſide to Mathurina.] Pay no attention to what ſhe ſays.

Charlotta. No, no, we muſt know the truth.

Mathurina. The matter mun be decided.

Charlotta. Yes, Mathurina, I'd have the gentilmon to ſhew yau yaur miſtake.

Mathurina. Yes, Charlotta, I'd have the gentilmon ſhew haw yau're baulked.

Charlotta. Ser, pleaſe to decide the quarrel.

Mathurina. End our diſpute, Sir.

Charlotta to Mathurina.] Yau'll ſee.

Mathurina to Charlotta.] Sau'll ſee too.

Charlotta to D. John.] Say.

Mathurina to D John.] Speak.

D. John. What would you have me ſay? Both of you ſay I have promiſed to marry you. Do not each of you know the whole of this affair, without any neceſſity of ſaying any thing more? Why ſhould you oblige me to tell you ſo again? Has not the perſon I have really promiſed myſelf to, reaſon ſufficient within herſelf, to laugh at what the other ſays; and

ſhould ſhe make herſelf in the leaſt uneaſy, provided I make good my promiſe? Diſcourſes do not at all forward affairs, we muſt act and not talk, and facts decide much ſooner than words. Therefore that is the only way I ſhall reconcile you, and you will ſee, when I come to marry, which of you has my heart. [aſide to Mathurina.] Never mind what ſhe ſays. [aſide to Charlotta.] Let her flatter herſelf in her own imagination. [aſide to Mathurina.] I adore you. [aſide to Charlotta.] I am entirely yours. [aſide to Mathurina.] When your face is preſent every one elſe is ugly. [aſide to Charlotta.] When one has once ſeen you, there is no enduring of others. [aloud to both.] I have a trifling order to deliver. I ſhall be with you again in a quarter of an hour.

SCENE VI.

CHARLOTTA, MATHURINA, SGANAREL.

CHARLOTTA to Mathurina.

YOU may ſay what you will, but I am the perſon he will marry.

Mathurina to Charlotta.] He loves me beſt.

Sganarel ſtopping Charlotta and Mathurina.] Ah! Poor girls, I pity your innocence, and cannot bear to ſee you run heedleſly to your own deſtruction. Believe me both, and do not be impoſed upon by the ſtories he tells you, but remain in your own village.

SCENE VII.

DON JOHN, CHARLOTTA, MATHURINA, SGANAREL.

D. JOHN at the farther part of the ſtage, aſide.] I Wonder what is the reaſon that Sganarel does not follow me.

Sganarel. There is not a greater villain in the world than my maſter, he only deſigns to debauch you, as he has ſeveral others; he marries every one he can lay his hands on, and—[ſeeing Don John.] It is falſe, and whoever may tell you this, you ſhould tell him he lies. My maſter never debauched any one, he is not a villain, nor does he marry every one he can lay his hands on; in ſhort, he has not the leaſt deſign to deceive you. Oh! ſtay, here he is, aſk him rather.

D. John looking at Sganarel.] Yes.

Sganarel. Sir, as the world is full of ſcandal, I do things by way of prevention, and I was telling them that if any body ſhould ſay any harm of you, they ſhould be ſure not to believe him, and not fail to tell him he lied.

D. John. Sganarel.

Sganarel to Charlotta and Mathurina.] Yes, my maſter, I will warrant you, is a man of honour.

D. John. Hem!

Sganarel. They are ſcandalous fellows.

SCENE VIII.

D. JOHN, RAMEE, CHARLOTTA, MATHURINA, SGANAREL.

RAMEE whiſpering D. John.

I Am come to let you know, Sir, that it will be dangerous for you to remain here any longer.

D. John. How ſo?

Ramee. Twelve men on horſeback are in ſearch of you, who will be here immediately; I do not know by what means they can have followed you; but I have learned this news from a country-fellow of whom they enquired, and to whom they deſcribed you. The affair preſſes, and the ſooner you can go hence, the better it will be.

D. John to Charlotta and Mathurina.] An urgent affair obliges me to leave this place, but I deſire you would remember the promiſe I made you, and depend upon it you ſhall hear from me before to-morrow evening. [to Sganarel.] As the match is unequal, we muſt uſe ſtratagem; and dextrouſly to elude the miſchief that purſues me, I will have you put on my cloaths, and I———

Sganarel. A pretty jeſt, Sir, to expoſe me to be killed in your cloaths, and———

D. John. Come, quick, you are too much honoured, and happy the ſervant who can arrive at the glory of loſing his own life, for the ſafety of that of his maſter.

Sganarel. Thank you for the honour. [alone.] Since death is in the caſe, grant, kind heaven! that I may not be taken for him whoſe habit I put on.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DON JOHN in a country-habit,
SGANAREL dreſſed as a phyſician.

SGANAREL.

NOW, Sir, I think we are both diſguiſed to a wonder, and you muſt confeſs me to be in the right. Your firſt deſign was very improper, and this conceals us much better.

D. John. Indeed thou art very well, and I cannot conceive where thou haſt got this ridiculous equipage.

Sganarel. Why, an old phyſician left it in pawn in the place where I got it, and it coſt me money to have it. But do you know, Sir, that this habit has already placed me in ſome degree of conſideration, that I am ſaluted by the people I meet, and that they conſult me as a man of ſkill?

D. John. How?

Sganarel. Five or ſix country-fellows and girls, ſeeing me paſs by, came and conſulted me about their different diſtempers.

D. John. And you told them, I ſuppoſe, that you knew nothing of the matter.

Sganarel. Indeed I did not; I was willing to ſupport the honour of my habit, I reaſoned upon the diſeaſe, and gave them all preſcriptions.

D. John. And prithee what remedies didſt thou preſcribe them?

Sganarel. Why, Sir, I picked them up where I could get them; I preſcribed at all adventures, and

it would be a droll thing, if the diſtempers ſhould be cured, and they ſhould come to thank me for it.

D. John. And why not? Why ſhould not you have the ſame privilege as all other phyſicians have? They have no more ſhare in curing diſtempers than you have, and all their art is pure grimace. They only receive the honour of happy ſucceſs, and you may take advantage as they do, of a patient's good luck, and find every thing aſcribed to your remedies that can proceed either from the favour of chance, or the force of nature.

Sganarel. You ſeem, Sir, to be a great enemy to medicine.

D. John. It is one of the greateſt errors of mankind.

Sganarel. What, do not you believe in Senna, nor Caſſia, nor Emetic-wine?

D. John. And for what ſhould I believe in them?

Sganarel. You are of a very unbelieving temper. Notwithſtanding all this, you know the Emetic-wine has been much talked of lately. Its miracles have converted the moſt incredulous minds; and it is but three weeks ago, that I myſelf, who ſpeak to you, was witneſs to a ſurprizing effect of it.

D. John. What?

Sganarel. There was a man who had been in an agony for ſix days together, they knew not what more to preſcribe to him, and none of the remedies took place; at laſt they took it into their heads to give him the Emetic.

D. John. He recovered, did he not?

Sganarel. No, he died.

D. John. The effect is wonderful.

Sganarel. Why for ſix whole days he could not die,

and that made him die at once. It is impoſſible to find any thing more efficacious.

D. John. You are right.

Sganarel. But let us drop phyſic, in which you have no belief, and talk of other things: for this habit gives me ſpirit, and I am in the humour of diſputing with you. You very well know, that you allow me to diſpute, and that you only forbid remonſtrances.

D. John. Well?

Sganarel. I would know the bottom of your thoughts, and underſtand you a little better than I do. Come, when will you lay aſide this wicked life, and live like an honeſt man?

D. John lifts up his hand to ſtrike him.] Hey! Mr. Blockhead! you are immediately at your remonſtrances. [Sganarel ſtepping back.] S'death! I am a blockhead indeed to concern myſelf about reaſoning with you; do what you pleaſe, it is a mighty matter to me whether you undo yourſelf or not, and whether——

D. John. Hold your tongue. Let us mind our affair. Are not we out of our way? Call that man there below us, and aſk him the road.

SCENE II.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL, FRANCISCO.

SGANAREL.

SOHO, ſoho there, you man. Ho, gaffer, ho, friend: pray is this the road which leads to the town?

Franciſco. You need only follow that path, gentlemen, and turn on your right-hand when you come

to the end of the foreſt. But be upon your guard, for this place has been of late greatly haunted by robbers.

D. John. We are very much obliged to thee, friend, for thy good advice, and return thee hearty thanks.

SCENE III.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL.

HA! Sir, what a noiſe! what a claſhing is there!

D. John looking into the wood.] What do I ſee? one man attacked by three! the match is too unequal, and I cannot ſuffer this baſeneſs. [Draws his ſword, and runs to them.]

SCENE IV.

SGANAREL alone.

WAS there ever ſuch a mad man as my maſter, to throw himſelf into danger unſought for! But i' troth he has been very fortunate, the two have put the three to flight.

SCENE V.

D. JOHN, D. CARLOS, SGANAREL, at the farther part of the ſtage.

D. CARLOS.

HOW much am I indebted to thee, illuſtrious ſtranger, for thy aſſiſtance, when I was in ſo much danger, and when——

D. John. I have done nothing, Sir, but what you would have done in my place. Our honour is concerned in ſuch adventures, and the action of theſe raſcals was ſo baſe, that it would have been taking their part, not to have oppoſed them. But how was you ſo unfortunate as to fall into their hands?

D. Carlos. I had wandered by chance from a brother of mine, and the reſt of our company; and as I was endeavouring to join them again, I met with theſe robbers, who immediately killed my horſe, as they would alſo have killed me, had you not bravely interpoſed.

D. John. Are you going towards the town?

D. Carlos. Yes, but without going into it; my brother and I are obliged to ſtay in the country, on account of one of thoſe troubleſome affairs which oblige gentlemen to ſacrifice themſelves and their families to the ſeverity of their honour, ſince, in ſhort, the moſt favourable ſucceſs is always fatal, and if one do not loſe one's life, one is forced to quit the kingdom; and this is what I think the rank of a gentleman unhappy in, not to be able to ſecure himſelf by all the prudence and juſtice of his own conduct, from being ſubject by the laws of honour, to the unruline ſs of another man's conduct, nor from having his

life, repoſe and property depend on the freaks of the firſt audacious villain who ſhall think proper to commit one of thoſe injuries which an honeſt man muſt loſe his life for.

D. John. One has this advantage, that we make thoſe run the ſame riſque, and paſs their time as ill, who take the fancy of injuring us out of meer wantonneſs. But may I be ſo bold as aſk what your affair may be?

D. Carlos. The thing is not upon terms of making any longer a ſecret of it; and when an injury once breaks out, our honour does not oblige us to hide our ſhame, but to blaze abroad our vengeance, and even to publiſh our intention. Therefore, Sir, I ſhall not ſcruple telling you, that the offence we want to revenge is that of a ſiſter ſeduced, and carried off from a convent, and that the author of this injury is D. John Tenorio, ſon to D. Lewis Tenorio. We have been in purſuit of him for ſome days, and we this morning followed him upon the report of a ſervant, who told us that he went out on horſeback, and that he came along this way; but all our pains have been in vain, and we cannot diſcover what is become of him.

D. John. Do you know this D. John, Sir, whom you are in ſearch of?

D. Carlos. Indeed I do not: I never ſaw him, and I have only heard him deſcribed by my brother; but fame ſpeaks not too favourably of him; he is a man whoſe life———

D. John. I am ſomething of a friend to him, Sir, therefore it would be a kind of baſeneſs in me only to hear any ill ſpoke of him.

D. Carlos. Out of reſpect to you, Sir, I ſhall ſay nothing of him; it is certainly the leaſt thing I owe

you, when you have ſaved my life, to forbear ſpeaking before you of a perſon who is your acquaintance, when I can ſpeak nothing but ill of him; but be you ever ſo nearly attached to him, I preſume to hope you would not approve of this action of his, or think it ſtrange that we ſhould endeavour to revenge it.

D. John. On the contrary, I will aſſiſt you in this affair, and ſpare you the fruitleſs trouble. I am Don John's friend, I cannot help being ſo, but it is not reaſonable that he ſhould injure gentlemen with impunity, and I engage for him, he ſhall give you ſatisfaction.

D. Carlos. And what ſatisfaction can be given for theſe ſort of injuries?

D. John. All that your honour can deſire; and without troubling you any farther with ſeeking for D. John, I anſwer he ſhall be forthcoming wherever you pleaſe, and when you pleaſe.

D. Carlos. This expectation, Sir, is very agreeable to injured minds; but after what I owe you, it would very much grieve me, ſhould you be of the party.

D. John. I am ſo nearly connected with D. John, that he cannot fight but I muſt fight too: but in ſhort, I anſwer for him as for myſelf, and you need only ſay when you would have him appear, and give you ſatisfaction.

D. Carlos. Alas! how unhappy am I, in owing my life to you, who are one of D. John's friends!

SCENE VI.

DON ALONZO, DON CARLOS, DON JOHN, SGANAREL.

Don ALONZO ſpeaking to his attendants, not perceiving either Don Carlos or Don John.]

LET my horſes drink there, and then lead them after us, I will walk a little. [ſeeing them both.] Good gods! What do I ſee? What, brother, in company with him we are in ſearch of, our mortal enemy?

D. Carlos. Our mortal enemy?

D. John clapping his hand to his ſword.] Yes, I am D. John himſelf, and your advantage as to number, ſhall not oblige me to diſown my name.

D. Alonzo drawing his ſword.] Traitor, thou art a dead man, and———

D. Carlos. Ah! Hold, brother, it is to him that I am indebted for my life, and had not his arm relieved me, I had been murdered by the robbers I met with.

D. Alonzo. Would you let this conſideration prevent our vengeance? All the ſervices the hand of an enemy may do us, are of no merit to engage our heart; and if we are to meaſure the obligation by the injury, your gratitude is in this caſe ridiculous; as honour is infinitely more precious than life, it is properly owing nothing, to owe one's life to him who deprives us of our honour.

D. Carlos. I know the difference, brother, that a gentleman ſhould always make betwixt the one and the other; and gratitude for the obligation does not efface in

me the reſentment for the injury; but allow me here to reſtore to him what he has lent me, let me acquit myſelf immediately, for the life I owe him, by a delay of our vengeance, and ſuffer him to enjoy a few days the fruit of his good office.

D. Alonzo. No, no, to defer is to hazard revenge, and an opportunity of taking it may never return; heaven now makes an offer of it, and it belongs to us to improve it. When honour is mortally wounded, one ſhould not think of keeping any meaſures: and if you refuſe to aſſiſt me in this action, you need only retire, and leave to my arm the glory of ſuch a ſacrifice.

D. Carlos. Pray, brother——

D. Alonzo. All this diſcourſe is ſuperfluous; he muſt die.

D. Carlos. Hold, I ſay, brother, I will not ſuffer an attempt upon his life; and I ſwear by heaven I will defend him againſt any one whatſoever; I will make uſe of the utmoſt efforts of that life he has ſaved to defend him; and if you make a paſs at him, it muſt be through me.

D. Alonzo. What, do you befriend our enemy againſt me? And ſo far from being ſeized with the ſame tranſports that I feel at ſight of him, do you diſcover ſentiments of compaſſion for him?

D. Carlos. Brother, let us ſhew moderation in a lawful action, and not revenge our honour with that madneſs which you ſhew. Let us wear a heart that we are maſters of, and a valour that has nothing ſavage in it, and which proceeds by pure deliberation of our reaſon, not by the impulſe of a blind rage. I will not be in debt, brother, to my enemy, and I have an obligation to him, which I muſt quit before every thing elſe. By delaying our revenge, it will

not be the leſs noble; on the contrary, it will receive advantage by it, and this opportunity we had of taking it, will make it appear more juſt in the eyes of all the world.

D. Alonzo. O, that ſtrange weakneſs and horrible blindneſs, to hazard in this manner the intereſts of our honour for the ridiculous notion of a chimerical obligation!

D. Carlos. Do not trouble yourſelf about that, brother; if I commit a fault, I ſhall make ſufficient amends for it, and I take upon me all the care of our honour; I know what it obliges us to, and this ſuſpenſion for a day, which my gratitude demands in favour of him, will only increaſe the ardour I have to do juſtice to it. You ſee, D. John, I am ſolicitous to return you the favour I have received, and by this you are to judge of the reſt, to believe I acquit myſelf with the ſame warmth of every thing I owe, and that I ſhall not be leſs exact in repaying you the injury than the favour. I will not oblige you to explain your ſentiments now, and I give you liberty to think at leiſure what reſolutions you are to take. You very well know what an enormous injury you have done us, and I make you judge what reparation it demands. There are mild ways of giving us ſatisfaction; there are violent and bloody ones; but in ſhort, whatever choice you may make, you have promiſed to give me ſatisfaction by D. John, pray mind to do ſo, and remember that, out of this place, I owe nothing more but to my honour.

D. John. I have aſked nothing of you, and ſhall keep my word with you.

D. Carlos. Come, brother, a moment's mildneſs does no injury to the ſeverity of our duty.

SCENE VII.

DON JOHN, SGANAREL.

D. JOHN.

SOHO! Sganarel, where art thou?

Sganarel coming out of a place where he had concealed himself.] Here I am, Sir.

D. John. How, villain, do you run away when I am attacked?

Sganarel. Pardon me, Sir, I only came from juſt there; I believe this habit is purgative, and that to wear it is taking phyſic.

D. John. Duce take thy inſolence! Wrap thy cowardice in a handſomer cover, at leaſt. Doſt know who that man is whom I delivered from the robbers?

Sganarel. I? No.

D. John. It is a brother of Elvira's.

Sganarel. A——

D. John. He is an honeſt fellow enough, he uſed me very genteelly, and I am ſorry that I muſt quarrel with him.

Sganarel. You might eaſily make all things quiet.

D. John. Yes, but I have now no paſſion for Elvira, and being engaged conſiſts not with my humour; you know I love liberty in love, and cannot reſolve to immure my heart in a priſon. I have often told thee, that I have a natural propenſity to give way to whatever attracts me. My heart is the property of the fair in general; and they muſt take it by turns, and keep it as long as they can------But what ſtately edifice is that I ſee in the grove before us?

Sganarel. Do not you know it?

D. John. Indeed I do not.

Sganarel. It is the tomb which was built for the governor, when you killed him.

D. John. Hoh! you are right, I did not know that it was hereabouts. I often hear wonders of this piece of work, as well as of the ſtatue of the governor, and I have a deſire to go ſee it.

Sganarel. Do not go there, Sir.

D. John. Why not?

Sganarel. It is not civil to viſit a man you have killed.

D. John. On the contrary, it is a viſit I deſire to pay him the compliment of, and which he ought to receive with a good grace, if he is any thing of a gentleman. Come, let us go in. [The tomb opens, and diſcovers the ſtatue of the governor.

Sganarel. How fine that is! fine ſtatues! fine marble! fine pillars! Oh! how fine that is! what do you think of it, Sir?

D. John. That it is impoſſible for the ambition of a dead man to reach farther; and what I think wonderful, is, that a man who during his life-time diſpenſed with a very mean habitation, ſhould have one ſo magnificent when he has no longer occaſion for it.

Sganarel. Here is the ſtatue of the governor.

D. John. I'gad, he is admirably ſet out there in the habit of a Roman emperor.

Sganarel. Indeed, Sir, it is well made. He ſeems as if he were alive, and were going to ſpeak. He caſts ſuch a look at us as would frighten me if I were quite alone, and I think he does not ſeem pleaſed at ſight of us.

D. John. He would be in the wrong, and it would be an unhandſome reception of the honour I do him. Aſk him if he will ſup with me.

Sganarel. He has no need, I dare say, of any supper.

D. John. Ask him, I say.

Sganarel. You jest, sure! it would be foolish to speak to a statue.

D. John. How! will you not do what I order you?

Sganarel. What a whim! Mr. Governor—[aside.] I laugh at my folly; but I do it in obedience to my master. Mr. Governor, my master D. John asks whether you will do him the honour to come and sup with him? [The statue nods its head.] Ah!

D. John. What's the matter? What ails thee? Tell me, will you speak?

Sganarel nodding his head like the statue.] The statue——

D. John. Well, what wouldst thou say, villain?

Sganarel. I say, the statue——

D. John. Well, what of the statue? speak, or I will beat out thy brains.

Sganarel. The statue bowed its head to me.

D. John. Duce take the fellow.

Sganarel. I tell you it bowed its head to me, there is nothing more true. Try yourself, and see, perhaps—

D. John. Come, varlet, come; I will make thee feel thy cowardice with thy fingers' ends; observe. Mr. Governor, will you honour me with your company to-night, to sup with me?

[The statue nods the head again.

Sganarel. I would not lay ten pistoles on it. Well, Sir?

D. John. Come, let us be gone.

Sganarel alone.] These are your free-thinkers, who discredit every thing.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL, RAGOTIN.

D. JOHN to Sganarel.

BE how it will, let us drop it. It is but a trifle, and we might be surprised with some vapour that disturbed our sight, or deceived by a false light.

Sganarel. Ah! Sir, do not endeavour to deceive me, for I saw it with my own eyes. There is nothing more real than that nod of the head, and I make no doubt but heaven, offended at your way of life, has wrought this miracle to convince you, and reclaim you—

D. John. If you teize me any more, Sganarel, with your stupid morality, if you say the least word more upon that head, I will call somebody to fetch a bull's pizzle, I will have you held by three or four people, and give you a hearty drubbing.

Sganarel. Oh! very right, Sir, perfectly right; you explain yourself clearly; that is the good of you, that you come to the point at once; you express things with an admirable plainness.

D. John. Come, let me have supper as soon as possible. A chair here, boy.

SCENE II.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL, VIOLETTA, RAGOTIN.

VIOLETTA.

SIR, Mr. Dimanche, your tradeſman, wants to ſpeak with you.

Sganarel. Good, we want the compliments of a creditor, indeed. What is in his head, to come aſk money of us? and why did you not tell him that my maſter was abroad?

Violetta. He has been here this three quarters of an hour, and I have told him ſo ſeveral times, but he will not believe me, and is ſat down there within to wait.

Sganarel. Let him wait as long as he chuſes.

D. John. No, rather let him come in; it is very bad policy to be denied to tradeſmen. It is good to pay them with ſomething, and I have the ſecret of ſending them away ſatisfied, without giving them a farthing.

SCENE III.

D. JOHN, MR. DIMANCHE, SGANAREL, VIOLETTA, RAGOTIN.

D. JOHN.

IS that you, Mr. Dimanche? pray come in, Sir. How glad am I to ſee you, and how could I wiſh my fellows hanged for not bringing you in immediately! I had ordered them to deny me to every body;

but this order is not for you, you have a right never to have the door ſhut againſt you in my houſe.

Mr. Dimanche. Sir, I am very much obliged to you.

D. John to Violetta and Ragotin.] How could you, villains, have the impudence to leave Mr. Dimanche in the anti-chamber?

Mr. Dimanche. Sir, it is no matter.

D. John to Mr. Dimanche.] What? To deny me to Mr. Dimanche, my beſt friend?

Mr. Dimanche. Sir, I am your ſervant. I was coming—

D. John. Here, quick, bring Mr. Dimanche a chair.

Mr. Dimanche. Sir, I am very well as I am.

D. John. No, no, I inſiſt upon your ſitting down.

Mr. Dimanche. It is not neceſſary.

D. John. Take away this ſtool and bring an elbow-chair.

Mr. Dimanche. You give yourſelf too much trouble, Sir, and—

D. John. No, no, I know what I owe you; and I will not have them make any difference betwixt us two.

Mr. Dimanche. Sir—

D. John. Come, ſit down.

Mr. Dimanche. It is needleſs, Sir, I want only one word with you. I was—

D. John. Sit you down there, I ſay.

Mr. Dimanche. No, Sir, I am mighty well; I come to—

D. John. No, I will not hear you, if you do not ſit down.

Mr. Dimanche. Sir, I do as you would have me. I----

D. John. Faith you look very well juſt now, Mr. Dimanche, and----

Mr. Dimanche. Yes, Sir, at your ſervice. I came---

D. John. You are very healthy, have ruddy cheeks, ſparkling eyes, and ruby lips.

Mr. Dimanche. I ſhould be glad—

D. John. I hope Mrs. Dimanche is well?

Mr. Dimanche. Very well, Sir, thank heaven.

D. John. She is a fine woman.

Mr. Dimanche. She is your humble ſervant, Sir. I came—

D. John. Your little daughter Claudina too, I hope ſhe is well?

Mr. Dimanche. She is very well, Sir, I thank you.

D. John. She is a very pretty little girl.

Mr. Dimanche. You do her too much honour, Sir. I deſire—

D. John. And is little Colin ſtill as noiſy as ever with his drum?

Mr. Dimanche. Always the ſame, Sir. I—

Don John. Your little dog Bruſquet too, does he bark as much as ever, and bite people's heels that come to your houſe?

Mr. Dimanche. More than ever, Sir, and we cannot quell him.

D. John. Do not be ſurprized, if I inform myſelf of all the news of your whole family; for I intereſt myſelf greatly in it.

Mr. Dimanche. We are very much obliged to you, Sir. I—

D. John holding out his hand.] Shake hands then, Mr. Dimanche, are you really a friend of mine?

Mr. Dimanche. Sir, I am your ſervant.

D. John. I am yours with all my heart.

Mr. Dimanche. You do me too much honour. I----

D. John. I would do every thing in my power for you.

Mr. Dimanche. Sir, you are too good to me.

D. John. And that without intereſt, believe me.

Mr. Dimanche. I have not merited this favour, certainly; but, Sir---

D. John. Hoh! come, Mr. Dimanche, will you ſup with me, without ceremony?

Mr. Dimanche. No, Sir, I cannot ſtop, but muſt be home immediately. I----

D. John riſing up.] Here, a torch, quick, to light Mr. Dimanche, and let four or five of my fellows take muſquetoons to eſcort him.

Mr. Dimanche riſing alſo.] Sir, it is needleſs, I can go very well alone. But----

[Sganarel quickly removes the chairs.

D. John. How? I will have them eſcort you; I have too much intereſt in your perſon to let you go alone; I am your humble ſervant, and your debtor to boot.

Mr. Dimanche. Ah! Sir-----

D. John. It is a matter I make no ſecret of, but tell it to every body.

Mr. Dimanche. If----

D. John. Would you have me accompany you back?

Mr. Dimanche. Oh! Sir, you jeſt. Sir----

D. John. Embrace me then, pray; I deſire you once more to reſt aſſured that I am entirely yours, and that nothing in my power ſhall be wanting to ſerve you.

SCENE IV.

MR. DIMANCHE, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL.

MY maſter, it muſt be owned, has a very great regard for you.

Mr. Dimanche. It is true; he pays me ſo many civilities, and ſo many compliments, that I can never aſk him for money.

Sganarel. I do aſſure you all his family would die for you: and I wiſh ſomething would happen to you, that ſomebody would take it in their head to cudgel you, you would ſee how----

Mr. Dimanche. I believe it; but, Sganarel, d ay ſpeak a word to him about my money.

Sganarel. Oh! do not be in the leaſt uneaſy, his pay is as good as any in the world.

Mr. Dimanche. But, Sganarel, you owe me ſomething on your own account.

Sganarel. Fy, do not ſpeak of that.

Mr. Dimanche. How? I----

Sganarel. I know I owe you ſomething.

Mr. Dimanche. Why then---

Sganarel. Come, Mr. Dimanche, I will light you.

Mr. Dimanche. But my money—

Sganarel taking Mr. Dimanche by the arm.] Sure you are not in earneſt?

Mr. Dimanche. I will—

Sganarel pulling him.] Nay.

Mr. Dimanche. I underſtand----

Sganarel puſhing him towards the door.] Trifles.

Mr. Dimanche. But----

Sganarel puſhing him again.] Fy.

Mr. Dimanche. I----

Sganarel puſhing him quite off the ſtage.] Fy, I ſay.

SCENE V.

D. JOHN, VIOLETTA, SGANAREL.

VIOLETTA to D. John.

SIR, here is your father D. Lewis.

D. John. Alas! how ſhall I behave? There wanted but this viſit to make me mad.

SCENE VI.

D. LEWIS, D. JOHN, SGANAREL.

D. LEWIS.

MY coming I ſee diſturbs you, and you could very well have diſpenſed with it. To ſay the truth, we are each of us very troubleſome to the other, and if you are tired with ſeeing me, I am not leſs ſo with your behaviour. Alas! how little do we know what we do, when we leave not to heaven the care of what we want, when we will be wiſer than that, and importune it by our blind wiſhes, and inconſiderate demands! Numberleſs are the times that I have prayed to heaven for a ſon, and this ſon, now when I have obtained him, is the plague and puniſhment even of that life, of which I thought he would be the joy and conſolation. With what eye, in your opinion, do you think I can look on the multitude of unworthy actions, whoſe ſcurvy appearance we have much ado to palliate in the eyes of the world, that continued ſeries of villainous af-

fairs, which hourly reduce us to weary the goodneſs of our king, and which have exhauſted the merit of my ſervices, and the credit of my friends? Oh! what baſeneſs is yours! are you not aſhamed to be ſo little deſerving of your birth? Have you any right, pray tell me, to be vain of it? And what have you done in the world to make you a gentleman? Do you think it ſufficient to bear the name and arms of one, or that it is any honour to be deſcended from noble blood, when we live infamouſly? No, no; where virtue is wanting, birth ſignifies nothing. Therefore we have no ſhare in the glory of our anceſtors, any further than we exert ourſelves to reſemble them, and that ſplendor of their actions, which they throw upon us, lays an obligation upon us of doing the ſame honour to them, of following their ſteps, and by no means degenerating from their virtues, if we would be eſteemed their real offſpring. So that it is in vain that you deſcend from the anceſtors from whom you ſprang, they deny you for their blood, and all the noble atchievements they have performed give you no advantage; on the contrary, their luſtre reflects upon you only to your diſhonour, and their glory is a torch which ſhews the baſeneſs of your actions in the moſt glaring light to the eyes of the whole world. Know, in ſhort, that virtue is the chief title to nobility, that a gentleman who lives ill is a monſter in nature, that I look much leſs upon the name we ſubſcribe, than the actions we perform, and that I ſhould value more being the ſon of a porter, who was an honeſt man, than the ſon of a king, who lived as you do.

D. John. You would talk much more at your eaſe, Sir, if you would ſit down.

D. Lewis. No, baſe villain, I will neither ſit

down nor talk more, for I plainly see my words have no effect upon your mind; but know, unworthy son, that my paternal tenderness is by your actions drove to its last extremity; I shall, sooner than you imagine, put a stop to your irregularities, prevent the vengeance of heaven upon you, and by your punishment wash off the shame of having given you life.

SCENE VII.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL.

D. JOHN.

WHY, die as soon as you can, it is impossible for you to do better. Every one should have their turn; it vexes me to see fathers live as long as their children.

[Throws himself down in his elbow-chair.

Sganarel. Indeed, Sir, you are in the wrong.

D. John rising up.] I in the wrong?

Sganarel trembling.] Sir----

D. John. Am I in the wrong?

Sganarel. Yes, Sir, you are in the wrong to bear what he said to you, and you should have turned him out of doors. Did ever any body see any thing more impertinent? a father to come and remonstrate to his son, bid him reform his actions, remind him of his birth, to live the life of an honest man, and a hundred other silly things of the like nature! Can such a man as you bear these things, who know how you ought to live? I wonder at your patience, and had I been in your place, I should have sent him a packing. [Aside.] Oh! cursed complaisance, whither dost thou reduce me?

D. John. Get supper ready as soon as possible.

SCENE VIII.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL, RAGOTIN.

RAGOTIN.

A Lady at the door in a veil wants to ſpeak with you, Sir.

D. John. Who can that be?

Sganarel. You muſt ſee.

SCENE IX.

ELVIRA veiled, D. JOHN, SGANAREL.

ELVIRA.

LET not my appearance in this dreſs ſurprize you, D. John. I am obliged to viſit you at this hour by a preſſing motive. I do not come here full of that wrath which I diſcovered in the morning, but am quite altered. It is no more that Donna Elvira who uttered imprecations againſt you, whoſe irritated mind diſcharged nought but menaces, and breathed only revenge. Heaven has baniſhed from my mind all that unworthy paſſion I entertained for you, all thoſe tumultuous tranſports of a criminal attachment, all thoſe ſhameful ravings of a terreſtrial and groſs love; it has left nothing in my heart, with regard to you, but a flame refined from all the commerce of ſenſe, a tenderneſs entirely ſacred, a love detached from every thing, which has no ſelf-views, nor any concern but for your intereſt.

D. John whiſpering Sganarel.] What, are you crying?

Sganarel. Pardon me.

Elvira. It is perfect and pure love which brings me hither for your good, to impart to you a warning from heaven, and endeavour to recal you from the precipice upon which you run. Yes, D. John, every irregularity you have been guilty of is known to me, and that same heaven which touched my heart, and turned my eyes upon the errors of my conduct, has inspired me to wait upon you, and to acquaint you from it, that your offences have exhausted its mercy, that its dreadful wrath is ready to fall upon you, that it is in your choice to avoid it by a speedy repentance, and that perhaps you have not another day to save yourself from the greatest of all miseries. For my part, I am no longer attached to you by any earthly ties. I am reclaimed, thanks to heaven, from all my foolish thoughts, I am resolved to retire from the world, and I desire only to live long enough to expiate the crimes I have been guilty of, and to merit pardon by an austere penance, for the blindness which the transports of a guilty passion have plunged me into; but in this retreat, I should be extremely grieved that a person I once tenderly loved should be made a dreadful example of the justice of heaven, and it will be a great pleasure to me, if I can prevail upon you, to ward off the fatal blow that threatens you. Pray, D. John, grant me, as for the last favour, this soothing consolation, refuse me not your own happiness, which I beg with tears; and if your own interest does not affect you, let my intreaties at least not be lost, but spare me the cruel affliction of seeing you condemned to everlasting damnation.

Sganarel aside.] Poor lady!

Elvira. You once had the whole possession of my heart, and nothing in this world was so dear to me as yourself: I forgot my duty for your sake: I have

done every thing for you: and I beg no other reward for it, than that you would reform, and prevent your deſtruction. Save yourſelf, I beſeech you, either for love of yourſelf, or for the love of me. Once more, D. John, I beg it of you with tears, and if the tears of a perſon you once loved will not ſuffice, I conjure you to do it, by all that is moſt capable of moving you.

Sganarel aſide.] Heart of flint!

Elvira. After I have ſaid this, I am gone; and this is all I had to ſay.

D. John. Madam, it is late, ſtay here. We ſhall lodge you in the beſt manner we can.

Elvira. No, D. John, detain me no longer.

D. John. Madam, you will greatly oblige me by ſtaying.

Elvira. No, I tell you, let us not loſe time in ſuperfluous diſcourſe, let me go immediately, do not inſiſt upon waiting on me back, but only think of profiting by what I have told you.

SCENE X.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL.

D. JOHN.

THIS laſt ſight of her has again given birth to a tender paſſion for her, for I think there was ſomething agreeable in that whimſical novelty, and that her negligent dreſs, her languiſhing air, and her tears awaked in me ſome remains of an extinguiſhed flame.

Sganarel. That is as much as to ſay, you were not in the leaſt affected by what ſhe ſaid.

D. John. Let us have ſupper immediately.

Sganarel. Very well.

SCENE XI.

D. JOHN, SGANAREL, VIOLETTA, RAGOTIN.

D. JOHN sitting down to table.

WE muſt endeavour to change our manner of living, Sganarel, and reform.

Sganarel. Ay, marry muſt we.

D. John. Yes, faith, we muſt reform; twenty or thirty years more of this life, and then we will think of it.

Sganarel. Ah!

D. John. What ſayeſt thou to it?

Sganarel. Nothing, here comes ſupper. [He puts a bit from one of the diſhes that was brought into his mouth.

D. John. What is the matter with thy cheek, I think it is ſwelled? Speak, what haſt thou there?

Sganarel. Nothing.

D. John. It is a humour, I ſuppoſe, has fallen upon his cheek; quick there, a lancet to open it. The poor fellow cannot ſubſiſt long under it, and this impoſthume may choak him; ſtay, ſee how ripe it is. How? villain——

Sganarel. Troth, Sir, I was willing to ſee whether your cook had not over-ſeaſoned it.

D. John. Come, place thyſelf there and eat. I have buſineſs with thee as ſoon as I have ſupped; you are hungry, I perceive by ye.

Sganarel ſits down to table.] I am very apt to believe ſo, Sir, I have not eaten ſince morning. Taſte that, it is very good. [A footman takes Sganarel's plates away, as ſoon as he has got any thing upon

them to eat.] My plate, my plate. Pray be not in such a hurry. 'Sblews, little gaffer, how nimble you are in giving one empty plates! and you, little Violetta, how ready you are in giving one some drink! [whilst one footman gives Sganarel something to drink, the other still takes away his plate.]

D. John. Who can it be that knocks so at the door?

Sganarel. Who the duce comes to disturb us at our meal?

D. John. I would sup in quiet however, therefore let no body come in.

Sganarel. Let me alone, I will go to the door myself.

D. John seeing Sganarel return frighted.] What is the matter with you?

Sganarel nodding his head as the statue did.] The——who is there.

D John. I will go see, and shew that it is impossible for any thing to terrify me.

Sganarel. Ah! poor Sganarel, into what corner wilt thou creep?

SCENE XII.

D. JOHN, THE STATUE OF THE GOVERNOR, SGANAREL, VIOLETTA, RAGOTIN.

D. John to his servants.

BRING a chair and a plate here immediately. [D. John and the statue sit down at table.] Come, sit down. [To Sganarel.

Sganarel. I am not in the least hungry, Sir.

D. John. Sit down there, I say. Let us drink. The governor's health. I drink it to thee, Sganarel. Give him some wine.

Sganarel. I am not thirsty.

D. John. Drink, and sing that catch of thine to entertain the governor.

Sganarel. I am hoarse, Sir.

D. John to his servants.] No matter, come. You there, come and join in the chorus.

The Statue. It is enough, D. John; I invite you to come sup with me to-morrow. Will you have so much courage?

D. John. Yes; I will go, with nobody with me but Sganarel.

Sganarel. I thank ye, to-morrow is fast-day with me.

D. John to Sganarel.] Take this flambeau, and light the governor.

The Statue. When heaven conducts, all earthly light is vain.

ACT V. SCENE I.

DON LEWIS, DON JOHN, SGANAREL.

D. LEWIS.

IS it possible, my son, that my prayers should really have been heard by heaven, and that it should have made such a convert of you?

D. John. Yes, I am now reclaimed from all my errors, and am quite a different person from what you saw me last night; every one will be astonished at the change which heaven has so suddenly wrought in

me. It has touched my heart, and opened my eyes, so that I reflect with horror on the long blindness I was in, and the criminal disorders of the life I lead. I run over in my mind all my abominations, and am surprised that heaven could bear with me so long, and that it has not twenty times discharged the thunder of its justice on my head. I see how favourable it has been to me, in not punishing my crimes, and I intend to make a due improvement of them, to discover to all the world a sudden change of life, to repair, by that means, the scandal of my past actions, and strive to obtain of heaven a full remission. This is what I am now endeavouring; and I beg of you, Sir, to contribute to this design, and to assist me in chusing a person who may serve me as a guide, and under whose conduct I may walk safely in the way I am entering upon.

D. Lewis. Ah! Son, how easily is the tenderness of a father recalled, and the offences of a son immediately vanish at the least mention of repentance! I have already forgotten all the sorrows you have occasioned me, and all is effaced by the words I have just now heard. I confess, I am not myself, I shed tears of joy, all my prayers are answered, and henceforth I have nothing to ask of heaven. Embrace me, my son, and persist, I conjure you, in this laudable design. For my part, I fly this instant to inform your mother of your happy conversion; to share with her the sweet transports of delight I feel, and to return thanks to heaven for the holy resolutions with which it has vouchsafed to inspire you.

SCENE II.

DON JOHN, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL.

HOW much am I delighted, dear maſter, to ſee you reformed! I have long expected this, and now, thanks to heaven, all my wiſhes are accompliſhed.

D. John. Duce take the blockhead!

Sganarel. How, blockhead?

D. John. What, doſt thou really believe all I have ſaid? And doſt thou think I ſpoke what I thought?

Sganarel. How, why is not it—Do not you—your—[aſide.] Oh! what a man! what a man! what a man is this!

D. John. No, no, my ſentiments are always the ſame, I have not altered them in the leaſt.

Sganarel. What, are you not afraid of the wonderful miracle of a moving and ſpeaking ſtatue?

D. John. Why really there is ſomething in that which I do not comprehend; but however it be, it is not capable either of convincing my judgment, or ſtaggering my mind; and if I ſaid I would reform my conduct, and enter upon an examplary life, it was a deſign I had formed out of pure policy, an uſeful ſtratagem, a neceſſary piece of grimace, to which I am willing to ſubmit, to manage a father whoſe aſſiſtance I want, and to ſcreen myſelf, with reſpect to mankind, from the numberleſs troubleſome adventures that may happen. I make thee my confident in this buſineſs, Sganarel, being willing to have a witneſs of the real motives which oblige me to do theſe things.

Sganarel. What? though ſtill a libertine, and debauchee, do you pretend, at the ſame time, to ſet up yourſelf for a good man?

D. John. And why not? there are many others beſide myſelf, who make uſe of the ſame maſk to deceive the world.

Sganarel aſide.] Oh! what a man! what a man!

D. John. Hypocriſy is a faſhionable vice now-a-days, and every faſhionable vice paſſes for a virtue. The profeſſion of hypocriſy has ſurpriſing advantages. It is an art, the impoſture of which always meets with reſpect, and though one diſcovers it, one dares not ſay a word againſt it. Mankind are cenſured for all the other vices they are guilty of; but hypocriſy is a privileged vice, that ſhuts every body's mouth, and reigns quietly with a ſovereign impunity. By managing it dexterouſly, one forms a ſtrict alliance with all the partizans; whoever offends one, offends them all, and they who we are ſure act in good earneſt in the affair, and whom we know to be really touched: theſe people, I ſay, are moſt frequently the dupes of the others, they run heedleſsly into the ſnare of the hypocrites, and blindly ſupport the apes of their actions. How many of thoſe doſt think I know, who by this ſtratagem have dexterouſly patched up the diſorders of their youth, and under a reſpected outſide have permiſſion to be the moſt wicked fellows on earth? It ſignifies nothing that we are acquainted with their intrigues, and know them to be what they are, they are not, for all that, the leſs diſcredited among people, and a certain melancholy countenance, a mortified ſigh, and two rolling eyes, ſet all to rights again, do what they will. It is under this favourable ſhelter, that I intend to ſecure my affairs. I will not quit my dear habits, but I ſhall take care to conceal

myſelf, and divert myſelf with as little noiſe as poſſible. But if I ſhould come to be diſcovered, I ſhall have my cabal engage in my intereſts without my ſtriking a ſtroke, and I ſhall be defended againſt, and in ſpite of all the world. In ſhort, this is the true way to do whatever I chuſe with impunity. I ſhall ſet up myſelf as a cenſor of other folks' actions, ſhall have a bad opinion of every body but myſelf. When I am once ever ſo little offended, I will never forgive, and very calmly preſerve an irreconcileable hatred. I will act the avenger of oppreſſed virtue, and under this convenient pretext, I will purſue my enemies, I will accuſe them of impiety, let looſe the heady zealots upon them, who ſhall raiſe an outcry againſt them without knowing for what reaſon, who ſhall load them with opprobrious names, and roundly damn them by their private authority. It is thus we muſt take advantage of the foibles of mankind, and a wiſe man will accommodate himſelf to the vices of the age.

Sganarel. Good Gods! What do I hear? You only wanted to be a hypocrite to finiſh you in every reſpect, and that is the height of abominations. Sir, this laſt puts me out of all patience, and I cannot any longer hold my tongue. Uſe me in what manner you chuſe, beat me, kill me, I muſt diſcharge my conſcience, and like an honeſt ſervant, tell you what I ought. Know, Sir, that the pitcher goes ſo oft to the well, that it comes home broke at laſt: and as a certain author ſays, whoſe name I have forgot, man is in this world like a bird upon a bough, the bough is fixed to the tree, he who is fixed to the tree follows good precepts, good precepts are better than fine words, fine words are found at court, at court are courtiers, courtiers follow the mode, the mode comes from fan-

cy, fancy is a faculty of the mind, the mind is what gives life, the end of life is death—and—think what you will come to.

D. John. Upon my word, you are an excellent reaſoner.

Sganarel. After this, if you do not yield, wretched will be your condition.

SCENE III.

DON CARLOS, DON JOHN, SGANAREL.

D. CARLOS.

I MEET you juſt at the nick of time, Don John, and am very glad to ſpeak with you here rather than at home, to aſk what you are deſigned to do. You know this is my concern, and that in your preſence I took this affair upon me. For my part, I do not conceal it, I heartily wiſh things may be managed in an amicable way, and there is nothing I would not do to prevail upon your mind to take this method, and to ſee you publickly confirm my ſiſter to be your wife.

D. John in a hypocritical tone.] Willingly would I give you all the ſatisfaction you can deſire, but heaven directly oppoſes it; it has inſpired my ſoul with the deſign of reforming my life, and now my whole intention is to forſake all worldly concerns, to diveſt myſelf of every vanity, and to correct henceforth, by an auſtere conduct, all the criminal diſorders into which I had been hurried by the heat of blind youth.

D. Carlos. This deſign, Don John, claſhes not at all with what I ſay, and the company of a lawful

wife may very well conſiſt with the laudable thoughts with which you are inſpired by heaven.

D. John. Alas! By no means. Your ſiſter has formed the ſame deſign; ſhe has reſolved to retire, and we were both touched at the ſame time.

D. Carlos. Her retreat cannot give us ſatisfaction, ſince it might be imputed to the contempt you had thrown upon her and our family; and our honour requires her living with you.

D. John. I do aſſure you it cannot be; for my part, I have a great deſire it was ſo; and I even this day went to aſk counſel of heaven about it; but when I conſulted it, I heard a voice which told me that I ought to lay all thoughts aſide of your ſiſter, and that it was impoſſible for me to be ſaved with her.

D. Carlos. Do you think, Don John, to deceive us with theſe fooliſh excuſes?

D. John. I obey the voice of heaven.

D. Carlos. What? Do you imagine that ſuch ſtories as theſe will ſatisfy me?

D. John. It is heaven will have it ſo.

D. Carlos. Have you taken my ſiſter out of a convent to abandon her at laſt?

D. John. Heaven will not allow it to be otherways.

D. Carlos. Can we ſuffer our family to receive ſuch a ſtain?

D. John. Seek your redreſs from heaven.

D. Carlos. Why, heaven has nothing to do with it.

D. John. Heaven deſires it ſhould be ſo.

D. Carlos. It is enough, Don John, I underſtand you. The place will not allow me to take you here; but I ſhall find you before it is long.

D. John. You may do what you pleaſe. You are

ſenſible I do not want courage, and that I know how to uſe my ſword when it is proper; I am juſt going through the little by-ſtreet which leads to the great convent; but I declare to you, for my own part, I have not the leaſt inclination to fight, heaven forbid the thought, and if you attack me we ſhall ſee what will come of it.

D. Carlos. We ſhall ſee, true, we ſhall ſee.

SCENE IV.

DON JOHN, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL.

THIS hypocritical ſtyle which you have got into, maſter, is worſe than all the reſt, and I ſhould like you much better as you were before; I had always ſome hopes of your reformation, but now I deſpair of it, and I believe heaven, which has bore with you hitherto, cannot ſuffer this laſt abomination.

D. John. Poh! Poh! Heaven is not ſo ſtrict as you imagine; and if men were every time——

SCENE V.

DON JOHN, SGANAREL, Ghoſt in the form of a woman veiled.

SGANAREL ſeeing the Ghoſt.

BEHOLD, Sir, the warning which heaven gives you.

D. John. If it is heaven that warns me, it muſt ſpeak plainer, if it would have me underſtand it.

Ghoſt. Your deſtruction is reſolved upon, Don

John, if you do not repent immediately, and lay hold on the mercy of heaven.

Sganarel. Hear you that, Sir?

D. John. Who is that has the impudence to talk so? Methinks I should know that voice.

Sganarel I perceive by its stalking that it is a ghost, Sir.

D. John. Ghost, fantom, or devil, I will see what it is. [The ghost changes shape and represents Time with his scythe in his hand.]

Sganarel. See what a frightful shape it is now in, Sir!

D. John. No, no it is impossible for any thing to terrify me, I will try with my sword whether it is body or spirit. [The ghost disappears the instant Don John pushes at it.]

Sganarel. What, Sir, do not so many proofs urge you to repent?

D. John. Be the consequence what will, it shall never be said that I repented of any thing I had done. Come, follow me.

SCENE VI.

THE STATUE OF THE GOVERNOR, D. JOHN, SGANAREL.

STATUE.

STOP, Don John; when I was with you last night, you promised to come and eat with me.

D. John. Yes; where shall we go?

Statue. Give me your hand.

D. John. There it is.

Statue. Don John, obstinacy in wickedness brings

on a fatal death; and rejecting the favours of heaven opens a way to its thunder.

D. John. Oh! what torments do I feel! I am ſcorched with an inviſible flame, which it is impoſſible for me to bear, my whole body is a burning firebrand. Oh! [Loud thunder and great flaſhes of lightning fall on Don John, the earth opens and ſwallows him: and flames iſſue from the place where he deſcended.]

SCENE THE LAST.

SGANAREL alone.

OFFENDED heaven, ſeduced maids, violated laws, diſhonoured families, wives reduced to miſery, huſbands to deſpair, injured parents, all are ſatisfied; but poor Sganarel, after ſerving him for ſo many years, is no otherwiſe rewarded, than by ſeeing his wicked maſter moſt dreadfully puniſhed.

THE END.

LOVE

IS THE

BEST DOCTOR.

A

COMEDY.

LOVE *is the* BEST DOCTOR, *a Comedy of three Acts, acted at Verſailles, September the* 15*th*, 1665, *and at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal the* 22*d of the ſame Month.*

THIS comedy is one of thoſe haſty pieces upon which we ought not to be too ſevere in our criticiſms. The reaſon of Moliere's bringing the phyſicians ſo often on the ſtage is ſaid to be on account of a quarrel which his wife had with a phyſician's wife; but this ſeems to be too trifling a motive. It is more reaſonably accounted for thus: being diſguſted with the ſolemn countenance, ſtudious appearances, and vain pomp of technical terms, which the phyſicians of his time affected, in order to impoſe on the publick, he thought he could draw from thence a fund of comic humour, more entertaining indeed than inſtructive; for which reaſon the phyſicians and the marquiſes, whom he has often painted in different attitudes, are never the principal figures in the piece. Whenever he intended to reprove a more eſſential folly, or any vice that was injurious to ſociety, he reſerved the firſt place for one of thoſe ſingular characters which deſerved to have the whole attention fixed on themſelves.

ACTORS.

SGANAREL, father to Lucinda.
LUCINDA.
CLITANDER, in love with Lucinda.
AMINTA, neighbour to Sganarel.
LUCRETIA, niece to Sganarel.
LYSETTA, attendant of Lucinda.
Mr. WILLIAM, a tapestry feller.
Mr. JOSSE, a goldsmith.
Mr. THOMAS,
Mr. FONANDRES,
Mr. MACROTON,
Mr. BAHAYS,
Mr. FILLERIN. } Physicians.
A NOTARY.
CHAMPAGNE, valet to Sganarel.
The OPERATOR.

SCENE, PARIS.

LOVE IS THE BEST DOCTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SGANAREL, AMINTA, LUCRETIA, MR. WILLIAM, MR. JOSSE.

SGANAREL.

LIFE is a ſtrange thing! And I may very well ſay with an ancient philoſopher, that One misfortune comes upon the neck of another; and He who hath wealth hath warfare. I had but one wife, and ſhe, alas! heaven has deprived me of.

Mr. William. But one! why how many would you deſire to have?

Sganarel. I cannot forbear weeping, friend William, when I think of her death. I was not too well pleaſed with her conduct, and we frequently quarreled; but death ends all diſputes, ſhe is dead, I be-

wail her. If she was still living we should not agree very well. I have had several children, but heaven has bereft me of them all but one daughter, and she is my only trouble; for in short, she is fallen into the most dismal melancholy, the cause of which I cannot learn, and all my efforts to recover her prove vain. I know not what to do in it, and have need of good advice on this matter. [To Mr. William and Mr. Josse.] You are my companions and friends. [To Lucretia.] You are my niece. [To Aminta.] And you are my neighbour; pray give me your advice about it.

Mr. Josse. To speak freely to you, friend Sganarel, I think that the only remedy to cure your daughter will be, to buy her some pretty ornaments of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, as most girls delight in such things.

Mr. William. In my opinion, you should buy her an elegant suit of hangings of landskip, tapestry, or imagery, which I would have put up in her chamber to delight her sight and mind with.

Aminta. For my part, I would not do so, I would marry her, as soon as possible, to the person that they say asked her of you in marriage some time ago.

Lucretia. Your daughter, I think, is not at all fit for marriage; she is of too sickly and delicate a constitution, and it is downright murder to expose her, in the condition she now is, to bear children. The world is very unfit for her, and I would advise you to put her in a nunnery, where she will meet with diversions which will be more to her humour.

Sganarel. Admirable counsellors indeed! But I find a little too much of self-interest in what ye say, and think that ye advise extremely well——for your own interests. You are a goldsmith, Mr. Josse,

and you talk as if you wanted to get rid of your wares. You are a tapeſtry ſeller, Mr. William, and you ſeem to have ſome hangings that inccommode you. The gentleman whom you are in love with, Aminta, has ſome inclination they ſay for my daughter, and you would be glad to ſee her the wife of another. And as for you, Lucretia, it is not my deſign, as ſeveral people know, to marry my daughter to any one at all, and I have my reaſons for that; but the advice you give me to put her in a nunnery, is the advice of one who has a great deſire to be my ſole heirefs. Therefore allow me, gentlemen and ladies, to follow none of your advices, though they are very good. [Alone.] Theſe are your faſhionable counſellors.

SCENE II.

LUCINDA, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL.

ALAS! here comes Lucinda to take the air. She perceives me not. She lifts her eyes to the ſkies. She ſighs. [To Lucinda.] Heaven preſerve thee, my child! How do you do to-day? What is the reaſon that you are always ſo melancholy? Pray do tell me the cauſe of it, and I promiſe you I will do every thing in my power to ſatisfy you. Are any of thy companions dreſt finer than thyſelf? Or is there any new-faſhioned ſilk that thou deſireſt a ſuit of? No. Is thy chamber not well enough furniſhed, and doſt thou long for any pretty cabinet out of St. Laurence's fair? That is not the reaſon either. Doſt thou want to learn any thing, and wilt thou have me get thee a maſter to teach thee to play on the guitar? No. Art thou in love with any body,

and wanteſt to be married? [Lucinda makes a ſign to him that that is the reaſon.

SCENE III.

SGANAREL, LUCINDA, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

HAVE you diſcovered the cauſe of your daughter's melancholy, Sir, in the diſcourſe you have juſt now had with her?

Sganarel. Indeed I have not, and I am very vexed at it.

Lyſetta. Let me alone, Sir, and I will found her a little.

Sganarel. It is to no purpoſe, ſince ſhe will be of this humour, I am reſolved to leave her in it.

Lyſetta. Let me alone, I tell you; perhaps ſhe will open her heart more freely to me than to you. Will you not tell us what makes you ſo melancholy? And will you grieve all the world thus? Never did any body act as you do, and if you have any repugnance to explain yourſelf to your father, you ought to have none to diſcover your heart to me. Tell me, do you want any thing from him? He has frequently told us that he will ſpare nothing to content you. Is it becauſe he does not give you ſo much liberty as you could wiſh, and is not your fancy tempted by walks and feaſts? Has any body diſpleaſed you? Have you no ſecret inclination for any one whom you wiſh you was married to? Ay, that is the thing. What the duce do you conceal it for? The myſtery is diſcovered, Sir, and———

Sganarel. Go, ungrateful girl! I will talk to thee no more, but leave thee in thy obſtinacy.

Lucinda. Since you will have me discover to you the reason, Sir,———

Sganarel. Yes, I will throw off all the affection I had for thee.

Lysetta. Her melancholy, Sir,———

Sganarel. The slut would kill me.

Lucinda. Father, I will really——

Sganarel. This is not a fit recompence for bringing thee up as I have done.

Lysetta. But, Sir,——

Sganarel. No, I am very vexed at her.

Lucinda. But, father,——

Sganarel. I have no longer any tenderness for thee.

Lysetta. But——

Sganarel. She is an idle gipsy.

Lucinda. But——

Sganarel. An ungrateful slut.

Lysetta. But——

Sganarel. A baggage, that will not tell me what ails her.

Lysetta. It is an husband she wants.

Sganarel, pretending not to hear.] I abandon her.

Lysetta. A husband.

Sganarel. I hate her.

Lysetta. A husband.

Sganarel. And disown her for my daughter.

Lysetta. A husband.

Sganarel. Speak not to me about her.

Lysetta. A husband.

Sganarel. Do not speak to me of her.

Lysetta. A husband, a husband, a husband.

SCENE IV.

LYSETTA, LUCINDA.

LYSETTA.

NONE are so deaf as those who will not hear, is a very wise and true saying.

Lucinda. I was greatly to blame, Lysetta, to conceal my disquiet from my father, as he promised to grant me every thing I desired.

Lysetta. Faith, he is a villainous man, and I confess I should be very glad if I could play him a trick. But what was the reason, madam, that you did not discover your distemper to me?

Lucinda. Alas! if I had discovered it to you, what good would it have done me? And should not I have got as much by concealing it all my life-time? Dost thou imagine I did not expect all that has now happened? That I did not thoroughly know all my father's notions, and that the refusal he sent to him who solicited for me by a friend, did not extinguish all hope in my breast?

Lysetta. What, is it the stranger who asked you of your father, for whom you———

Lucinda. For a young girl to express herself so freely is perhaps immodest; but I must tell you, that he should be my choice, were I permitted to chuse. We have never discoursed together, nor has he declared the passion he has for me: But in every place where he has been able to get a sight of me, his looks and actions have always spoke so tenderly, and his demanding me from my father appears to me so very honourable, that I could not help being touched with his

affection. And yet you see to what the harshness of my father reduces all this tenderness.

Lysetta. Come, let me alone; whatever reason I have to blame you for not discovering it to me, yet I will do all in my power to assist your love, and provided you have resolution enough to——

Lucinda. But what would you have me do against the authority of a father? If he prove inexorable to my wishes——

Lysetta. Come, come, you must not suffer yourself to be led like a goose, and provided honour be not offended by it, one may free one's self a little from a father's tyranny. What does he intend you should do? Does he think you are not old enough to be married, and that you are marble? Come, I will assist your passion once more, and take upon me the whole care of its concerns, and you shall see that I understand stratagem.—But here comes your father. Do you withdraw, and I will manage it well enough.

SCENE V.

SGANAREL alone.

TO pretend sometimes that we do not hear things which we hear but too well, is better than to own we do; and I acted very wisely in lending a deaf ear to the declaration of a desire which I have not the least intention to satisfy. Is there any thing more tyrannical than this custom that people would subject parents to? Can there be any thing more foolish than to bring up a daughter with great tenderness and care, and to heap up riches, in order to strip one's self of both, and give them into the hands of a man for whom we have not the least re-

gard? That is a cuſtom I ſhall never give into, but will keep my daughter and my money to myſelf.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA pretending not to ſee Sganarel.

OH! misfortune! O diſgrace! Oh where ſhall I find you, poor Mr. Sganarel?

Sganarel aſide.] What is that ſhe ſays?

Lyſetta. Ah, unhappy father, what will you do when you know this news?

Sganarel aſide. [What can it be?

Lyſetta. My poor miſtreſs!

Sganarel aſide.] I am undone.

Lyſetta. Ah!

Sganarel running after Lyſetta.] Lyſetta.

Lyſetta. What a misfortune this is!

Sganarel. Lyſetta.

Lyſetta. What a fatal miſchance!

Sganarel. Lyſetta.

Lyſetta. What an accident!

Sganarel. Lyſetta.

Lyſetta. Oh! Sir, I am glad I have found you.

Sganarel. What is the matter?

Lyſetta. Ah! Sir.

Sganarel. What is it?

Lyſetta. Your daughter——

Sganarel. Oh! oh! oh!

Lyſetta. Sir, do not cry in that manner, for you will make me laugh.

Sganarel. Speak then quickly.

Lyſetta. No ſooner was you gone than your daughter, quite ſtruck with what you ſaid to her, and with

the terrible paſſion ſhe ſaw you was in with her, went up immediately to her chamber, and, full of deſpair, opened the window which looks into the river.

Sganarel. Well?

Lyſetta. Then lifting up her eyes to heaven, ſhe ſaid, Oh! Lyſetta, how is it poſſible that I can live under my father's wrath? Since he diſowns me for his daughter, I muſt die.

Sganarel. So threw herſelf down?

Lyſetta. No, Sir, ſhe gently ſhut the window again, and lay down on the bed; there ſhe fell a weeping bitterly, and ſuddenly her face grew pale, her eyes rolled, her heart ceaſed to beat, and ſhe remained in my arms.

Sganarel. Is ſhe quite dead?

Lyſetta. No, Sir, I brought her to life again by pinching her; but it takes her again every moment, and I dare ſay ſhe will be dead before night.

Sganarel. Champagne! Champagne! Champagne!

SCENE VII.

SGANAREL, CHAMPAGNE, LYSETTA.

SGANAREL.

GO immediately and ſeek phyſicians, and bring ſeveral of them here; on ſuch an accident as this one cannot have too many of them. Alas! poor Lucinda! my poor girl!

ACT II. SCENE I.

SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

IT is needleſs, Sir, to have ſo many phyſicians; one is enough to kill any body.

Sganarel. You are a fool, are not four advices better than one?

Lyſetta. Your daughter can die well enough herſelf, ſhe does not ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance of any of theſe gentlemen.

Sganarel. Do the phyſicians kill people?

Lyſetta. Indeed do they; and I knew a man who proved by good reaſons that we ſhould never ſay, Such a perſon is dead of a fever or an aſthma, but ſhe is dead of four phyſicians and two apothecaries.

Sganarel. Hold your tongue, you will offend theſe gentlemen.

Lyſetta. Our cat, Sir, not long ſince, fell from the top of the houſe into the ſtreet, and was three days without ever eating or ſtirring; but it was very fortunate for her that there were no cat-doctors, for they would certainly have purged and bled her to death.

Sganarel. Huſh! You are very impertinent. Here they come.

Lyſetta. Take care. You will be greatly edified; they will let you know in Latin that your daughter is ill.

SCENE II.

MESSIEURS THOMES, FONANDRES, MACROTON, AND BAHYS, SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

SGANAREL.

WELL, gentlemen, what thnik you of the patient?

Mr. Thomes. She has certainly a vaſt number of impurities in her.

Sganarel. What, is my daughter impure?

Mr. Thomes. I mean that her body is impure, and full of corrupt humours.

Sganarel. Oh! I underſtand you.

Mr. Thomes. But—we are going to conſult together.

Sganarel. Come, bring chairs.

Lyſetta to Mr. Thomes.] What, Sir, are you there?

Sganarel to Lyſetta.] How came you acquainted with the gentleman?

Lyſetta. I ſaw him a few days ago at a friend of your niece's.

Mr. Thomes. How is her coachman?

Lyſetta. Very well. He is dead.

Mr. Thomes. Dead!

Lyſetta. Yes.

Mr. Thomes. That is impoſſible.

Lyſetta. It is very true, I tell you.

Mr. Thomes. I am certain he cannot be dead.

Lyſetta. And I will ſwear that he is both dead and buried.

Mr Thomes. You are deceived.

Lyſetta. I ſaw it.

Mr Thomes. It cannot be. We are told by Hippocrates, that these sort of distempers do not terminate till the fourteenth or twenty-first, and it is not above six days since he fell sick.

Lysetta. The coachman is dead I tell you, notwithstanding what Hippocrates says.

Sganarel. Hold your peace, Mrs. Impudence, and let us leave them. I beg, gentlemen, that you would consult in the best manner. Though it is not customary to pay before-hand, yet for fear I should forget it, and that the thing may be over, here—

[He gives them money, and each makes a different gesture when he receives it.

SCENE III.

MESSIEURS FONANDRES, THOMES, MACROTON, AND BAHYS.

[They sit down and cough.]

MR. FONANDRES.

PARIS is very large, and one must make long jaunts when practice comes on a little.

Mr. Thomes. I must own, that my mule is the best in the world for that, and you would think it impossible that he could go over so much ground in a day.

Mr. Fonandres. I have a surprizing horse, which never tires.

Mr. Thomes. My mule has gone a great way today. I was first opposite to the Arsenal, from the Arsenal I went to the end of the suburbs of St. Germain, from the suburbs of St. Germain to the very end of the marshes, from the end of the marshes to

the gate St Honorius, from the gate St. Honorius to the ſuburb of St. James's, from the ſuburb St. James's to Richlieu's gate, from Richlieu's gate hither, and from hence I muſt go to the Palace Royal.

Mr. Fonondres. My horſe has done the ſame, and I have been viſiting a patient at Ruel beſides.

Mr. Thomes. But well thought on, what ſide do you take in the diſpute betwixt the two phyſicians, Artemius and Theophraſtus? The whole faculty are concerned in this diſpute.

Mr. Fonandres. I am for Artemius.

Mr. Thomes. So am I; not but that his advice killed the patient, and that of Theophraſtus was certainly much the better; but he was wrong in the circumſtances, and he ought not to have been of a different opinion to his ſenior. Do not you think ſo?

Mr. Fonandres. The formality ſhould, without doubt, be always preſerved, be the conſequence what it will.

Mr. Thomes. I am very punctual in that reſpect, unleſs it be amongſt friends. Three of us were called in laſt week to a conſultation with a ſtrange phyſician, where I ſtopped the whole affair, and would not allow them to go on unleſs things went in order. The patient's relations did what they could, and the diſtemper encreaſed; but I would not yield, and he died while we were diſputing.

Mr. Fonandres. You did right in ſhewing them their miſtake, and teaching them how to behave.

Mr. Thomes. A dead man is but a dead man, and of no conſequence: but the whole faculty are prejudiced when one formality is neglected.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, MESSIEURS THOMES, FONANDRES, MACROTON, AND BAHYS.

SGANAREL.

AS my daughter's illneſs increaſes, gentlemen, I am come to aſk you what you have reſolved upon.

Mr. Thomes to Mr. Fonandres.] Come, Sir.

Mr. Fonandres. I will ſpeak after you, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Mr. Thomes. You jeſt, ſure.

Mr. Fonandres. Really, Sir, I will not.

Mr. Thomes. Sir.

Mr. Fonandres. Sir.

Sganarel. Pray, gentlemen, conſider that my daughter is very ill, therefore lay aſide this ceremony.

Mr. Thomes. Your daughter's illneſs—

Mr. Fonandres. The opinion of all theſe gentlemen together—

Mr. Macroton, drawlin g out his words.] Af-ter ha-ving well con-ſult-ed—

Mr. Bahys. In order to reaſon——

[They all four ſpeak together.

Sganarel. Pray, gentlemen, do not be in ſuch a hurry, but ſpeak one after another.

Mr. Thomes. Sir, we have reaſoned upon your daughter's illneſs, and my opinion of it is, that it proceeds from a great heat of blood: therefore I would have you bleed her as ſoon as poſſible.

Mr. Fonandres. And I maintain that her diſtemper is a putrefaction of humours, occaſioned by too

great a repletion; ſo I would adviſe you to give her an emetick.

Mr. Thomes. In my opinion, an emetick will ſend her into the other world.

Mr. Fonandres. I ſay that bleeding will kill her.

Mr. Thomes. It belongs to you indeed to ſet up for a ſkilful man!

Mr. Fonandres. Yes, it does belong to me; and I will cope with you in all kinds of learning.

Mr. Thomes. Have you forgot the man you diſpatched laſt week?

Mr. Fonandres. Have you forgot the lady you killed a few days ago?

Mr. Thomes to Sganarel.] You have heard my opinion.

Mr. Fonandres to Sganarel.] You have heard mine too.

Mr. Thomes. Your daughter will be dead in a few hours, if you do not bleed her. [Exit.

Mr. Fonandres. If you bleed her, ſhe will not be long an inhabitant of this world. [Exit.

SCENE V.

SGANAREL, MESSIEURS MACROTON AND BAHYS.

SGANAREL.

SO very different are theſe two men's opinions, that I know not which to follow; pray, gentlemen, determine me, and tell me what is moſt proper to relieve my daughter.

Mr. Macroton, drawling out his words.] We muſt pro-ceed cir-cum-ſpect-ly, Sir, in theſe mat ters, and do no-thing with-out deep con-ſi-de-ra-ti-on;

for-as-much as the faults which may be com-mit-ted in this caſe, are, ac-cord-ing to our ma-ſter Hip-po-cra-tes, of a dan-ge-rous con-ſe-quence.

Mr. Bahys, ſputtering out his words haſtily.] It is very true. We muſt be very careful in every thing we do; for this is not child's play; and when we have once faultered it is not eaſy to repair the ſlip, and to re-eſtabliſh what we have ſpoilt. *Experimentum periculoſum.* Therefore before we preſcribe a remedy, we ought to conſider the conſtitutions of people, weigh things ſeriouſly, and examine the cauſes of the diſtemper.

Sganarel aſide.] What a contraſt is here! One creeps like a ſnale, and the other rides poſt.

Mr. Macroton. For, Sir, to tell you the truth, I find your daugh-ter has a cro-ni-cal diſ-eaſe, and that ſhe may be in jeo-par-dy if ſhe is not ſpee-di-ly aſ-ſiſt-ed; for-as-much as the ſymp-toms which ſhe has are in-di-ca tive, of a fu-li-gi-nous and mor-di-cant va-pour, which pricks the mem-branes of the brain; for this va-pour, which is call-ed At-mos in the Greek lan-guage, is cauſ-ed by pu-trid, con-glu-ti-nous, and te-na-ci-ous hu-mours, which are con-tain-ed in the Ab do-men.

Mr. Bahys. And as theſe humours were engendered there by a long ſucceſſion of time, they are over-barked there, and have acquired this malignity, which fumes towards the region of the brain.

Mr. Macroton. So that there muſt be a ſtrong pur-ga-ti-on ap-pli-ed, to looſ-en, draw a-way, e-va-cu-ate, and ex-pel the ſaid hu-mours. But in the firſt place, I think it pro-per, and it would not be in-con-ve-ni-ent, to make uſe of ſome little a no-dyne me-di cines; that is to ſay, lit-tle de-ter-ſive and e-

mo-li-ent glif-ters, and re-freſh-ing ſy-rups and ju-lips, which may be mix-ed in her bar-ley-wa-ter.

Mr. Bahys. Then we will come to purgation and bleeding, which we will reiterate, if neceſſary.

Mr. Macroton. Yet not-with-ſtand-ing all this, per-haps your daugh-ter may die; but at leaſt you will have done ſome-thing, and you will have the con-ſo-la-ti-on that ſhe di-ed ac-cord-ing to form.

Mr. Bahys. It is better to die according to form, than to recover contrary to it.

Mr. Macroton. Theſe are our re-al thoughts.

Mr. Bahys. We have ſpoken to you as freely as if you were our brother.

Sganarel to Mr. Macroton, drawling out his words.] I re turn you ma-ny thanks. [To Mr. Bahys, ſputtering out his words.] And am very much ob-liged to you for the trouble you have taken.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL alone.

NOW when they are all gone, I am at a greater loſs what to do than I was at firſt. S'death, there is a fancy come into my head, I will go buy ſome Orvietan, and make her take ſome of it. Numbers of people have been recovered by it. Soho:

[He knocks at the operator's door.

SCENE VII.

SGANAREL, THE OPERATOR.

SGANAREL.

I Want a box of your Orvietan, Sir,

The Operator ſings.] The gold in all lands which the ſea doth ſurround,
Can ne'er pay the worth of my ſecret profound;
My remedy cures, by its excellence rare,
More maladies than you can count in a year.
The ſcab,
The itch,
The ſcurf,
The plague,
The fever,
The gout,
The pox,
The flux,
The meazles,
Of Orvietan ſuch is the excellence rare.

Sganarel. I dare ſay, Sir, that all the riches of the Indies is not ſufficient to pay for your medicine; but however, here is a half crown piece, which you may take if you chuſe.

The Operator ſings.] Admire then my bounty, who for poor thirty pence,
Such a marvellous treaſure do ſo freely diſpenſe,
With this you may brave, quite devoid of all fear,
All the ills which poor mortals are ſubject to here.
The ſcab,
The itch,
The ſcurf,
The plague,

The fever,
The gout,
The pox,
The flux,
The meazles,
Of Orvietan such is the excellence rare.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MESSIEURS FILLERIN, THOMES, AND FONANDRES.

MR. FILLERIN.

DO not you blush, gentlemen, for shewing so much imprudence at your time of life, and to quarrel like young hair-brained simpletons; Are you not sensible how much these disputes hurt our reputation in the world? And is it not enough that the learned see the contrarieties and dissensions which are between our authors and antient masters, without our discovering the knavery of our art to the people too, by our disputes and quarrels? For my part, I cannot in the least comprehend this mischievous policy of some of our brethren, and it must be confessed, that these contests have disparaged us lately in a strange manner; and that if we do not take care we shall ruin ourselves. I do not speak of this for my own interest, for, thank God, I have already established my small affairs. Let it blow, rain, or hail, I care not; those that are dead are dead, and I have wherewith to pass among the living; but yet physic is nothing the better by all these disputes. Since heaven has been so favourable to us for so ma-

ny ages, by letting the people continue infatuated with us, let us not undeceive them by our extravagant cabals, but take advantage of their folly as peaceably as we can. We are not the only people, you know, who endeavour to take advantage of mortal frailty; the ſtudy of the greateſt part of the world lies that way, and every one ſtrives to take men on their blind ſide to get ſome profit from it. Flatterers, for example, ſeem to profit from the love men have for praiſe, by giving them all the vain incenſe they can deſire; and it is an art by which we ſee people grow very rich. The alchymiſts endeavour to profit from the paſſion men have for riches, by promiſing mountains of gold to thoſe that will hearken to them; and the conjurers by their deceitful predictions take a profit of the vanity and ambition of credulous minds; but the greateſt weakneſs men have is the love they have for life; and we make a profit of that by our pompous jargon, and know how to take advantage of the veneration which the fear of death gives them for our trade. Let us preſerve ourſelves then in the degree of eſteem wherein their weakneſs has placed us, and let us agree before our patients to attribute to ourſelves the happy event of the diſtemper, and to throw every blunder we are guilty of upon nature: Let us not, I ſay, fooliſhly deſtroy the happy prepoſſeſſions of an error which gives bread to ſuch numbers of people, and by their money whom we have killed has raiſed us up, on all ſides, ſuch fine eſtates.

Mr. Thomes. What you ſay is very true, but theſe are heats of blood, which we are not maſters of.

Mr. Fillerin. Come then, gentlemen, lay aſide all animoſity, and let us bring you to a reconcilement here.

Mr. Fonandres. I agree to it. Let him but admit of my emitick for the patient which is now in hand, and I will admit of any thing he ſhall pleaſe for the firſt patient he ſhall be concerned with.

Mr. Fillerin. Nothing could be ſaid better; and this is being reaſonable.

Mr. Fonandres. It is done.

Mr. Fillerin. Shake hands then. Farewell. Be more prudent another time.

SCENE II.

MESSIEURS THOMES AND FONANDRES, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

ARE you there, gentlemen? And do not you think of repairing the injury which they have done to phyſic?

Mr. Thomes. How? What do you mean?

Lyſetta. There is an inſolent fellow, who has been ſo impudent as to incroach upon your trade, and kill a man, without your leave.

Mr. Thomes. Be not ſo merry, Lyſetta, nor make a jeſt of it, for fear you ſhould ſome day come under our care.

Lyſetta. When I am ſo unfortunate as to have recourſe to you, I will give you leave to kill me.

SCENE III.

CLITANDER in a phyſician's dreſs, LYSETTA.

CLITANDER.

DO not you think, Lyſetta, that this dreſs ſuits me very well? Do you think I ſhall be able to deceive the good man with this habit?

Lyſetta. There is not the leaſt fear but you will do very well, and I was very impatient for your coming. Heaven has made me of a nature the moſt humane in the world, and I cannot ſee two lovers ſigh for one another, without having a charitable tenderneſs, and an ardent deſire to relieve the ills they ſuffer. I am reſolved, coſt what it will, to deliver Lucinda from the tyranny ſhe is under, and put her in your power. You pleaſed me at firſt. I am ſkilful in men, and it was impoſſible for her to make a better choice. Love ventures upon extraordinary things, and we have concerted a kind of ſtratagem together, which may perhaps ſucceed for us. All our meaſures are already taken. He is not one of the craftieſt of men we have to deal with; and if this adventure fails us, we ſhall find a thouſand other ways to come at our end. Stop here a little, and I will come to you preſently.

[Clitander retires to the further part of the ſtage.

SCENE IV.

SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

JOY! Sir, joy!

Sganarel. What is the matter?

Lyſetta. Rejoice!

Sganarel. For what?

Lyſetta. Rejoice, I tell you.

Sganarel. Let me know for what, and then perhaps I may rejoice.

Lyſetta. No, I will have you rejoice before-hand, dance and ſing.

Sganarel. On what account?

Lyſetta. Upon my word.

Sganarel Come then. [Sings and dances.] Fa lal derol derol lol. What the duce!

Lyſetta. Sir, your daughter is cured.

Sganarel. My daughter is cured!

Lyſetta. Yes, I bring you a phyſician, and a celebrated one too, who has performed wonderful cures, and who deſpiſes other phyſicians.

Sganarel. Where is he?

Lyſetta. I will bring him in.

Sganarel alone.] I muſt ſee if this will do more than the others.

SCENE V.

CLITANDER in a phyſician's dreſs, SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

HERE he is.

Sganarel. This phyſician is very young, I think, his beard not being very long.

Lyſetta. Knowledge is not meaſured by the beard; his ſkill does not lie in his chin.

Sganarel. Sir, I am told you have wonderful recipes to make people go to ſtool.

Clitander. Sir, my remedies are different from thoſe of others; they have emetics, bleedings, purges, clyſters; but I cure by words, ſounds, letters, taliſmans, and conſtellated rings.

Lyſetta. Did not I tell you?

Sganarel. A great man this!

Lyſetta. Sir, as your daughter is ready dreſſed, I will bring her to you.

Sganarel. Do ſo.

Clitander feeling Sganarel's pulſe.] Your daughter is very bad.

Sganarel. Can you tell that here?

Clitander. Yes, by the ſympathy there is between father and daughter.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, LUCINDA, CLITANDER, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA to Clitander.

SIR, here is a chair near her. [To Sganarel.] Come, let us withdraw, and leave them by themselves.

Sganarel. Why so? I will stay here.

Lysetta. You jest sure! we must leave them; a physician has several questions to ask, which it is not decent for a man to hear.

[Sganarel and Lysetta retire.

Clitander aside to Lucinda.] Ah! madam, how great is my pleasure! and how little do I know in what manner to begin my discourse to you! Whilst I spoke to you only by my eyes, I thought I had a hundred things to say; and now I have the liberty to speak to you as I desired, I am silent, and my excess of joy stifles my words.

Lucinda. I may say the same, and, like you, I feel movements of joy which prevent me from speaking to you.

Clitander. Ah! madam, how happy should I be if you really felt all I feel, and if I were permitted to judge of your heart by my own! But, madam, may I believe that it is to you I owe the thought of this happy stratagem, which gives me the pleasure of talking to you?

Lucinda. If you do not owe the thought of it to me, you are at least obliged to me for having gladly approved the proposition.

Sganarel to Lysetta.] He talks very close to her.

Lyſetta to Sganarel.] He is obſerving her phyſiognomy, and the traces of her features.

Clitander to Lucinda.] Will you be conſtant, madam, in theſe favours you ſhew me?

Lucinda. Will you be firm in the reſolutions you have ſhewn me?

Clitander. Until death, madam. It is the height of my ambition to be bleſſed with you, and what I am going to do ſhall fully teſtify it.

Sganarel to Clitander.] Well, how does my daughter? She looks a little briſker.

Clitander. It is becauſe I have already tried upon her one of the remedies my art teaches me. As the body is very much influenced by the mind, and that being frequently the cauſe of diſeaſes, my cuſtom is firſt to cure the mind, before I come to the body. Therefore I obſerved her looks, her features, and the lines of her hands; and, by my knowledge, I find that her mind is the part ſhe is ſick in; and that all her diſeaſe proceeds only from an irregular imagination, from a depraved deſire of being married. For my part, I think nothing more extravagant and fooliſh than that deſire people have for matrimony.

Sganarel aſide.] A ſkilful man this!

Clitander. And I have, and always ſhall have a great averſion for it.

Sganarel aſide.] A great phyſician!

Clitander. But as it is neceſſary to flatter the imaginations of our patients, and ſeeing an alienation of mind in her, and even that it would prove dangerous without ſpeedy aſſiſtance, I took her on her blind ſide, and told her that I was come to demand her of you in marriage; ſuddenly her countenance altered, her complexion cleared up, her eyes ſpark-

led, and if you would but hold her in this error for ſome days you will ſee ſhe will be entirely recovered.

Sganarel. Ay, I will do it with all my heart.

Clitander. Afterwards we will uſe other remedies to cure her wholly of this fancy.

Sganarel. Ay, that will do very well. Well, daughter, this gentleman has a mind to marry you, and I have told him that I give my conſent.

Lucinda. Alas! is it poſſible?

Sganarel. Yes.

Lucinda. But really?

Sganarel. Yes, yes.

Lucinda to Clitander.] What, have you a deſire to be my huſband?

Clitander. Yes, madam.

Lucinda. And does my father agree to it?

Sganarel. Yes, daughter.

Lucinda. O how happy ſhall I be if this be true!

Clitander. Do not doubt it, madam; it is not to-day that I began to love you, and burn to be your huſband; I came hither for that alone; and if you would have me tell you the thing juſt as it is, this habit is but a mere pretence, and I acted the phyſician only to get to you with the greater facility.

Lucinda. That is giving me marks of a very tender love; I am as ſenſible of it as I ought to be.

Sganarel. O poor ſilly girl! ſilly girl! ſilly girl!

Lucinda. Then, Sir, do you grant that this gentleman ſhall be my huſband?

Sganarel. Yes; come, give me your hand; give me yours too a little.

Clitander. But, Sir,—— [Holding back.

Sganarel. No, no, it is only to—[ſtifling his

laugh.] to make her easy. Come, take hands. There, it is done.

Clitander. As a warrant of my fidelity, accept of this ring. [Low to Sganarel.] It is a constellated ring, and is an excellent remedy for distractions of the mind.

Lucinda. Let the contract be made then, that nothing may be wanting.

Clitander. Lack-a-day! with all my heart, madam. [Low to Sganarel.] I will call up the man that writes down my prescriptions, and make her believe it is a notary.

Sganarel. Very well.

Clitander. Soho! Call up the notary that came with me.

Lucinda. What! did you bring a notary?

Clitander. Yes, madam.

Lucinda. I am glad on it.

Sganarel. O poor silly girl! silly girl!

SCENE VII.

THE NOTARY, CLITANDER, SGANAREL, LUCINDA, LYSETTA.

[CLITANDER whispers the Notary.]

SGANAREL to the Notary.

YES, Sir, you are to draw a contract for those two persons. Write. [To Lucinda.] He is making the contract, girl. [To the Notary.] I give her twenty thousand crowns as a portion. Write.

Lucinda. Father, I return you many thanks.

Notary. It is done, you have nothing to do but to sign.

Sganarel. Here is a contract ſoon drawn.

Clitander to Sganarel] But, however, Sir,——

Sganarel. Hey, no, no. Do not I know? [To the Notary.] Come, give him the pen to ſign. [To Lucinda.] Come, ſign, ſign, ſign. Well, I will ſign myſelf by-and-by.

Lucinda. No, no; I will have the contract in my own poſſeſſion.

Sganarel. Well, take it. [After ſigning it.] Are you now content?

Lucinda. Better than you think.

Sganarel. That is well, that is well.

Clitander. I have not only had the precaution to bring a notary, but I have brought ſeveral ſingers, muſicians and dancers, to celebrate the feaſt, and make merry. Order them to come in. I daily make uſe of theſe people, who by their dancing and harmony pacify the diſturbances of the mind.

SCENE VIII.

SGANAREL, LUCINDA, CLITANDER, LYSETTA.

COMEDY, MUSIC, DANCING, the SPORTS, the SMILES, and the PLEASURES.

COMEDY, DANCING, and MUSIC together.

ALL humankind, without us three,
Would ſoon become diſeaſed;
Their chief phyſician ſure are we
By whom their ills are eas'd.

COMEDY.

If you by pleaſant means would aim
To cure the vapour'd head,
Leave your Hippocrates, for ſhame,
And come to us for aid.

ALL THREE.

All humankind, without us three,
Would ſoon become diſeas'd;
Their chief phyſicians ſure are we
By whom their ills are eas'd.

[Clitander carries off Lucinda, whilſt the Sports, the Smiles, and the Pleaſures are dancing.

SCENE THE LAST.

SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

COMEDY, MUSIC, DANCING, the SPORTS, the SMILES, and the PLEASURES.

SGANAREL.

THERE cannot be a more agreeable manner than this for curing people. What is become of the phyſician and my daughter?

Lyſetta. They are gone to celebrate the wedding.

Sganarel. What wedding?

Lyſetta. You are cleverly bit, Sir; what you imagined to be jeſt is turned to earneſt.

Sganarel endeavours to go after Clitander and Lucinda, but the dancers hold him.] What the duce! Let me go, let me go, I ſay. Again? [Endeavouring to force him to dance.] Duce take you all for a parcel of rogues!

THE END.

THE

IMPOSTOR.

A

COMEDY.

TARTUFFE, *or the* IMPOSTOR, *a Comedy of Five Acts, acted at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, Auguſt 5th, 1667.*

THE three firſt acts of the TARTUFFE were performed at the feaſt of Verſailles the 12th of May, 1664, before the king and the queens. This comedy was afterwards prohibited by the king to be acted until it was finiſhed and examined by perſons capable of making a juſt diſcernment of it, adding, That he had nothing to ſay to this comedy. The hypocrites took an advantage of this, in order to inceſe Paris and the court both againſt the piece and author; whereupon Moliere was hated not only by the Tartuffes, but alſo by the Orgons, thoſe weak kind of people, who are ſo eaſy to be ſeduced; whilſt others that were truly religious were likewiſe alarmed, although the piece was ſcarce known to the one or the other of them. It was affirmed by a certain prieſt, in a book which he preſented to the king, that the author deſerved to be burned, and damned him by his own authority. In ſhort, Moliere ſneered every thing of the moſt dangerous kind that could flow from revenge and ignorant zeal. The biſhops and the pope's legate, after having heard this work read, judged more favourably of it; and the king gave Moliere a verbal permiſſion for the playing of it. He ſoftened ſeveral things in it, which it was evident they required of him, and brought it out under the title of the IMPOSTOR; diſguiſing that character, by dreſſing him like a fine gentleman, and giving him a

little hat, long hair, great cravat, a ſword, and clothes richly trimmed; in which form he thought he might venture Tartuffe abroad on the 5th of Auguſt, 1667. But the order which was ſent him the next day to ſuſpend the acting of it made him leſs ſenſible of the applauſe it had met with. It was not till 1669 that the king gave him an authentic permiſſion to bring that comedy upon the ſtage, it being the 5th day of February in that year that it made its appearance again at Paris, when as ſoon as it was well known the truly religious were undeceived, the hypocrites confounded, and the poet juſtified. People found in the character and diſcourſe of the virtuous Cleanthes, weapons to oppoſe the falſe and ſpecious reaſonings of hypocriſy.

It is not only for the ſingularity and boldneſs of the ſubject, or for the ſkill with which it is treated, that this piece merits applauſe: the firſt ſcene is as happy as new, as full of ſimplicity as of life. Inſtead of thoſe mutual confidences which are ſo commonly made uſe of in this place, an old grand-mother, offended at what ſhe had ſeen amiſs in her granddaughter, is brought on giving a ſevere lecture to thoſe who belonged to the houſe, in which ſhe draws the characters of them all; for we diſtinguiſh the truth even through the language of prejudice: from this moment every thing is in motion, and the theatrical action gradually increaſes to the end: The fine railing of Dorina in the ſcene between her and her maſter, gives us a plain idea of Orgon, and prepares us to know Tartuffe in the picture of the hypocrite, which Cleanthes oppoſes to that of the truly devout. Tartuffe, who is only talked of in the two firſt acts, makes his appearance in the third, when the plot being then more animated, receives equal vivacity

from the new ſchemes which they employed againſt this villain, and from the addreſs with which he turned every thing which was attempted againſt him to his own advantage. The infatuation of Orgon, which increaſed in proportion to the meaſures which were taken to cure it, gave occaſion to that ſingular and admirable ſcene of the fourth act, which the neceſſity of unmaſking a vice ſo abominable as hypocriſy, rendered indiſpenſible. The panegyrick of Lewis XIV. put in the mouth of the exempt at the concluſion of the piece, could not juſtify the fault of the unravelling in the eyes of the critics.

ACTORS.

Madam PERNELLE, mother to Orgon.
ORGON, husband to Elmira.
ELMIRA.
DAMIS, son to Orgon.
MARIANA, daughter to Orgon.
VALERE, in love with Mariana.
CLEANTHES, brother-in-law to Orgon.
TARTUFFE, a hypocrite.
DORINA, waiting-maid to Mariana.
Mr. LOYAL, a sergeant.
An EXEMPT.
FLIPOTE, madam Pernelle's maid.

SCENE, PARIS, in Orgon's house.

THE IMPOSTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MADAM PERNELLE, ELMIRA, MARIANA, DAMIS, CLEANTHES, DORINA, FLIPOTE.

MADAM PERNELLE.

FLIPOTE, come, let us go, that I may be free of them.

Elmira. I can ſcarce hold up with you, you walk ſo faſt.

Madam Pernelle. Come no farther, daughter, there is no occaſion for that ceremony.

Elmira. It is only our duty; but, dear mother, what makes you leave us ſo ſoon?

Madam Pernelle. Becauſe your houſe is quite a Dover-court; every body talk aloud, and ſhew no reſpect to any thing. I cannot bear to ſee ſuch management; no body endeavours to pleaſe me, my inſtructions are neglected, and I leave your houſe very ill edified.

Dorina. If——

Madam Pernelle. Sweet-heart, you are a ſaucy

noisy Abigail, and always too ready with your advice.

Damis. But——

Madam Pernelle. Indeed, child, though I am your grand-mother, I must tell you that you are a fool, and I have a hundred times told your father, my son, that you would turn out a compleat rake, and plague him heartily.

Mariana. I imagine——

Madam Pernelle. You are his sister, but you behave like a prude; you carry on a trade which I dislike, under all your airs, though you look as if butter would not melt in your mouth; but there is a saying, That still waters are deepest.

Elmira. But, mother——

Madam Pernelle. Give me leave to tell you, daughter, I cannot approve of your conduct in any thing: you should set a good example; they were more prudently managed by their late mother. You have no œconomy, and what is very disagreeable to me, you dress like a princess. A woman has no need of such finery who studies to please her husband only.

Cleanthes. But, madam, after all——

Madam Pernelle. You are her brother, Sir, and a person for whom I have a very great esteem; I love and respect you much, but were I in her husband, my son's place, I would beg the favour of you to stay from the house. You are always prescribing rules, which should not be followed by good people. I am very free with you, but it is my temper never to let any thing stick in my stomach.

Damis. Undoubtedly Mr. Tartuffe is a blessed soul.

Madam Pernelle. He should be attended to, for

he is a good man; I have not patience to hear such a fool as you cavil at him.

Damis. Do you imagine that I will ſuffer a cenſorious bigot to uſurp an authority in the family? and muſt we have no entertainment, but what this good gentleman approves of?

Dorina. Were we to liſten to him, and give into his ways, every thing we did would be looked upon as criminal; for that critical zealot is a check upon every thing.

Madam Pernelle. He manages every thing well; he would willingly ſhew you the way to heaven; and he ſhould be reſpected by you all.

Damis. No, madam, my father, nor no body will ever prevail upon me to reſpect him. If I ſaid otherwiſe, I ſhould belie my own heart: his ways are odious to me, and I ſee plainly he and I will differ ſome time.

Dorina. It is ſhameful to ſee an upſtart take theſe liberties to contradict every thing, and aſſume maſter; a fellow that had not a pair of ſhoes to put on, nor were all his cloaths worth ſixpence when he came here.

Madam Pernelle. Bleſs me! every thing would ſucceed if his pious directions were followed.

Dorina. He paſſes for a ſaint in your imagination; but believe me he is quite a hypocrite.

Madam Pernelle. Scandalous!

Dorina. I would have no more dependance upon him than upon his man Laurence.

Madam Pernelle. I do not pretend to know what the ſervant is, but I can anſwer for the maſter being a good man; becauſe he tells you the plain truth, you deſpiſe him, and wiſh him ill He cannot bear ſin, the intereſt of heaven being his only care.

Dorina. A civil viſit cannot offend heaven. Why

ſhould he diſlike that we ſhould have company, and make ſuch a horrid noiſe about it? To give you my opinion freely as a friend, [pointing to Elmira.] I ſuſpect he is jealous of my lady.

Madam Pernelle. Huſh; mind what you ſay. Other people beſides him diſapprove of theſe viſits; the whole neighbourhood is diſturbed by the noiſe of the coaches conſtantly planted at your gate, and the noiſy company of footmen, and buſtle of theſe people you keep company with. I hope there is no harm done, but it is not right to give people reaſon to talk on theſe occaſions.

Cleanthes. Really, madam, there is no preventing people from talking. Let us endeavour to be innocent, and leave goſſips to ſay what they will, there is no guarding againſt ſlander. It would be very hard to give up one's beſt friends on account of any fooliſh ſtories that people raiſe; and if we were to do ſo, that would not ſtop people's mouths.

Dorina. Perhaps our neighbour Daphne, and her little ſpouſe, are the people who ſcandalize us. They who are conſcious of their own conduct being ridiculous, are the moſt ready to ſlander other people; they will take hold of the moſt trifling appearances, to ſpread ill news with joy, and give things the turn they wiſh, for they hope to juſtify their actions to the world by colouring other people's like them, and endeavour to give their intrigues an air of innocence, or ſhift the blame elſewhere, which they find falls heavy upon themſelves at laſt.

Madam Pernelle. Your arguments are all to no purpoſe; it is well known Orante's care is all for heaven. She leads an exemplary life, and does not approve of the company you keep!

Dorina. A very pretty example truly! She is a

very good lady, and if it is true, lives ſtrictly; but it is age that occaſions this fervent zeal: we are ſenſible ſhe is a prude in her own defence. While it was in her power to make conqueſts, ſhe denied herſelf no advantage; but as ſoon as ſhe perceived the luſtre of her eyes abate, and the world ready to leave her, ſhe would renounce it, and conceal the decay of her ſpent charms under the ſuperficial maſk of prudence. That is the laſt ſhift of an antiquated coquette. It is mortifying to them to ſee their galants deſert them; and when forſaken thus, prudery is the only relief their gloomy diſquiet can find; and then theſe ſevere good ladies forgive none, but blame all, out of envy rather than charity; they exclaim againſt other people's way of living, as they cannot bear that another perſon ſhould taſte the pleaſures they have no longer any reliſh for.

Madam Pernelle to Elmira.] People tell you theſe idle ſtories to pleaſe your daughter. One cannot get in a ſyllable at your houſe, for her ladyſhip ingroſſes the whole converſation: but I will be heard in my turn, I aſſure you. My ſon never did a more prudent thing, than when he got this pious man into his family; he was ſent here by heaven at a needful time, to reclaim your ſtrayed minds. It will be for your intereſt to hearken to his advice, and he only reproves juſtly. Theſe balls, aſſemblies, and viſits are wicked inventions, not one good word to be heard in them, but trifling nonſenſe and ſcandal. Really ſuch meetings turn the heads of rational people; they ſtart a hundred different fancies about nothing, and it was very ſmartly ſaid lately by a good doctor, It is a perfect tower of Babel, for every one talks out of reaſon. The occaſion of its being brought in was this. [pointing to Cleanthes.] What, is that

ſpark laughing already? Go find your fool to make a jeſt of, and expect——— [To Elmira.] Farewell, daughter, I ſhall ſay no more, but be aſſured my regard for your houſe is not ſo great as it was by half; it ſhall be fine weather ere I viſit you again. [Giving Flipote a box on the ear.] Come along, you are dreaming and gaping at the crows; believe me, I will warm your ears for you. Let us walk, ſlut, let us walk.

SCENE II.

CLEANTHES, DORINA.

CLEANTHES.

I WILL not go, for fear ſhe ſhould fall foul of me again. That this good old lady——

Dorina. I wiſh ſhe heard you ſay ſo, ſhe would let you ſee how ſhe liked you; ſhe does not think herſelf ſo old as to be called ſo yet.

Cleanthes. How fond ſhe is of her Tartuffe! ſhe has been in ſuch a paſſion about nothing!

Dorina. Oh! but this is all trifling, in compariſon to the infatuation of her ſon, and you would think him much worſe if you ſaw him in our public troubles. He got great credit by his behaviour; he was eſteemed as a man of ſenſe, and of bravery for his prince; but ſince he grew fond of Tartuffe, he is grown quite beſotted, he calls him his brother, and in his heart loves him more ſincerely than either wife, mother, ſon or daughter. He makes him his confident, he is intruſted with his ſecrets, and directs all his actions; he embraces and careſſes him, and, in ſhort, has more affection for him than he would for a miſtreſs. He ſets him at the upper-end

of the table, and is pleaſed to ſee him eat more than half a dozen people. He helps him to all the nice pieces, and if he belches, ſays, G—d bleſs him! In ſhort, his whole happineſs is in him; he admires every action as a miracle, and every word as an oracle; he is his hero, his all; and the fellow knowing his weak ſide, and determined to take his advantage of it, plays a thouſand tricks to impoſe upon his judgment, and by bigotry gets his money from him. Truly he now pretends to take the whole family to taſk; the aukward puppy his foot-boy pretends to lecture us with his wild notions, and to deſtroy our paint, patches and ribbons. A few days ſince the fool found a fine handkerchief lying in the Pilgrim's-Progreſs, and ſaid, it was horrid profanation to mix helliſh ornaments with ſanctified things, and ſo tore the handkerchief.

SCENE III.

ELMIRA, MARIANA, DAMIS, CLEANTHES, DORINA.

ELMIRA to Cleanthes.

YOU were very lucky in not coming time enough for the harangue ſhe gave us at the gate; I ſaw my huſband, but as he did not ſee me, I will go up and wait his arrival.

Cleanthes. By way of a little diverſion, I will wait for him here, only to bid him good-morrow.

SCENE IV.

CLEANTHES, DAMIS, DORINA.

DAMIS.

GIVE him a hint of my ſiſter's marriage: I ſuſpect Tartuffe is againſt it, and that he perſuades my father to put it off; you are ſenſible how nearly it affects me. If my friend Valere and my ſiſter regard each other ſincerely, you are ſenſible his ſiſter is as dear to me, and if it muſt——

Dorina. Here he is.

SCENE V.

ORGON, CLEANTHES, DORINA.

ORGON.

GOOD-morrow, brother.

Cleanthes. I am glad you are returned, I was juſt going. The country is not agreeable at preſent.

Orgon. Dorina. [To Cleanthes.] I beg you will ſtay, brother; you will juſt give me an opportunity of enquiring the news of the family; I cannot be eaſy without this. [To Dorina.] What has paſſed here ſince I went away? How are they all?

Dorina. The day before yeſterday my lady was very much out of order with a violent headach.

Orgon. And how does Tartuffe?

Dorina. Tartuffe is very well, fat and fair.

Orgon. Poor fellow!

Dorina. She had no appetite at night; the pain

in her head continued so ill she could not eat a bit of supper.

Orgon. And Tartuffe?

Dorina. He supped by himself before her, upon a brace of partridges and hashed mutton.

Orgon. Poor man!

Dorina. We were obliged to sit up all night with her, she was so hot; she could not sleep the whole night.

Orgon. And Tartuffe?

Dorina. He went from supper to his chamber, and slept till morning comfortably in a warm bed.

Orgon. The poor man!

Dorina. We prevailed on my lady at last to be let blood, which made her much better.

Orgon. And Tartuffe?

Dorina. He took courage as he should do, and fortifying his mind against all evils, he drank four hearty draughts of wine at breakfast, to make amends for the blood my lady lost.

Orgon. The poor creature!

Dorina. They are both pretty well now; I will go before and acquaint my lady what pleasure her recovery gives you.

SCENE VI.

ORGON, CLEANTHES.

CLEANTHES.

BROTHER, she makes a jest of you to your face, without any intention of making you angry, and I must tell you plainly, it is not without reason. Did ever any body hear of such a whim? Is it possible that at this time of day a man can be so

bewitching as to make you neglect every thing for him? that after having relieved his indigence in your own houſe, you ſhould be ready to—

Orgon. Hold, brother, you are not acquainted with the perſon you ſpeak of.

Cleanthes. Well, as you will have it ſo, I am not acquainted with him, but then in order to know what ſort of a man he is——

Orgon. Indeed, brother, you would be quite in raptures if you were acquainted with him. He is a man—that—ah!—a man—a man, in ſhort, a man; who practiſes as he directs, enjoys a profound peace, and regards the whole world no more than ſo much dung. Ay, I am quite another man by his converſation. He teaches me to ſet my heart upon nothing; he diſengages my mind from friendſhips or relations; and I could ſee my brother, children, mother, wife, all expire, and not regard it more than this.

Cleanthes. Humane ſentiments, brother, I muſt confeſs!

Orgon. Ah! had you but ſeen him as I firſt met with him, you would have been as much in love with him as I am. He came every day to church with a compoſed mien, and kneeled down juſt againſt me. He attracted the eyes of the whole congregation by the fervency with which he ſent up his prayers to heaven. He ſighed and groaned very heavily, and every moment humbly kiſſed the earth: and when he was going out, he would advance before and offer me holy water at the door. Underſtanding by his boy, (who copied him in every thing) his low condition, and who he was, I made him preſents; but he always modeſtly would offer to return me part. It is too much, he would ſay, too much by half. I am not worthy of your compaſſion. And

when I refuſed to take it again, he would go and give it among the poor before my face. At length heaven moved me to take him home, ſince which every thing here ſeems to proſper. I ſee he reproves without diſtinction; and that even with regard to my wife, he is very cautious of my honour: he acquaints me who ogles her, and is ſix times more jealous of her than I am. But you can hardly imagine how very good he is: he calls every trifle in himſelf a ſin; he is ſcandalized at the ſmalleſt thing imaginable, ſo far, that the other day he told me he had caught a flea, as he was at his devotions, and had killed it, he doubted, in rather too much anger.

Cleanthes. S'death! brother, you are certainly mad; you muſt be mad; or do you intend to banter me by ſuch ſtuff? What is it you mean? All this fooling—

Orgon. Brother, what you ſay ſavours of libertiniſm; you are a little tainted with it; and as I have often told you, you will draw down ſome heavy judgment on your head one day or other.

Cleanthes. This is the uſual ſtrain of ſuch as you. They would have every body as blind as themſelves: to be clear-ſighted is libertiniſm, and ſuch as do not dote upon empty grimaces, have neither faith nor reſpect to ſacred things. Come, come, all this diſcourſe of yours terrifies not me; I know what I ſay, and heaven ſees my heart. We are not to be ſlaves to your men of form. There are pretenders to devotion as well as to courage. And as we never find the truly brave to be ſuch as make much noiſe whereſoever they are led by honour, ſo the good and truly pious, who are worthy of our imitation, are never thoſe that deal much in grimace. Pray, would you make no diſtinction between hypocriſy and true de-

votion? Would you term them both alike, and pay the same regard to the mask as you do to the face? Would you put artifice on the level with sincerity, and confound appearance with reality? Is the shadow of the same esteem with you as the figure? and is bad money of the same value as good? Men generally are odd creatures: they never keep up to true nature. The bounds of reason are too narrow for them. In every character they over-act their parts, and the noblest designs frequently differ in their hands, because they will be running things into extremes, and always carry things too far. This, brother, by the by.

Orgon. Yes, yes; you are undoubtedly a very reverend doctor; all earthly knowledge lies under your cap. You are the only wise and discerning man, the oracle, the Cato of the present age; all men are blockheads, in comparison of you.

Cleanthes. No, brother, I do not reckon myself one of your reverend sages, nor is the whole knowledge of the universe vested in me; but I must tell you, I have understanding enough to distinguish truth from falshood: and as I see no character in life more great or valuable than to be truly devout, nor any thing more noble, or more beautiful, than the fervour of a sincere piety; so I think nothing more detestable than the outside daubing of a pretended zeal; than those mountebanks, those devotees in shew, whose sacrilegious and treacherous grimace deceives with impunity, and according as they please, make a jest of what is most venerable and sacred among mankind. Those slaves of interest, who make a trade of godliness, and who would purchase honours and reputation with an hypocritical turning up of the eyes, and affected transports. Those people, I say, who

ſhew a ſurprizing zeal for the next world, in order to make their fortunes in this, who with great affectation and earneſtneſs, daily recommend ſolitude, while they live in the hurry and buſtle of a metropolis: men who know how to make their own vices conſiſtent with their zeal; they are paſſionate, revengeful, faithleſs, full of deceit; and to effect a man's deſtruction, they inſolently urge their private reſentment as the cauſe of heaven; being ſo much the more dangerous in their anger, as they point againſt us thoſe weapons which men reverence, and becauſe their paſſions prompt them to murder us with a conſecrated blade. There are too many of this vile character; but the ſincerely devout are eaſily known; the preſent age, brother, affords us ſome of theſe, who might ſerve for noble examples to us. Obſerve Ariſto, Periander, Orontes, Alcidamas, Polidore, Clitander; every one gives them that title. Theſe are not braggadocioes in virtue. We ſee none of this inſufferable haughtineſs in their conduct; and their devotion is humane and gentle. They cenſure not every thing we do, they think there is too much pride in theſe corrections, and leaving the fierceneſs of words to others, reprove our actions by their own. They never build upon the appearance of a fault, and are ever ready to judge favourably of others. They have no cabals, no intrigues to carry on; their principal aim is to live themſelves as they ſhould do. They are never angry with a poor ſinner; their quarrel is only with the offence. Nor do they ever exert a keener zeal for the intereſt of heaven, than heaven itſelf does. Theſe are the men I eſteem; this is the true practice, and this the example fit to be followed. Your man is indeed quite oppoſite to this: you cry up his zeal out of a good intention, but

I believe you are impoſed on by a very deceitful gloſs.

Orgon. Have you any more to ſay, my dear brother?

Cleanthes. No.

Orgon going.] Then I am your humble ſervant.

Cleanthes. Pray one word more, brother; let us leave this diſcourſe. You know you promiſed to take Valere for your ſon-in-law.

Orgon. Yes.

Cleanthes. And have appointed a day for this agreeable wedding.

Orgon. True.

Cleanthes. Why then do you delay the ſolemnity?

Orgon. I cannot tell.

Cleanthes. Have you ſome other deſign in your head?

Orgon. Perhaps ſo.

Cleanthes. Will you break your word then?

Orgon. I do not ſay that.

Cleanthes. I think there is no obſtacle can hinder you from performing your promiſe.

Orgon. That is as it happens.

Cleanthes. Does the ſpeaking of a ſingle word require ſo much circumſpection then? Valere ſends me to you about it.

Orgon. Heaven be praiſed!

Cleanthes. What anſwer ſhall I return him?

Orgon. What you pleaſe.

Cleanthes. But it is neceſſary I ſhould know your intentions; pray what are they?

Orgon. To act according to the will of heaven.

Cleanthes. But to the point pray. Valere has your promiſe, do you ſtand to it, yes or no?

Orgon. Farewell.

Cleanthes alone.] I am afraid he will be unhappy in his love. I ſhould let him know how things go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ORGON, MARIANA.

ORGON.

MARIANA!

Mariana. Sir.

Orgon. Come hither; I have ſomething to tell you privately.

Mariana to Orgon, who is looking into a cloſet.] What are you looking for, Sir?

Orgon. I am looking if any body is concealed there who might overhear us: this little place is very proper for ſuch a purpoſe. So, we are all ſafe; I have always, Mariana, found you very good-natured, and have always loved you tenderly.

Mariana. I am very much obliged to you, Sir, for your fatherly affection.

Orgon. It is very well ſaid, daughter, and to deſerve it, you ſhould ſtudy nothing ſo much as to make me eaſy.

Mariana. That is the height of my ambition.

Orgon. Very well. Then what ſay you of Tartuffe, our gueſt?

Mariana. Who, I?

Orgon. Yes, you; pray be careful how you anſwer.

Mariana. Alas! Sir, I will ſay what you pleaſe of him.

SCENE II.

ORGON, MARIANA, DORINA entering ſoftly, and ſtanding behind Orgon without being ſeen.

ORGON.

YOU ſpeak like a woman of ſenſe. Tell me then, my girl, that he is a very deſerving perſon; that you love him, and that it would be agreeable if, with my conſent, you might have him for a huſband; ha!

Mariana. How, Sir?

Orgon. What is the matter?

Mariana. What did you ſay?

Orgon. What?

Mariana. Did I miſtake you?

Orgon. As how?

Mariana. Whom would you have me ſay I love, Sir, and ſhould be glad with your conſent to have for a huſband?

Orgon. Tartuffe.

Mariana. I declare to you, Sir, there is nothing in it. Why would you make me tell you ſuch a ſtory?

Orgon. But I would have it to be no ſtory; and it is enough that I have made choice of him for you.

Mariana. What, would you, Sir——

Orgon. Yes, daughter, I propoſe by your marriage to join Tartuffe to my family. My reſolution is fixed, and as I have a right to····· [Obſerving Dorina.] What buſineſs have you here? Your curioſi-

ty is very great, I think, to bring you to liſten in this manner.

Dorina. Indeed, Sir, I know not whether this report proceeds from conjecture or chance; but they have been telling me the news of this match, and I have been making a very great jeſt of it.

Orgon. Why, is the thing ſo incredible?

Dorina. So incredible, that were you to tell me ſo yourſelf, I ſhould not believe you.

Orgon. I know how to make you believe it, though.

Dorina. Ay, ay, Sir, you tell us a comical ſtory.

Orgon. I tell you juſt what will very ſoon happen.

Dorina. Stuff!

Orgon. Daughter, I promiſe you I am not in jeſt.

Dorina. Go, go; do not believe your father, madam, he does but joke.

Orgon. I tell you—

Dorina. No, it is to no purpoſe, no-body will believe you.

Orgon. My anger at length—

Dorina. Well, Sir, we will believe you; and ſo much the worſe on your ſide. What, Sir, is it poſſible that with that air of wiſdom, and that large beard, you ſhould be weak enough but to wiſh—

Orgon. You have taken certain liberties of late, child, which very much diſpleaſe me.

Dorina. Good Sir, let us argue this affair quietly. You really muſt banter people by this ſcheme. Your daughter is not cut out for a bigot; he has other things to think on: and then what benefit will ſuch an alliance be to you? For what reaſon would you go, with all your wealth, to join your daughter to a beggar, who—

Orgon. Hold your peace! If he has nothing,

know that we ought to eſteem him for it. His poverty is an honeſt poverty, which exalts him above all grandeur, becauſe he has ſuffered himſelf, in ſhort, to be deprived of his fortune by his negligence for earthly affairs, and his ſtrong attachment to heavenly ones. But my aſſiſtance may put him in a way of getting out of trouble, and of recovering his own. As poor as he is, he is a gentleman, and the eſtate he was born to is very conſiderable.

Dorina. Yes, he ſays ſo; and this vanity, Sir, is very unſuitable to his piety. He that embraces the ſimplicity of a holy life, ſhould not ſet forth his name and family ſo much. The humble procedure of devotion agrees but badly with the glare of ambition. To what purpoſe all this pride?—But you are offended at this diſcourſe: then let us lay aſide his quality, and ſpeak to his perſon. Can you have the heart to beſtow ſuch a girl as this upon ſuch a man as he? Should you not conſult propriety, and look a little forward to the conſequences of ſuch a marriage as this? Depend upon it, a young woman's virtue is not very ſafe when ſhe is married contrary to her inclination; that her living virtuouſly afterwards depends, in a great meaſure, upon the good qualities of her huſband; and that thoſe whom people every where point at with the finger to the fore-head, frequently make their wives what we find they are. It is no eaſy taſk to be faithful to ſome ſorts of huſbands; and he that gives his daughter a man ſhe hates, is anſwerable to heaven for the ſlips ſhe makes. Conſider then to what danger you are expoſed by this deſign.

Orgon. I tell you, ſhe is to learn from me what to do.

Dorina. You could not do better with her than to follow my advice.

Orgon. Do not let us amuſe ourſelves, daughter, with this fooliſh ſtuff. I am your father, and know what you muſt do. I had indeed promiſed you to Valere, but, beſides that it is reported he is fond of gaming, I ſuſpect him of being a little profligate: I do not obſerve that he goes often to church.

Dorina. Would you have him run to church at your preciſe hours, as people do who go there only to be taken notice of?

Orgon. I am not conſulting you about it. The other, in ſhort, is beloved by heaven, and that is beyond any other poſſeſſions. This union will crown your wiſhes with every ſort of good; it will be one continued ſcene of pleaſure and delight. You will live in faithful love together, really like two children, like two turtle-doves: no unhappy debate will ever riſe between you; and you will make any thing of him you pleaſe.

Dorina. She? She will never make any thing but a fool of him, I aſſure you.

Orgon. Hey! what language!

Dorina. I ſay, he has the look of a fool; and his aſcendant will overbear all your daughter's virtues.

Orgon. Have done with your interruptions: learn to hold your peace, and do not meddle in affairs you have nothing to do with.

Dorina. Nay, Sir, I only ſpeak for your good.

Orgon. You are too officious: pray hold your tongue, if you pleaſe.

Dorina. If one had not a love for you—

Orgon. I deſire none of your love.

Dorina. But I will love you, Sir, whether you will or not.

Orgon. Ha!

Dorina. I have your reputation much at heart, and cannot bear to have you ridiculed by every goſſip.

Orgon. Then you will not have done?

Dorina. It would be a ſin to let you make ſuch an alliance as this.

Orgon. Will you hold your tongue, you ſerpent, whoſe impudence—

Dorina. Oh! what a devotee, and fly into ſuch a rage!

Orgon. Yes; your impudence vexes me; and I am reſolved you ſhall hold your tongue.

Dorina. Be it ſo. But though I do not ſpeak a word, I do not think the leſs.

Orgon. Think as much as you pleaſe; but take care not to ſay a ſyllable to me about it, or——Enough—[To his daughter] I have deliberately weighed all things as a wiſe man ſhould.

Dorina aſide.] It makes me mad that I muſt not ſpeak now!

Orgon. Tartuffe, without foppery, is a perſon ſo formed—

Dorina aſide.] Yes, he is very handſome indeed!

Orgon. That ſhould you have no great reliſh for his other qualifications----

Dorina aſide.] She will make an excellent bargain, truly! [Orgon turns about to Dorina, and eyes her with his arms a-kimbo.] Were I in her place though, no man alive ſhould marry me againſt my will, with impunity. I would let him ſee, ſoon after the ceremony was over, that a wife never wants a ſuitable revenge.

Orgon to Dorina.] Then what I ſay ſtands for nothing with you.

Dorina. What do you complain of? I do not ſpeak to you.

Orgon. What is it you do then?

Dorina. I talk to myſelf.

Orgon aſide.] Very well! I muſt give her a ſlap on the face, to correct her prodigious impertinence. [He puts himſelf into a poſture to ſtrike Dorina, and at every word he ſpeaks to his daughter he caſts his eyes upon Dorina, who ſtands bolt upright, without ſpeaking.] Daughter, you muſt needs approve of my deſign—and believe that the huſband—which I have made choice of for you—[To Dorina.] What is the reaſon thou doſt not talk to thyſelf now?

Dorina. Becauſe I have nothing to ſay to myſelf.

Orgon. One little word more.

Dorina. I do not chuſe it.

Orgon. To be ſure I watched you.

Dorina. A downright fool, i'faith.

Orgon. In ſhort, daughter, you muſt be obedient, and ſhew an entire deference for my choice.

Dorina as ſhe runs off.] I ſhould ſcorn to take ſuch a huſband myſelf.

Orgon ſtrikes at her, but miſſes.] You have a crazy huſſy with you there, daughter, that I cannot live with any longer, without ſin. I am not in a condition to proceed at preſent; her inſolence has put my ſpirits into ſuch a ferment, that I muſt go take the air to recover myſelf a little.

SCENE III.

MARIANA, DORINA.

DORINA.

HAVE you loſt your tongue, Mariana? Muſt I play your part for you on this occaſion? What, ſuffer a ſilly overture to be made you, without ſaying the leaſt word againſt it!

Mariana. What ſhould one do with a poſitive father?

Dorina. Any thing to ward off ſuch a menace.

Mariana. But what?

Dorina. Why, tell him that hearts admit of no proxies; that you do not marry for him, but for yourſelf; that you being the perſon for whom the whole affair is tranſacted, your inclinations for the man ſhould be conſulted, not his; and that if Tartuffe ſeems to be amiable in his eyes, he may marry him himſelf as ſoon as he chuſes.

Mariana. A father, I own, has ſuch a command over one, that I never had courage to anſwer him.

Dorina. But let us reaſon the caſe. Valere has made advances for you, pray do you love him, or do you not?

Mariana. To doubt that in the leaſt highly injures my love. Ought you, Dorina, to aſk me that? Have I not opened my heart to you an hundred times on that ſubject? and are you ſtill ignorant of the warmth of my paſſion?

Dorina. How do I know whether your heart and words keep pace together? or whether you really have any particular regard for this lover, or not?

Mariana. You do me wrong, Dorina, to doubt it;

and the ſincerity of my ſentiments in that matter, has been too plain.

Dorina. You really love him then?

Mariana. Ay, as much as it is poſſible for one to love another.

Dorina. And according to all appearance, he loves you as well?

Mariana. I believe ſo.

Dorina. And you two have a mutual deſire to marry?

Mariana. Without doubt.

Dorina. What is then your expectation from this other match?

Mariana. To kill myſelf, if they force me to it.

Dorina. Very good! That is a relief I did not think of; you need only to die to get rid of this perplexity. It is indeed a wonderful remedy. It makes one mad to hear folk talk thus.

Mariana. Bleſs me, Dorina! what a humour are you got into! You have not the leaſt compaſſion upon people's afflictions.

Dorina. I have no compaſſion for people who talk idly, and give way in time of action as you do.

Mariana. But what would you have, if one is timorous?

Dorina. But love requires a firmneſs of mind.

Mariana. But have I wavered in my affections towards Valere? And is it not his buſineſs to gain me of my father?

Dorina. But what? if your father be a downright humouriſt, who is intirely infatuated with his Tartuffe, and would ſet aſide a match he had agreed on, pray is your lover to blame for that?

Mariana. But ſhould I, by a flat and confident refuſal, let every body know that I am violently i

love? Would you have me, for his ſake, tranſgreſs the modeſty of my ſex, and the bounds of my duty? Would you have my paſſion be talked of by every body?

Dorina. No, no, I do not want any thing. I ſee you would fain have Mr. Tartuffe; and now I think of it, I ſhould be in the wrong to diſſuade you from ſo conſiderable an alliance. Why ſhould I oppoſe your inclinations? The match is in itſelf too advantageous. Mr. Tartuffe, oh! is this a trifling offer? If we take it right he is no ſimpleton. It will be no ſmall honour to be united to him. All the world has a prodigious value for him already; he is of a good family, handſome in his perſon, and of a very florid complexion; you will, in ſhort, be but too happy with ſuch a huſband.

Mariana. Heavens!

Dorina. You cannot conceive what a pleaſure it will be to you to be the conſort of ſo excellent a man!

Mariana. Poh! prithee leave off this fooliſh talk, and rather aſſiſt me againſt this match. It is now all over; I yield; and am ready to do whatever you would have me.

Dorina. No, no, a daughter ſhould do as ſhe is ordered, though her father would have her marry a monkey. Beſides, what reaſon have you to complain? Yours is a benefit-ticket. You will be coached down to his own borough-town, where you will find abundance of couſins and uncles. It will be very diverting to you to entertain them all. Then madam Tartuffe will be directly introduced to the beau monde: you will go viſit, by way of welcome, the bailiff's lady, and the aſſeſſor's wife; they will honour you with the arm-chair. At a good time you may hope

for a ball, and a great concert, to wit, two pair of bagpipes; and perchance you may ſee Merry-Andrew, and the puppet-ſhew; if, however, your huſband—

Mariana. Talk not thus I beſeech you, rather contrive how to aſſiſt me by your advice.

Dorina. Your humble ſervant for that.

Mariana. Nay, Dorina, for heaven's ſake—

Dorina. No, it muſt be a match to puniſh you.

Mariana. Dear girl, do!

Dorina. No.

Mariana. If my profeſſions—

Dorina. No, Tartuffe is your man, and you ſhall have a taſte of him.

Mariana. You know what confidence I always put in you; be ſo good—

Dorina. No, no, you ſhall be Tartuffed.

Mariana. Well, ſince my misfortunes cannot move you, henceforth leave me intirely to my deſpair. That ſhall lend my heart relief, and I know a certain remedy for all my ſufferings. [Offers to go.

Dorina. Here, here, come back; I am appeaſed. I muſt take compaſſion on you, for all this.

Mariana. I tell you, do you ſee, Dorina, if they do expoſe me to this torment, it will certainly coſt me my life.

Dorina. Do not vex yourſelf, it may eaſily be prevented.— But here comes your humble ſervant Valere.

SCENE IV.

VALERE, MARIANA, DORINA.

VALERE.

A FEW minutes ago, madam, I was told a very odd piece of news that I knew nothing of, and which, to be ſure, is very pretty.

Mariana. What is that?

Valere. That you are to be married to Tartuffe.

Mariana. Really my father has ſuch a deſign in his head

Valere. Your father, madam—

Mariana. Has changed his mind, and has been juſt now making the propoſal to me.

Valere. What, ſeriouſly?

Mariana. Ay ſeriouſly. He has been declaring himſelf ſtrenouſly for the match.

Valere. And pray, madam, if I may be ſo bold as to aſk, what are you determined to do?

Mariana. I do not know.

Valere. The anſwer is honeſt! You do not know?

Mariana. No.

Valere. No?

Mariana. What would you adviſe me to?

Valere. I adviſe you to accept of him for a huſband?

Mariana. Is that your advice?

Valere. Yes.

Mariana. In good earneſt?

Valere. Indeed it is. The choice is good, and well worth attending to.

Mariana. Well, Sir, I ſhall follow your advice.

Valere. You will not have the leaſt difficulty in following it, I believe.

Mariana. Hardly more than your counſel gave you.

Valere. I give it, madam, to pleaſe you.

Mariana. And I ſhall follow it to do you a pleaſure.

Dorina retiring to the farther part of the ſtage.] So. Let us ſee what will be the end of it.

Valere. Is this then your affection? And was it all deceit, when you—

Mariana. Pray let us talk no more of that. You told me frankly that I ought to accept of the offer made me: and I tell you, I ſhall do ſo, only becauſe you adviſe me to it as the beſt.

Valere. Do not excuſe yourſelf upon my intentions: your reſolution was fixed before; and you now lay hold of a frivolous pretence, for the breaking of your word.

Mariana. It is true; it is well ſaid.

Valere. Doubtleſs; and you never had any true love for me.

Mariana. Alas! You may think ſo if you pleaſe.

Valere. Yes, yes, may think ſo; but my offended heart may chance to be beforehand with you in that affair; and I can tell where to offer both my addreſſes and my hand.

Mariana. I make not the leaſt doubt of it, Sir. The warmth that merit raiſes—

Valere. Alas! Let us drop merit: I have little enough of that, and you think ſo; but I hope, another will treat me in a kinder manner; and I know a perſon whoſe heart, open to my retreat, will not be aſhamed to make up my loſs.

Mariana. The loſs is not great, and you will be very eaſily comforted upon this change.

Valere. You may believe I ſhall do all that lies in my power. A heart that forgets us, engages our glory; we muſt employ our utmoſt efforts to forget it too; and if we do not ſucceed, we muſt at leaſt pretend we do; for to ſhew a regard for thoſe that forſake us, is a meanneſs one cannot anſwer to one's ſelf.

Mariana. The ſentiment is undoubtedly noble and ſublime.

Valere. Very well, and what every body muſt approve of. What! would you have me eternally languiſh for you? See you fly into another's arms before my face, and not transfer my ſlighted affections ſomewhere elſe?

Mariana. So far from that, it is what I would have; and I wiſh it were done already.

Valere. You wiſh it done?

Mariana. Yes.

Valere. That is inſulting me ſufficiently, madam; I am juſt going to give you that ſatisfaction.

[He offers to go.

Mariana. It is very well.

Valere returning.] Be pleaſed to remember at leaſt that it is yourſelf who drive me to this extremity.

Mariana. Yes.

Valere returning again.] And that the deſign I have conceived is only from your example.

Mariana. My example be it.

Valere going.] Enough; you ſhall ſoon be punctually obeyed.

Mariana. So much the better.

Valere returning again.] I ſhall never trouble you again.

Mariana. With all my heart.

Valere goes towards the door and returns.] Hey?

Mariana. What is the matter?

Valere. Do not you call me?

Mariana. Who, I? you dream ſure.

Valere. Well then, I will be gone; farewell, madam!

Mariana. Adieu, Sir.

Dorina to Mariana.] I think, for my part, by this piece of extravagance, you have both loſt your ſenſes; I have let you alone thus long ſquabbling, to ſee what end you would make of it. Heark ye, Mr. Valere!

[She lays hold of Valere's arm.

Valere pretending to reſiſt.] Heh! what would you have, Dorina?

Dorina. Come hither.

Valere. No, no, my indignation overpowers me; do not prevent me from doing as ſhe would have me.

Dorina. Stay.

Valere. No, do you ſee, I am reſolved upon it.

Dorina. Ah!

Marina aſide.] He is uneaſy at the ſight of me: my preſence drives him away; I had much better, therefore, leave the place.

Dorina quitting Valere, and running after Mariana.] What, the other? whither do you run?

Mariana. Let me alone.

Dorina. You muſt come back.

Mariana. No, no, Dorina; in vain you would hold me.

Valere aſide.] I find that my preſence is but a plague to her. I had certainly better free her from it.

Dorina quitting Marina, and running after Valere.] What, again? Duce take you. Lay aſide this fooliſh work, and come hither both of you.

[She takes Valere and Mariana by the hand, and brings them back.

Valere. But what is your deſign?

Mariana. What would you do?

Dorina. Set you two to rights again, and bring you out of this ſcrape. [To Valere.] Are you in your right ſenſes, to wrangle at this rate?

Valere. Did not you hear how ſhe ſpoke to me?

Dorina to Mariana.] Was not you a ſimpleton, to be in ſuch a paſſion?

Mariana. Did not you ſee the thing, and how he treated me?

Dorina. You are both fools; [to Valere.] ſhe has nothing more at heart, than that ſhe may be one day yours; I am witneſs to it. [to Mariana.] He loves none but yourſelf, and deſires nothing more than to be your huſband. I anſwer for it upon my life.

Mariana to Valere.] Why then did you give me ſuch advice?

Valere to Mariana.] And why was I conſulted upon ſuch a ſubject?

Dorina. Come, come, your hands, both of you; [to Valere.] come you.

Valere giving his hand to Dorina.] What will my hand do?

Dorina to Marina.] So; come, now yours.

Mariana giving her hand.] To what purpoſe is all this?

Dorina. Come along, come quick: you love one another better than you imagine.

Valere turning towards Mariana.] But do not do

things with an ill grace, and give a body a civil look.

[Mariana turns toward Valere, and ſmiles a little.

Dorina. What ſilly creatures lovers are!

Valere to Mariana.] Now have I not room to complain of you? and, without lying, were not you a cruel creature, to gratify yourſelf in ſaying a thing ſo very ſhocking to me?

Mariana. But are not you the moſt ungrateful man in the world—

Dorina. Come let us put off this debate until another time; and think how to ward off this plaguy wedding.

Mariana. Say then, what engines ſhall we ſet at work?

Dorina. We will ſet them every way to work. [to Mariana.] Your father is in jeſt; [to Valere.] it muſt be nothing but talk. [to Mariana.] But for your part, your beſt way will be to carry the appearance of a gentle compliance with his extravagance, that ſo, in caſe of an alarm, you may have it more eaſily in your power to delay the marriage propoſed. In gaining time we ſhall remedy every thing. Sometimes you may deceive them with ſome illneſs, which is to come all of a ſudden, and will require delay: ſometimes you may tell them of ill omens: you unluckily met a corps, broke a looking-glaſs, or dreamed of dirty water; and at laſt, the beſt of it is, they cannot poſſibly join you to any other but him, unleſs you pleaſe to ſay, yes. But the better to carry on the deſign, I think it proper you ſhould not be ſeen talking together. [To Valere.] Go you immediately and employ your friends, that he may be forced to keep his word with you. [To Mariana.] Let us

go excite his brother's endeavours, and engage the mother-in-law in our party. Farewell.

Valere to Mariana.] Whatever efforts any of us may be preparing, my greateſt hope, to tell you the truth, is in you.

Mariana to Valere.] I cannot promiſe for the inclinations of a father, but none ſhall marry me but Valere.

Valere. How you tranſport me! And though I durſt—

Dorina. Ah! thoſe lovers would talk for ever, I believe. Away, I tell you.

Valere goes a ſtep or two, and returns.] Once more—

Dorina. What, will you never have done? I muſt ſeparate you: go you off on that ſide; and you on the other.

[Puſhing them each out by the ſhoulders.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DAMIS, DORINA.

DAMIS.

LET me be inſtantly annihilated, or treated by every one as the moſt attrocious villain, if any reſpect or power whatever ſhall ſtop me, and if I do not ſtrike ſome maſterly ſtroke.

Dorina. Pray do not put yourſelf in ſuch a paſſion; your father did but barely mention it: people do not do all they propoſe, and the diſtance is great from the project to the execution.

Damis. I muſt put a ſtop to this fool's projects, and tell him a word or two in his ear.

Dorina. Not ſo faſt, I beſeech you; let your mother-in-law alone with him, as well as with your father. She has ſome credit with Tartuffe. He is very complaiſant to all ſhe ſays, and perhaps he may have a ſneaking kindneſs for her. I ſhould be very glad if it were true! That would be charming. In ſhort, your intereſt obliges her to ſend for him; ſhe has a mind to ſound his intentions, with regard to the wedding that diſturbs you; and repreſent to him the fatal feuds he will raiſe in the family, if he entertains the leaſt hopes of this affair. His man ſays that he is at prayers, and I could not ſee him. But his ſervant told me, it would not be long before he came down. Then pray be gone, and let me ſtay for him.

Damis. I may be preſent at this whole conference.

Dorina. No, they muſt be by themſelves.

Damis. I ſhall ſay nothing to him.

Dorina. You are miſtaken; we know the uſual impatience of your temper, and it is the ready way to ſpoil all. Get away.

Damis. No, I will ſee him, without vexing myſelf.

Dorina. How troubleſome you are! He is coming; retire. [Damis hides himſelf in a cloſet.

SCENE II.

TARTUFFE, DORINA.

TARTUFFE, upon ſeeing Dorina, ſpeaks aloud to his valet, who is in the houſe.

LOCK my ſcourge and hair-cloth carefully up, Laurence, and beſeech heaven to enlighten your mind with grace. If I ſhould be called upon by any perſon, tell them that I am diſtributing my alms at the priſon.

Dorina aſide.] What affectation and roguery!

Tartuffe. What do you want?

Dorina. To let you know that—

Tartuffe drawing a handkerchief out of his pocket.] Oh! lack a-day! pray take this handkerchief before you ſpeak.

Dorina. What muſt I do with it?

Tartuffe. Cover that boſom, which I cannot bear to ſee. Such objects hurt the ſoul, and give birth to ſinful thoughts.

Dorina. You mightily melt then at a temptation, and the fleſh makes great impreſſion upon your ſenſes? Truly, I cannot tell what heat may inflame you; but, for my part, I am not ſo apt to hanker. Now I could ſee you ſtark naked from head to foot, and not be in the leaſt tempted by it.

Tartuffe. Pray now ſpeak with a little modeſty, or I ſhall immediately leave you.

Dorina. No, no, it is I who am going to leave you to yourſelf; and I have only two words to ſay to you: my lady is coming down into this parlour, and deſires the favour of ſpeaking with you.

Tartuffe. Alack! with all my heart.

Dorina aſide.] How ſweet he grows upon it! In faith, I ſtill ſtand to what I ſaid of him.

Tartuffe. Will it be long before ſhe comes?

Dorina. I think I hear her coming. Ay, it is ſhe herſelf; I ſhall withdraw.

SCENE III.

ELMIRA, TARTUFFE.

TARTUFFE.

MAY heaven of its infinite goodneſs grant, that you may long enjoy health, as well of body as of mind! and bleſs your days equal to the wiſh of the loweſt of its votaries!

Elmira. I am much obliged to you for this pious wiſh; but let us take a ſeat to be more at eaſe.

Tartuffe ſitting down.] Do you find your indiſpoſition any thing abated?

Elmira ſitting.] Very well, my fever ſoon left me.

Tartuffe. My prayers have not ſufficient merit to have drawn down this favour from above; but I made no vows to heaven that did not concern your recovery.

Elmira. You were too ſolicitous for my welfare.

Tartuffe. Your dear health cannot be over-rated; and to re-eſtabliſh it, I could have ſacrificed my own.

Elmira. That is carrying chriſtian charity a great way; and I am very much obliged to you for all this goodneſs.

Tartuffe. I do much leſs for you than you deſerve.

Elmira. I had a deſire to ſpeak with you in private

on a certain affair, and am glad that no body obſerves us here.

Tartuffe. I am alſo pleaſed at it; and, be ſure, it can be no ordinary ſatisfaction, madam, to find myſelf alone with you. It is an opportunity that I have often petitioned heaven for in vain.

Elmira. What I want to talk with you upon, is a ſmall matter, in which your whole heart muſt be open, and conceal nothing from me.

Tartuffe. And, for this ſingular favour, I certainly will unboſom myſelf to you, without the leaſt reſerve; and I declare to you, that the ſtir I made about the viſits paid here to your charms, was not out of hatred to you, but rather out of a paſſionate zeal which induced me to it, and out of a pure motive—

Elmira. For my part I take it very well, and believe it is my good that concerns you ſo much.

Tartuffe taking Elmira's hand, and ſqueezing her fingers.] Indeed, madam, it is, and ſuch is the fervour of my—

Elmira. Oh! you ſqueeze me too hard.

Tartuffe. It is out of exceſs of zeal; I do not intend to hurt you: I had much rather—

[Puts his hand upon her knee.

Elmira. What buſineſs has your hand there?

Tartuffe. I am only feeling your cloaths, madam; it is a very rich ſtuff.

Elmira. Oh! pray give over; I am very ticklish.

[She draws away her chair, and Tartuffe follows with his.

Tartuffe. Bleſs me! how wonderful is the workmanſhip of this lace! They work to a miracle now-a-days: never were things better done.

Elmira. It is true; but let me ſpeak to our affair a little. I am told that my huſband has a mind to

ſet aſide his promiſe, and to give you his daughter: is that true? Pray tell me.

Tartuffe. I heard him talking ſomething about it: but, madam, to tell you the truth, that is not the happineſs I ſigh after: I behold elſewhere the wonderful attractions of the felicity that engages all my wiſhes.

Elmira. That is, you love no ſublunary things.

Tartuffe. My breaſt does not incloſe a heart of flint.

Elmira. I imagine that your ſighs tend all to heaven, and that nothing on earth can detain your deſires.

Tartuffe. The love which engages us to heavenly beauties, does not extinguiſh in us the love of earthly ones. Our ſenſes may eaſily be charmed with the perfect works heaven has formed. Its reflected charms are very conſpicuous in ſuch as you: but in your perſon it diſplays its chiefeſt wonders. It has diffuſed ſuch beauties over your face as ſurprize the ſight, and tranſport the heart; nor could I behold you, perfect creature, without admiring in you the author of nature, and feeling my heart touched with an ardent love, at ſight of the moſt beautiful of portraits, wherein he has delineated himſelf. At firſt I was under apprehenſions leſt this ſecret flame might be a dexterous ſurprize of the foul fiend; and my heart even reſolved to avoid your eyes, believing you an obſtacle to my future happineſs. But at length I perceived, lovely Elmira, that my paſſion could not be blameable, that I could reconcile it with modeſty, and this made me abandon my heart to it. It is, I own, a very great preſumption in me, to make you the offer of this heart; but, in my vows, I rely wholly on your goodneſs, and no any thing on

my own weak power. In you center my hope, my happineſs, my quiet; on you depend my torment or my bliſs; and I am on the point of being, by your ſole deciſion, happy, if you will, or miſerable, if you pleaſe.

Elmira. A gallant declaration indeed, and, to tell you the truth, not leſs ſurpriſing! Methinks you ought to have fortified your mind better, and to have reaſoned a little upon a deſign of this nature. A devotee, as you are, whom every one ſpeaks of as——

Tartuffe. Ah! I am not leſs a man for being a devotee; and when one comes to view your numberleſs beauties, the heart ſurrenders and reaſons no more. I know, that ſuch language from me, ſeems ſomewhat ſtrange; but, madam, after all, I am not an angel, and ſhould you condemn the declaration I make, you muſt lay the blame upon your attractive charms. You captivated my heart the very firſt time I ſaw you: the ineffable ſweetneſs of your divine looks broke through the reſiſtance which my heart obſtinately made: it ſurmounted every thing, faſtings, prayers, tears, and turned all my vows on the ſide of your charms. My eyes and my ſighs have often declared my love for you, and the better to explain myſelf I here make uſe of words. Now, if you contemplate with ſome benignity of ſoul, the wretchedneſs of your unworthy ſlave; if your goodneſs will give me conſolation, and vouchſafe to debaſe itſelf ſo low as my nothingneſs, I ſhall ever be devoted to you. Your honour is not in the leaſt danger with me, it need fear no diſgrace on my part. All thoſe courtly galants the ladies are ſo fond of, make a buſtle in what they do, and are vain in what they ſay. We ſee they are conſtantly vaunting of their ſucceſs; they receive no favours that they do

not divulge, and their indiſcrect tongues, which people confide in, diſhonour the altar on which their hearts offer ſacrifice: but men of our ſort burn with a diſcreet flame, and with whom a ſecret is always ſure to remain ſuch. The care we take of our own reputation, is an undeniable ſecurity to the perſon beloved: and it is with us, when they accept our hearts, that they enjoy love without ſcandal, and pleaſure without fear.

Elmira. I hear what you ſay, and your rhetoric explains itſelf to me in terms ſufficiently ſtrong. Do not you apprehend that I may take a fancy now, to let my huſband know of this galantry of yours? and and that an early account of an amour of this ſort, might pretty much alter his preſent affections towards you?

Tartuffe. I know that you are too good, and that you will rather pardon my temerity; that you will excuſe me upon the ſcore of human frailty, the ſallies of a paſſion that offends you; and will conſider, when you conſult your glaſs, that a man is not blind, and is made of fleſh and blood.

Elmira. Perhaps ſome might take it in another manner; but I ſhall ſhew my diſcretion, and not tell my huſband of it: but in return, I will have one thing of you, that is, to do all in your power to forward the match between Valere and Mariana, and that you yourſelf renounce the unjuſt power whereby you hope to be enriched with what belongs to another. And———

SCENE IV.

ELMIRA, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

DAMIS coming out of the closet where he was concealed.

NO, madam, no, this ought to be made public; I was in this place and overheard it all; and the goodness of heaven seems to have directed me thither to confound the pride of a traitor that wrongs me; to open me a way to be revenged of his hypocrisy and insolence; to undeceive my father, and shew him, in a clear light, the soul of a villain that makes love to you.

Elmira. No, Damis, it is enough that he reforms, and endeavours to deserve the favour I do him. Since I have promised him, do not make me break my word, it is contrary to my disposition to make a noise; a wife will make herself merry with such follies, and never trouble her husband's ears with them.

Damis. You have your reasons for using him in that manner, and I have mine too for acting otherwise. It would be foolish to spare him; the insolent pride of his bigotry has triumphed too much over my just resentment, and created too many disorders among us already. The rascal has too long governed my father, and opposed my passion, as well as Valere's. It is proper the hypocritical wretch should be laid open to him, and heaven, for this purpose, offers me an easy way to do it. I am greatly indebted to it for the opportunity; it is too favourable a one not to lay hold of it, and I shall deserve to have

it taken from me now I have it, ſhould I not make uſe of it.

Elmira. Damis----

Damis. No, by your leave, I muſt take my own counſel. I am very much rejoiced at it, and all you can ſay would in vain diſſuade me from the pleaſure of avenging myſelf. Without going any farther, I will finiſh the affair, and here's juſt what will give me ſatisfaction.

SCENE V.

ORGON, ELMIRA, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

DAMIS.

YOU will be very much ſurpriſed, Sir, I dare ſay, with an adventure we are going to entertain you with. You are well rewarded for all your careſſes; and this gentleman makes a fine acknowledgment of your kindneſs. His great zeal for you is juſt come to light; it aims at nothing leſs than the diſhonour of your bed, and I took him here making an injurious declaration of a criminal love to Elmira. She is good-natured, and her over-great diſcretion, by all means, would have kept the ſecret; but I cannot encourage ſuch impudence, and think that it would be doing you very great injuſtice not to acquaint you with it.

Elmira. Yes, I am of opinion that one ought never to break in upon a huſband's reſt with ſuch idle ſtuff, that our honour can by no means depend upon it; and that it is enough we know how to defend ourſelves. Theſe are my thoughts of the matter; and you would never have mentioned it, if I had had any credit with you.

SCENE VI.

ORGON, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

ORGON.

IS it poſſible that what they tell me can be true?

Tartuffe. Yes, brother, I am a wicked, guilty, wretched ſinner, full of iniquity, the greateſt rogue that ever lived. Every inſtant of my life is crouded with ſtains; it is one continued ſeries of crimes and defilements; and I ſee that heaven, for my puniſhment, intends to mortify me on this occaſion. Whatever great offence they can lay to my charge, I ſhall have more humility than to deny it. Believe every thing they tell you, arm your reſentment, and, like a criminal, turn me out of doors. I cannot have ſo great a ſhare of ſhame but I have ſtill deſerved a much larger.

Orgon to his ſon.] How canſt thou have the impudence, villain, by this falſhood, to endeavour to tarniſh the purity of his virtue?

Damis. What! ſhall the feigned meekneſs of this hypocritical ſoul make you believe that——

Orgon. Thou curſed plague! hold thy peace.

Tartuffe. Ah! let him ſpeak; you chide him wrongfully; you had much better believe what he tells you: wherefore ſo favourable to me upon ſuch a fact? Do you know after all what I may be capable of? Can you, my brother, depend upon my outſide? Do you think me the better for what you ſee of me? No, no, you ſuffer yourſelf to be deceived by appearances, and I am juſt what theſe people ſay I am. The world indeed takes me for a worthy good man, but the truth is, I am a very worthleſs creature. [Turn-

ing to Damis.] Yes, my dear child, say on, call me treacherous, infamous, reprobate, thief, and murderer; load me with still more despicable names; I do not gainsay you; I have deserved them all, and am willing, on my knees, to suffer the ignominy, as a shame due to the numberless transgressions I have been guilty of.

Orgon to Tartuffe.] This is too much, brother. [To his son.] Dost thou not repent villain, of what thou hast done?

Damis. What! are you so far deceived by his words as to——

Orgon. Hold your peace, villain! [Raising Tartuffe.] For heaven's sake, brother, rise. [To his son.] Atrocious scoundrel!

Damis. He can—

Orgon. Hold thy tongue.

Damis. Intolerable! What! do you think I can—

Orgon. Say another word and I will break thy bones.

Tartuffe. Pray, brother, do not be angry; I had rather suffer any hardship, than that he should get the slightest hurt on my account?

Orgon to his son.] Ungrateful wretch!

Tartuffe. Let him alone; if I must on my knees beg you would forgive him——

Orgon throwing himself also at Tartuffe's feet, and embracing him.] Alas! you are in jest sure! [To his son.] See his goodness, sirrah!

Damis. Then----

Orgon. Hold your tongue.

Damis. What! I ---

Orgon. Have done, I say. I know what put you upon this attack well enough; ye all hate him, and I now see wife, children, servants, are all let loose

againſt him. They impudently try every method to remove this devout perſon from me: but the more they ſtrive to get him out, the greater care will I take to keep him in; and therefore will I haſten his marriage with my daughter, to confound the pride of the whole family.

Damis. Do you think to force her to accept of him?

Orgon. Yes, traitor, and to vex you the more, this very night too. Nay, I defy you all, and ſhall make you to know that I am maſter, and will be obeyed. Come, ſirrah, do you recant; immediately throw yourſelf at his feet to beg his pardon.

Damis. Who, I? of this hypocritical wretch, who-----

Orgon. What, ſcoundrel, do you rebel, and call him names? A cudgel there, a cudgel. [To Tartuffe.] Do not hold me. [To his ſon.] Begone this inſtant out of my ſight, and never dare to ſet foot into my houſe again.

Damis. Yes, I ſhall go, but-----

Orgon. Leave this place then immediately; ſirrah, I diſinherit thee, and give thee my curſe beſides.

SCENE VII.

ORGON, TARTUFFE.

ORGON.

WHO would have thought of this impudence, to offend ſuch a holy perſon as you?

Tartuffe aſide.] O heaven! pardon him the anguiſh he gives me! [To Orgon] Could you know

what a grief it is to me, that they ſhould endeavour to blacken me with my dear brother----

Orgon. Alack-a-day!

Tartuffe. The very thought of this ingratitude wounds me to the quick!—Lord, what horror!—— My heart is ſo full that I cannot ſpeak; I wiſh I may be able to outlive it.

Orgon running all in tears to the door out of which he drove his ſon.] Villain! I am ſorry my hand ſpared, and did not lay thee breathleſs on the ſpot. [To Tartuffe.] Compoſe yourſelf, brother, and do not be troubled.

Tartuffe. Let us by all means put an end to the courſe of theſe unhappy debates; I ſee what uneaſineſs I occaſion here, and think that my leaving your houſe would make you all quiet again.

Orgon. How! You are not in earneſt ſure?

Tartuffe. I am hated by them, and they ſeek, I ſee, to bring my integrity into queſtion with you.

Orgon. What ſignifies that? Do I pay any attention to what they ſay?

Tartuffe. They will not ſtop here, you may be ſure; and thoſe very ſtories which you now reject, may one day gain more credit.

Orgon. No, brother, never.

Tartuffe. Ah! brother, a wife may eaſily deceive a huſband.

Orgon. No, no.

Tartuffe. Allow me, by leaving your houſe, immediately to remove from them all occaſion of attacking me in this manner.

Orgon. No, you muſt ſtay, or it will coſt me my life.

Tartuffe. Well then I muſt mortify myſelf. If you would however—

Orgon. Ah!

Tartuffe. Be it ſo: let us talk no more about it. But I know how I muſt behave on this occaſion. Honour is delicate, and friendſhip obliges me to prevent reports, and not to give the leaſt cauſe for ſuſpicion; I will ſhun your wife, and you ſhall never ſee me—

Orgon. No, in ſpite of every body, you ſhall often be with her. I deſire nothing more than to vex the world, and I will have you be ſeen with her at all hours. This is not all yet; the better to brave them, I will have no other heir but you; and I am going forthwith to ſign you a deed of gift for my whole eſtate. A true and hearty friend, whom I intend for my ſon-in-law, is far dearer to me than either ſon, wife, or kindred. You will not refuſe what I propoſe?

Tartuffe. Heaven's will be done in every thing.

Orgon. Poor man! Come let us get the writings drawn up, and then you need not mind what people ſay.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CLEANTHES, TARTUFFE.

CLEANTHES.

EVERY body are talking of it, therefore you need not miſbelieve me. The noiſe this rumour makes is not much to your credit; and I have met with you, Sir, very a-propos, to tell you plainly, in two words, my thoughts of the matter. I ſhall not inquire into the ground of what is reported, I paſs that by, and take the thing at the worſt. We will

ſuppoſe that you have been uſed ill by Damis, and that they have accuſed you wrongfully. Is it not the part of a good chriſtian to pardon the offence, and extinguiſh in his heart all deſire of vengeance? Ought you to ſuffer a ſon to be turned out of his father's houſe, on account of your differences? I tell you once again, and tell you frankly, that you are every where ridiculed for it. And if you take my advice, you will make all up, and not puſh matters to extremity. Sacrifice your reſentment to your duty, and reſtore the ſon to his father's favour.

Tartuffe. I do aſſure you, Sir, that I bear him not the leaſt ill-will, and would very willingly do it: but the intereſts of heaven cannot admit of it: and if he comes to his father's houſe again, I muſt leave it. After ſuch an unparalleled action, it would be ſcandalous for me to have any thing to do with him. Heaven knows what all the world would immediately think of it. They would impute it to pure policy in me, and people would every where ſay, that knowing myſelf guilty, I pretended a charitable zeal for my accuſer; that I dreaded him at heart, and would practiſe upon him, that I might, underhand, engage him to ſilence.

Cleanthes. What vain excuſes are theſe, Sir! Why do you take upon you the intereſts of heaven? has it any occaſion for your aſſiſtance in puniſhing the guilty? Leave, leave the care of its own vengeance to itſelf, and only think of that pardon of offences, which it preſcribes; be regardleſs of the judgment of men, when you follow the ſovereign orders of heaven! What! ſhall the paltry intereſt of what people may believe, hinder the glory of a good action! No, no, let us never do any thing but what is preſcribed by heaven.

Tartuffe. I have told you already that I heartily forgive him, and that is doing, Sir, what heaven ordains; but after the ſcandal and affront of to-day, heaven does not require me to live with him.

Cleanthes. And does it require you, Sir, to lend an ear to what mere caprice dictates to the father? and to accept of an eſtate which you very well know you have not the leaſt pretenſions to?

Tartuffe. Thoſe that know me will never think that this is the effect of an intereſted ſpirit. All the riches of this world have few charms for me; their falſe glare dazzle not me, and if I ſhould reſolve to accept this preſent, which the father has a mind to make me, it is, to tell you the truth, only becauſe it would come amongſt ſuch as will make an ill uſe of, it in the world, and not lay it out, as I intend to do for the glory of heaven, and the good of my neighbour.

Cleanthes. Oh, entertain none of theſe very nice ſcruples, which may occaſion the complaints of a lawful heir. Let him, without giving yourſelf any trouble, keep his eſtate at his own peril, and conſider that it were better he miſuſed it, than that people ſhould accuſe you for robbing him of it. I only wonder that you could without being aſhamed receive ſuch a propoſal. For, in ſhort, has true zeal any maxim, which ſhews how to ſtrip a lawful heir of his right? And if it muſt be that heaven has put into your heart an invincible obſtacle to living with Damis, would it not be better, like a man of prudence, that you ſhould fairly leave the houſe, than thus to ſuffer the eldeſt ſon, contrary to all reaſon, to be turned out of doors for you? Believe me, Sir, this would give your diſcretion——

Tartuffe. It is now near four o'clock, Sir, and cer-

tain devotions call me up ſtairs, therefore you will pleaſe excuſe me for leaving you ſo ſoon.

Cleanthes alone.] Ah!

SCENE II.

ELMIRA, MARIANA, CLEANTHES, DORINA.

DORINA to Cleanthes.

FOR goodneſs ſake, aſſiſt her as much as you can, as we do. She is in the greateſt perplexity, Sir, imaginable; the articles her father has concluded for to-night, make her every moment ready to deſpair. He will be here juſt now, pray let us ſet on him in a body, and try either by force or cunning to fruſtrate the unlucky deſign, that thus diſturbs us all.

SCENE III.

ORGON, ELMIRA, MARIANA, CLEANTHES, DORINA.

ORGON.

HAH! I am glad to find you all here. [To Mariana] I bring ſomething in this contract, that will pleaſe you; you already know what this means.

Mariana kneeling to Orgon.] I beſeech you, Sir, in the name of heaven, that is a witneſs of my grief, by every thing that can move your heart, to forego a little the right nature has given you, and diſpenſe with my obedience in this particular. Let me not be forced, by this hard law, to complain to heaven of

the duty I owe you: do not, my father, render the life, which you have given me, miſerable. If, contrary to the tender hopes I might have formed to myſelf, you will not ſuffer me to be the man's I preſumed to love; at leaſt, out of your goodneſs, which, upon my knees, I implore, deliver me from the torment of being the man's I hate; and drive me not to deſpair by exerting your full power over me.

Orgon aſide.] Stand firm, my heart, and fail not; no human weakneſs.

Mariana. I am not in the leaſt uneaſy about your tenderneſs for him; ſhew it in the ſtrongeſt manner, give him your eſtate; and if that is not enough, add all mine to it; I heartily conſent, and give it up; but at leaſt go not ſo far as to my perſon; ſuffer a convent, with its auſterities, to wear out the melancholy days allotted me by heaven.

Orgon. Ay, theſe are exactly your ſhe-devotees, when a father croſſes their wanton inclinations. Get up, get up; the more it goes againſt you, the more you will merit by it. Mortify your ſenſes by this marriage, and do not trouble me any more about it.

Dorina. But what—

Orgon. Hold your tongue; meddle not in theſe affairs. I abſolutely forbid you to ſay one word.

Cleanthes. Will you allow me in anſwer, to give one word of advice.

Orgon. Your advice is very good, brother; it is very rational, and what I have a great value for: but you muſt not take it ill if I do not uſe it now.

Elmira to Orgon.] Seeing what I ſee, I do not know what to ſay; I am very much ſurprized at your blindneſs. You muſt be mightily bewitched and prepoſſeſſed in his favour, to diſbelieve us in the fact he was guilty of to-day.

Orgon. I am your humble servant, and believe appearances. I know your complaisance for my villain of a son, and you were afraid to disavow the trick he would have played the poor man. You were, in a word, too little ruffled to gain credit; you would have appeared to have been moved after a different manner.

Elmira. Is it requisite that our honour should bluster so vehemently at the simple declaration of an amorous transport? Can there be no reply made to what offends us, without fury in our eyes and invectives in our mouths? For my part, I only laugh at such overtures; and am pleased with the great bustle which is commonly made about them. I love that we should shew our discretion with good-nature, and cannot like your savage prudes, whose honour is armed with teeth and claws, and is for tearing a man's eyes out for speaking a word. Heaven preserve me from such discretion! I would have virtue that is not diabolical, and believe that a denial given with a discreet coldness, is as powerful to give the lover a rebuff.

Orgon. In short I know the whole affair, and shall not change my scheme.

Elmira. I admire, still more, at your unaccountable weakness: but what answer could your incredulity make, should one let you see that they told you the truth?

Orgon. See?

Elmira. Ay.

Orgon. Stuff!

Elmira. But how, if I should contrive a method to let you see it in a very clear light?

Orgon. A likely story indeed!

Elmira. What a strange man! At least give me

an anſwer. I do not ſpeak of your giving credit to us; but ſuppoſe a place could be found, where you might ſee and overhear all, what would you then ſay of your good man?

Orgon. In this caſe, I ſhould ſay that—I ſhould ſay nothing: for the thing cannot be.

Elmira. You have been too long deluded, and too much have taxed me with impoſture: It is neceſſary that by way of diverſion, and without going any farther, I ſhould make you a witneſs of every thing they have told you.

Orgon. Do ſo, I take you at your word. We ſhall ſee your addreſs, and how you will make good your promiſe.

Elmira to Dorina.] Bid him come to me.

Dorina to Elmira.] He is very cunning, and perhaps it will be a difficult matter to ſurprize him.

Elmira to Dorina.] No, people are eaſily duped by what they love, and ſelf-love helps them to deceive themſelves. [To Cleanthes and Mariana.] Call him down to me, and do you retire.

SCENE IV.

ELMIRA, ORGON.

ELMIRA.

YOU muſt hide yourſelf under this table.

Orgon. Why ſo?

Elmira. It is a neceſſary point that you ſhould be well concealed.

Orgon. But why under this table?

Elmira. Lack-a-day! do as I would have you, I have my deſign in my head, and you ſhall be judge of it. Place yourſelf there, I tell you, and when you are

there, take care that no one either sees or hears you.

Orgon. I must needs say, I am very complaisant: but I must see you go through your enterprize.

Elmira. You will have nothing, I believe, to reply to me. [To Orgon under the table.] However, as I am going to touch upon a strange affair, do not let it shock you. Whatever I may say, must be allowed me, as it is to convince you, according to my promise. I am going by coxing speeches, since I am reduced to it, to make this hypocritical soul lay aside the mask, to flatter the impudent desires of his love, and give a full scope to his boldness. Since it is for your sake alone, and to confound him, that I feign a compliance with his desires, I may give over when you appear, and things need go no farther than you chuse. It lies on you to stop his mad pursuit, when you think that matters are carried far enough, to spare your wife, and not expose me any farther than is necessary to disabuse you. This is your interest, it lies at your discretion, and—But I hear him coming, therefore lie quiet below the table.

SCENE V.

TARTUFFE, ELMIRA, ORGON under the table.

TARTUFFE.

DID you send, Madam, to desire me to come and speak with you?

Elmira. Yes, I have secrets to discover to you; but shut that door before I tell them you, and look about, for fear of a surprize. [Tartuffe goes and shuts the door and returns.] We must not surely make such a business of it, as the other was just now. I

never was so much surprized: Damis put me into a terrible fright for you; and you saw very well that I did all in my power to baffle his designs, and moderate his passion. I was so much struck, that I had not the thought of contradicting him; but, thanks to heaven, every thing was the better for that, and things are put upon a surer footing. The esteem you are in laid that storm, and my husband cannot in the least suspect you. The better to set the rumour of ill tongues at defiance, he desires we should be frequently together; and from thence it is, that without fear of blame I can be locked up with you here alone, and this is what justifies me in laying open to you a heart, a little perhaps too forward in admitting of your passion.

Tartuffe. This language, madam, is difficult enough to comprehend, and you talked in quite a different style but just now.

Elmira. Alas! if you are disobliged by such a refusal, how little do you know the heart of a woman! and how little do you know what it means, when we make so feeble a defence? Our modesty will always combat, in these moments, those tender sentiments you may inspire us with. Whatever reason we may find for the passion that subdues us, we shall always be a little ashamed to own it: we defend ourselves at first, but by the air with which we go about it, we give you sufficiently to know, that our heart surrenders; that our words oppose our wishes for the sake of honour, and that such refusals promise every thing. This is undoubtedly making a very free confession to you, and having very little regard to the modesty that belongs to us; but in short, since the word has slipt me, should I have been bent so much upon restraining Damis? Should I, pray,

with so much mildness, have hearkened to the offer at large which you made of your heart? Should I have took the thing, as you saw I did, if I was not pleased with the offer of your heart? And when I myself would have forced you to refuse the match which had just been proposed? What is it this instance should have given you to understand, but the interest one was inclined to take in you, and the disquiet it would have given me, that the knot resolved on, should at least divide a heart which I wanted to have wholly my own?

Tartuffe. To hear such kind words from the lips one loves, is undoubtedly a very great pleasure; their honey plentifully diffuses through every sense a sweetness I never before tasted. My supreme study is the happiness of pleasing you, and my heart counts your affection its beatitude; but you must excuse this heart, madam, if it presumes to doubt a little of its felicity. I can fancy these words to be only a sort of artifice to make me break off the match that is upon the conclusion; and if I may freely explain myself to you, I shall not rely upon this so tender language, till some of the favours which I sigh after, assure me of the sincerity of what may be said, and fix in my mind a firm belief of the delightful happiness you intend me.

Elmira coughing to give her husband notice.] What! proceed so fast? Would you exhaust the tenderness of one's heart at once? One does violence to one's self in making you the most melting declaration; but at the same time this is not enough for you, and one cannot advance so far as to satisfy you, unless one pushes the affair to the last favours.

Tartuffe. The less one deserves a blessing, the less one presumes to hope for it; our love can hardly

have a full reliance upon diſcourſes; one eaſily ſuſpects a condition full fraught with happineſs, and one would enjoy it before one believes it. I ſo little deſerve your favours, that I doubt the ſucceſs of my raſhneſs, and I ſhall believe nothing, madam, until by realities you have convinced my paſſion.

Elmira. Good-lack! how your love plays the very tyrant! What a ſtrange confuſion it throws me into! With what a furious ſway does it govern the heart! and how violently it puſhes for what it deſires! What, is there no getting clear of your purſuit? Do you allow one no time to take breath? Is it decent to perſiſt with ſo great rigour? To inſiſt upon the things you demand without quarter? To abuſe in this manner, by your preſſing efforts, the foible you ſee people have for you?

Tartuffe. But if you regard my addreſſes with a favourable eye, why do you refuſe me convincing proofs of it?

Elmira. But how can I comply with your deſires, without offending that heaven of which you are conſtantly talking?

Tartuffe. If nothing but heaven obſtructs my wiſhes, it is a trifle with me to remove ſuch an obſtacle, and that need be no reſtraint upon your love.

Elmira. But they ſo terrify us with the judgments of heaven———

Tartuffe. I can diſſipate thoſe ridiculous terrors for you, madam; I have the knack of eaſing ſcruples. It is true, certain gratifications are forbid us by heaven: But then there are ways of compounding thoſe matters. It is a ſcience to ſtretch the ſtrings of conſcience according to the different exigencies of the caſe, and to rectify the immorality of the action by the purity of our intention. Theſe

are ſecrets, madam, I can inſtruct you in; you have nothing to do, but paſſively to be conducted. Satisfy my deſire, and be afraid of nothing, I will anſwer for you, and will take the ſin upon myſelf. [Elmira coughs loud.] You cough very much, madam.

Elmira. Yes, I am on the rack.

Tartuffe preſenting her with a paper.] Will you pleaſe to have a bit of this liquorice?

Elmira. It is indeed an obſtinate cold, and I am ſatisfied that all the liquorice in the world will not be of the leaſt ſervice in this caſe.

Tartuffe. It is, to be ſure, very troubleſome.

Elmira. Ay, more than one can expreſs.

Tartuffe. In ſhort your ſcruple, madam, is eaſily overcome. You are certain that I will keep it very ſecret here, and the harm never conſiſts in any thing but the noiſe one makes; the ſcandal of the world is what makes the offence; and ſinning in private is no ſinning at all.

Elmira after coughing again, and knocking upon the table.] In ſhort, I ſee that I muſt reſolve to yield, that I muſt conſent to grant you every thing; and that with leſs than this I ought not to expect that you ſhould be ſatisfied, or give over. It is indeed very hard to go that length, and I get over it much againſt my will: but ſince you are obſtinately bent upon reducing me to it, and ſince you will not believe any thing that can be ſaid, but ſtill inſiſt on more convincing teſtimony, one muſt even reſolve upon it, and ſatisfy people. And if this gratification carries any offence in it, ſo much the worſe for him who forces me to this violence; I certainly am not to blame.

Tartuffe. Yes, madam, I take it upon myſelf, and the thing in itſelf——

Elmira. Open the door a little, and pray look if my huſband be not in that gallery.

Tartuffe. You need not trouble yourſelf about him: Betwixt us two, he is a man to be led by the noſe. He will take a pride in all our converſations, and I have wrought him up to the point of ſeeing every thing, without believing any thing.

Elmira. That ſignifies nothing, pray go out a little, and examine every place carefully.

SCENE VI.

ORGON, ELMIRA.

ORGON coming from under the table.

WHO would have thought that he was ſuch an hypocritical knave! I am quite thunderſtruck, and cannot recover myſelf.

Elmira. How! do you come out ſo ſoon? you make fools of people; get under the table again, ſtay to the very laſt, to ſee things ſure, and do not truſt to bare conjectures.

Orgon. No, a more deceitful wretch never came from hell.

Elmira. Pray do not believe too lightly; ſuffer yourſelf to be fully convinced, before you yield, and do not be too haſty, for fear you ſhould be miſtaken.

[Elmira places Orgon behind her.

SCENE VII.

TARTUFFE, ELMIRA, ORGON.

TARTUFFE not perceiving Orgon.

I Have ſearched every place Madam, and nobody is to be ſeen: every thing conſpires to my ſatiſfaction, and my raviſhed ſoul———

[Tartuffe going with open arms to embrace Elmira, ſhe ſteps aſide, and Tartuffe ſees Orgon. [Orgon ſtopping Tartuffe.] Not ſo faſt, my good friend, you ſhould not be ſo furious in your amours. Ah, ha, good man! you intended me a creſt, I ſuppoſe! Good lack, how you abandon yourſelf to temptations! What! you would marry my daughter, and had a huge ſtomach to my wife! I always doubted whether all was in good earneſt, and thought you would change your tone; but this is puſhing the proof far enough: I am now ſatisfied, and want, for my part, no farther conviction.

Elmira to Tartuffe.] The part I have played was contrary to my inclination; but neceſſity obliged me to treat you thus.

Tartuffe to Orgon.] What! do you believe——

Orgon. Hold your tongue, and be gone this moment.

Tartuffe. I intended———

Orgon. Theſe ſpeeches ſignify nothing; you muſt march directly.

Tartuffe. It is you muſt march, you who ſpeak ſo magiſterially. The houſe belongs to me, I will make you know it, and I ſhall let you ſee plainly, that your having recourſe to theſe bad tricks is to no purpoſe, to pick a quarrel with me; you do not

conſider where you are when you hurt me; I have enough to puniſh and confound impoſture, to revenge offended heaven, and make them who are for turning me out of doors repent of it.

SCENE VIII.

ELMIRA, ORGON.

ELMIRA.

WHAT does this language mean? what is the matter?

Orgon. I cannot laugh, really I am quite in confuſion.

Elmira. On what account?

Orgon. What he ſays ſhews me my error, and the deed of gift confounds me.

Elmira. The deed of gift?

Orgon. Yes, the deed of gift, it is done; but there is ſomething more too which gives me uneaſineſs.

Elmira. What is that?

Orgon. I will inform you of it all; but let us go juſt now and ſee if a particular caſket is up ſtairs.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ORGON, CLEANTHES.

CLEANTHES.

WHERE would you run?

Orgon. Indeed I do not know.

Cleanthes. We ſhould certainly conſult together firſt what is beſt to be done at preſent.

Orgon. I am confounded about this caſket; it gives me more trouble than all the reſt.

Cleanthes. Then this caſket is certainly a myſtery of ſome conſequence.

Orgon. Argas, my lamented friend, when he took his flight, committed this depoſite to my keeping, and enjoined me to ſecrecy. He told me that on theſe papers his life and fortune depended.

Cleanthes. Then why did you commit them to another perſon's care?

Orgon. Merely out of a ſcruple of conſcience. I I went to divulge the ſecret to my traitor, and his caſuiſtry influenced me to give the caſket into his poſſeſſion; ſo in caſe of any enquiry after it, I might deny it; this would be a relief at hand, and my conſcience would be ſafe in taking an oath.

Cleanthes. To judge by appearances, you are in a very bad ſituation; to give you my ſentiments, both the deed of gift and the truſt repoſed are very inconſiderate ſteps; by ſuch pledges one might carry you great lengths; and it is imprudent in you to urge this fellow, when he has thoſe advantages over you; you ſhould take ſome method more gentle.

Orgon. What! To conceal ſuch a falſe heart and wicked mind under the fair appearance of a religious zeal! and that I who took him in poor and indigent —I give up all pretenders to piety, and ſhall bear them an abſolute hatred for the future; I will become worſe than a devil, for their ſakes.

Cleanthes. You never preſerve a moderate temper in any thing, and theſe are ſome of your extravagancies: you differ much from right reaſon, and you are always running into extremes. You perceive your

error, and know that you have been impoſed upon by a hypocrite; but why ſhould you be guilty of a greater miſtake, to reform? would you make no difference between the hearts of honeſt people, and baſe perfidious wretches, becauſe a villain has impudently impoſed upon you, under a vain ſhew of religion? why ſhould you ſuſpect that all the world are like him? Let libertines think thus, learn to diſtinguiſh between virtue and the appearance of it; do not ſo raſhly hazard your eſteem, if you can avoid it; you need not do honour to impoſture, but at the ſame time do not injure true zeal; if you run into an extreme, let it be on the other ſide.

SCENE II.

ORGON, CLEANTHES, DAMIS.

DAMIS.

WHAT, Sir, does the villain really threaten you? has he forgot all the favours he has received, and does his hateful pride arm you againſt yourſelf?

Orgon. Indeed, ſon, it gives me inexpreſſible concern.

Damon. Give me leave, I will ſlice his ears both off. There is no trifling with ſuch impudence. I will take in hand to quit you of your fears immediately, and finiſh the affair. I will do his buſineſs for him.

Cleanthes. I beg you will moderate your anger; you ſpoke that quite like a young fellow; violence is a bad method of promoting our affairs in this age, and under this government.

SCENE III.

MADAM PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRA, CLEANTHES, MARIANA, DAMIS, DORINA.

Madam PERNELLE.

WHAT is the matter? I hear surprizing stories.

Orgon. I am an eye-witness to those novelties; you see how finely I am fitted for my trouble. I take in a fellow out of charity, entertain and treat him as a friend, load him daily with favours, bestow my daughter and whole fortune upon him; and while I am thus treating him with kindness, the villain is endeavouring to seduce my wife. He does not even stop here, but threatens me with my own favours, and those advantages which by too much good nature I have put into his hands he would make use of to my ruin; to put me out of my estate, which I made over to him, and reduce me to the same condition I rescued him from.

Dorina. Poor man!

Madam Pernelle. Really, son, I cannot believe he would be guilty of an action so monstrous.

Orgon. Why?

Madam Pernelle. It is usual for good people to be envied.

Orgon. What does all this conversation mean, mother?

Madam Pernelle. It is plain to see the ill-will they bear him: there is indeed strange work at your house.

Orgon. And what has this ill-will to do with what has been told you?

Madam Pernelle. When you were a child, I have told you a hundred times,

That virtue here is perfecuted ever;
That envious men may die, but envy never.

Orgon. At preſent, what is all this to the purpoſe?

Madam Pernelle. There are a hundred idle ſtories trumped up againſt him.

Orgon. I ſaw it myſelf, as I have told you already.

Madam Pernelle. The ſpite of ſlanderous people is monſtrous.

Orgon. Mother, you will make me ſwear. I tell you, that I ſaw a crime ſo hateful——

Madam Pernelle. Nothing here below can be proof againſt cenſorious tongues.

Orgon. This argument is a very fooliſh one; I tell you I ſaw it with my own eyes; muſt I tell you ſo a thouſand times, and bawl aloud to tell you ſo?

Madam Pernelle. People muſt not judge by appearances, they often deceive us.

Orgon. I ſhall run mad.

Madam Pernelle. Good is often miſtaken for evil, and we are all liable to ſuſpect the worſt.

Orgon. Should I think favourably of his deſire to kiſs my wife?

Madam Pernelle. You ſhould not be raſh to judge people, without certain proof; it was time enough when your own eyes convinced you of the truth of your ſuſpicions.

Orgon. How the devil could I be more certain? Then, mother, I ſuppoſe I ſhould have waited till—You will oblige me to ſay ſomething fooliſh.

Madam Pernelle. I cannot believe that he would

be guilty of the things laid to his charge, his ſoul burns with too pure a flame for that.

Orgon. My paſſion is ſo violent, that I do not know what I might be guilty of ſaying, if you were not my mother.

Dorina to Orgon.] Sir, there was a time when you would believe nobody, and now nobody will believe you; it is the juſt return of all things here below.

Cleanthes. We ſhould not be aſleep while a knave threatens; we are ſpending time in baubles which ſhould be employed otherwiſe.

Damis. And is his impudence ſo great?

Elmira. His ingratitude in this would be too glaring; I can hardly think this inſtance of it poſſible.

Cleanthes to Orgon.] You muſt not depend upon that, he has cunning enough to make what he does againſt you appear right; and for a ſmaller affair than this the weight of a cabal has involved people in diſmal difficulties. I tell you once more, that you ſhould not have urged him ſo far in the ſituation you were in.

Orgon. What you ſay is right; but what could I do in the affair when the traitor behaved ſo imperiouſly? I could not guard my temper.

Cleanthes. I ſincerely wiſh that there was any appearance of peace ſettled between you.

Elmira. Had I been ſenſible how well he was armed, I would not have made any noiſe about the affair, and my——

Orgon to Dorina, obſerving Mr. Loyal coming forward.] What would that man have? Go and enquire immediately. I am in a fine ſituation indeed to have people come to ſee me.

SCENE VI.

ORGON, MADAM PERNELLE, ELMIRA, MARIANA, CLEANTHES, DAMIS, DORINA, MR. LOYAL.

MR. LOYAL to Dorina at the far side of the stage.

GOOD-MORROW; I want to see your master, child.

Dorina. I am afraid he can see nobody now, he is engaged with company.

Mr. Loyal. Nay, I do not want to be troublesome here. The business I am come upon will give him pleasure.

Dorina. Pray what is your name?

Mr. Loyal. Inform him that I come on Mr. Tartuffe's part, for his good.

Dorina to Orgon.] It is a man who comes with a civil message from Mr. Tartuffe, which he says will not be disagreeable to you.

Cleanthes to Orgon.] Go and see what this man wants, and who he is.

Orgon to Cleanthes.] In what manner shall I behave to him? Perhaps he may have come to make us friends.

Cleanthes. Hear him if he talks of an agreement, but I beg you may not be angry.

Mr. Loyal to Orgon.] Heaven save you, Sir! may it be as favourable to you as I wish it, and may a curse attend the man that would do you wrong.

Orgon to Cleanthes.] I already hope for an accommodation; this calm beginning favours my conjecture, and promises well.

Mr. Loyal. I was your father's ſervant, and have always had a very great regard for all your family.

Orgon. I beg pardon, Sir, I am quite aſhamed that I do not recollect you or your name.

Mr. Loyal. Sir, I am by birth a Norman, my name is Loyal, and in ſpite of envy, am tipſtaff to the court. I have been ſo fortunate, thank God! as to hold that office theſe forty years with credit; with your leave, I am come to acquaint you with the execution of a particular decree.

Orgon. What! are you here———

Mr. Loyal. Calmly, Sir, it is nothing more than an order to remove from hence, you and your family, to make room for others, without any delay, ſo that it is neceſſary——

Orgon. I go from hence!

Mr. Loyal. Yes, Sir, if you pleaſe. You are ſenſible that the houſe without diſpute is the property of good Mr. Tartuffe, who from this time is maſter of your eſtate, by virtue of a contract I have in my poſſeſſion. It is not to be diſputed, it is in due form.

Damis to Mr. Loyal.] I am aſtoniſhed at this monſtrous impudence!

Mr. Loyal to Damis.] It is not with you I have buſineſs, Sir, [pointing to Orgon.] it is with this gentleman, who is reaſonable and calm, and is too ſenſible of an honeſt man's duty to oppoſe authority.

Orgon. But—

Mr. Loyal to Orgon.] I know you will allow me to execute the orders I have received, like a good gentleman; I am ſenſible that you would not rebel for any conſideration.

Damis. Mr. Tipſtaff, you may happen to get your black jacket well drubbed.

Mr. Loyal to Orgon.] Sir, oblige your ſon to withdraw, or be ſilent; I would be ſorry to put pen to paper, and have your names in my information.

Dorina aſide.] Mr. Loyal ſeems to be a diſcreet man.

Mr. Loyal. Sir, I would not have taken the trouble of theſe writs, but to oblige you; I have great tenderneſs for honeſt people, and another perſon might have been choſen, who would not treat you ſo genteelly as I who reſpect you.

Orgon. I cannot think there is more cruel treatment, than to turn people out of doors.

Mr Loyal. Sir, I will ſuſpend the execution of the warrant till to-morrow, which will give you time. And for the ſake of form, will ſpend the night here with a few people quietly; you will be ſo good as bring me the keys of the door before you go to bed, nothing improper ſhall be done, and you ſhall not be diſturbed. But you muſt be ready in the morning to clear the houſe of every thing: I have picked out a few luſty fellows, who will help you to remove; and I hope you will not diſturb me in the execution of my office, as I treat you with ſo much indulgence.

Orgon aſide.] I would willingly give a hundred of the beſt Louis d'ors I have left for the pleaſure of giving a luſty blow upon your afsſhip's muzzle.

Cleanthes aſide to Orgon.] Be quiet, pray, do not make things worſe than they are.

Damon. I can hardly keep my hands off him; this impudence is monſtrous.

Dorina. Indeed, Mr. Brauny-backed Loyal, a cudgel would ſit very well upon you.

Mr. Loyal. My dear, you are puniſhable for what you ſay; there is law againſt women as well as men.

Cleanthes to Mr. Loyal.] Let us finish this, Sir, give up your paper of indulgence, and go away.

Mr. Loyal. Farewell. God bless you all!

Orgon. Confusion to both you and him that sent thee!

SCENE V.

ORGON, MADAM PERNELLE, ELMIRA, CLEANTHES, MARIANA, DAMIS, DORINA.

ORGON.

MOTHER, do not you now see how treacherous he is? was I not right? you may judge of the rest by the warrant.

Madam Pernelle. I am quite astonished.

Dorina to Orgon.] You have no reason to complain; it is out of charity, he would take from you every thing that may obstruct your salvation. His pious intentions are now confirmed, and his virtue made perfect in the love of his neighbour; he is sensible that riches often spoil the man.

Orgon. Hold your peace. Must I always tell you so?

Cleanthes to Orgon.] Let us consider what is proper to be done now.

Elmira. Expose the ungrateful audacious fellow: his proceeding makes the contract void; his perfidy must appear very black, and prevent the success he expected to meet with.

SCENE VI.

VALERE, ORGON, MADAM PERNELLE, ELMIRA, CLEANTHES, MARIANA, DAMIS, DORINA.

VALERE.

I Come to afflict you with great reluctance; but the greatneſs of the danger obliges me to do it. A particular friend of mine, who is ſenſible of the concern I ought to take in every thing relating to you, has, by a delicate ſtep, on my account violated the ſecrecy which is due to affairs of ſtate, and given me ſome intelligence which makes me underſtand that it is expedient for you to take a ſudden flight. About an hour ſince, the villain who has impoſed upon you ſo long thought proper to go to the prince and accuſe you; and amongſt other things has put into his hands the important caſket of a ſtate criminal, of which he ſays you have kept the guilty ſecret, in contempt of the duty of a ſubject. I am not made acquainted with the detail of the crime you are charged with, but there is an order iſſued out to ſeize your perſon, and for the better execution of it, he is appointed to attend the perſon himſelf who is to arreſt you.

Cleanthes. His pretenſions are now armed, and this is the method the baſe man has taken to get into the poſſeſſion of your eſtate.

Orgon. Indeed he is a vile mortal.

Valere. Let us loſe no time; the leaſt delay may be of very bad conſequence to you. I have brought you a thouſand Louis d'ors, and my coach is ready at the door to take you away. I will carry you to a

safe retreat, and accompany you in your flight, even to the last. The shaft is thrown, and these blows are parried by flight only.

Orgon. Oh! what am I not indebted to you for your great care! I must return you thanks another time, and beg of heaven to be propitious to me, that I may at some time acknowledge this generous friendship. Farewell. Be careful the rest of you———

Cleanthes. Begone immediately, brother, we shall take care to do what is proper.

SCENE VII.

TARTUFFE, AN EXEMPT, MADAM PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRA, CLEANTHES, MARIANA, VALERE, DAMIS, DORINA.

TARTUFFE stopping Orgon.

NOT so fast, go at leisure, Sir, you need not go so far to find a lodging; we take you prisoner in the king's name.

Orgon. Then, traitor, this crowns all the rest of thy perfidies; this is the blow which is to dispatch me, and you have reserved it for the last stroke.

Tartuffe. I am taught to bear every thing, for the sake of heaven: your abuse cannot enrage me.

Cleanthes. I must own, the moderation is great.

Damis. How boldly the varlet sports with heaven!

Tartuffe. A resolution to do my duty engrosses all my thoughts; all your abuse cannot move me.

Mariana. Your employment is a very honourable one; you may certainly expect great credit by it.

Tartuffe. The employment must be a glorious one, when it proceeds from the power that sent me here.

Orgon. Ungrateful wretch! You have forgot that

my generous hand raiſed you from an indigent condition.

Tartuffe. Yes. I am ſenſible what aſſiſtance I received from thence, but my chief duty is the intereſt of my prince; that obligation ſtifles all other acknowledgments in my heart, and to ſo powerful a tye, I could ſacrifice wife, kindred, friend, and myſelf into the bargain.

Elmira. O hypocrite!

Dorina. So artfully he can make a cloak of things!

Cleanthes. If your zeal is ſo perfect as you pretend, why did it not appear till he happened to ſurprize you ſoliciting his wife? why did you never think of informing againſt him, till his own honour obliged him to turn you out of doors? Not that I think his making over his whole eſtate to you, lately, ſhould draw you from your duty, but why did you agree to receive favours from him, when you intended to treat him like a criminal, as you now do?

Tartuffe to the Exempt.] Pray, Sir, do as you are ordered, and free one of this noiſe.

Exempt. You invite me to it a-propos; we delay the execution too long; go with me directly to the priſon, which is to be allotted for your habitation.

Tartuffe. Is it me you ſpeak to, Sir?

Exempt. Yes, Sir, to you.

Tartuffe. Why am I to go to priſon?

Exempt. I will give no account to you. [To Orgon.] Pray, Sir, compoſe yourſelf after this warm ſurprize. Our prince is an enemy to fraud, and will not be deceived by the moſt artful impoſtors. His eyes penetrate into the heart, he has an excellent diſcernment, and ſees things in a right light; nothing gets too much footing by ſurprize, and his ſound judgment falls into no exceſs. He rewards

worthy men with everlasting glory, and bestows favours with discretion; his esteem for the sincere does not soften his heart for those that are treacherous. He avoids the most subtle snares, and even this person could not surprize him. He saw the baseness of his heart very soon. By a stroke of divine judgment, he betrayed himself; by coming to accuse you, he discovered himself to be a vile rogue, of whom there was information given to his majesty under another name; an account of all his crimes would make volumes. In short, this monarch, enraged at his undutifulness and ingratitude to you, hath added to his other confusions the following one; I am come by his direction to see what lengths his impudence will carry him, and to make him give you entire satisfaction. He also desires that you shall take all your papers from him, which he pretends are his. He dissolves the obligation of the contract which gave him your estate by sovereign power, and forgives the secret offence the retreat of your friend involved you in; and this is the reward he bestows for the zeal he formerly saw you shew in supporting his rights: and to let you see that he knows when to reward a good action, when it is little expected; merit is never lost with him, and he remembers good better than evil.

Dorina. I thank heaven for its kindness!

Madam Pernelle. I revive again.

Elmira. Favourable success!

Mariana. Who could have foretold this?

Orgon to Tartuffe as the Exempt leads him off.] Well, traitor, you are here—

SCENE THE LAST.

MADAM PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRA, MARIANA, CLEANTHES, VALERE, DAMIS, DORINA.

CLEANTHES.

HOLD, brother, let the wretch be left to his evil deſtiny, and do not add to the pain that oppreſſes him: rather hope that his heart may happily become a convert to virtue; that he may hate his life on account of his crimes, which may ſoften the juſtice of a noble prince: and do you, in return for his lenity, return thanks upon your knees.

Orgon. Very well thought of, let us joyfully throw ourſelves at his royal feet, and glory in the goodneſs which he generouſly ſhews us. When we have acquitted ourſelves of this firſt duty, it will be neceſſary to apply ourſelves carefully to another;

With Hymen's tend'reſt joys to crown Valere,
The generous lover, and the friend ſincere.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.